

DEADLINE DELAYED

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FIRST EDITION

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THE ARTICLES contained in this volume were selected by an Editorial Committee of the Overseas Press Club of America composed of

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INTRODUCTION

THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA has a membership of approximately 500 men and women who have served as foreign correspondents for American newspapers, news agencies and radio networks or individual stations. They have covered world news in peace and war, in virtually every country of the world.

Many Overseas Press Club members are at present working in foreign lands; you read their stories or hear their broadcasts every day. Many others commute with some regularity between this country and Europe or the Orient. Still others are no longer actively engaged in reporting activities of overseas peoples, having either retired after long service, moved into other fields of endeavor, or shifted their search for news permanently to this country. But all have served for long periods abroad, and collectively are, with little question, one of the most informed groups on foreign affairs that could be found.

Every reporter, and perhaps particularly the foreign correspondent, has many stories that were never told, in print or on the air waves. There are numerous reasons for that. The commonest, especially in time of war, is military censorship. And in some lands, even in time of peace, there has been political censorship. Available space in newspapers, available air time on the networks, also decide whether a given story is sent or not. And sometimes, too, a reporter realizes only in retrospect that he had a good story on a certain day, and because he was so close to the event, failed to recognize it as

significant news at the time. There are also failures in transmission, or lack of transmission facilities at a story's point of origin that now and then delay a story until it has lost the timeliness demanded under the rule of immediacy followed by many dispensers of the day's news.

Such stories are never entirely lost. They live on in the notebooks and memories of correspondents like the members of the Overseas Press Club of America. And often they are more interesting, sometimes more important, than the run of the mill stories that do receive immediate dissemination.

It is from this rich vein of untold tales that we have mined the stories comprising this book. For whatever reason these stories were never told by these correspondents before, they are now presented for the first time in this volume—stories of near and ancient yesterdays by experienced foreign correspondents, some with names already famous and others with names which will be famous.

In a day when there is a growing world movement to remove the shackles which have all too often hobbled the news, the Overseas Press Club of America offers this book in the interest of freedom of the news, in every land and at all times.

W. W. CHAPLIN

President, Overseas Press Club of America

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GRETTA PALMER

GRETTA PALMER went to the Mediterranean in the summer of 1944 on a *Reader's Digest* assignment to write the story of "the kind of peace beginning to emerge" in the liberated areas. "This looked to be so very depressing an article," she says, "that rather than turn Cassandra, I attached myself to the Army and covered the liberation of Florence and the Southern France invasion."

In the spring of 1945 she went on to the Burma-India and China Theaters. She spent six months in West China and entered Shanghai on September 2 with the second plane load of Americans to reach the city, when it was still in Japanese military hands. In mid-September she moved down to the Southeast Asia Command, covering the Allied re-occupation of Indo-China, Singapore, Burma and Java. She found there a story of civil war whose significance, she feels, was drowned out in the excessive flood of news from all parts of the world at that moment. It is this story, as she witnessed it in Indo-China, that she tells in the powerful article that follows.

"Knowing that the story of the wars of independence of Southeast Asia was going unrecorded in America," Gretta Palmer writes in a memo to the editors, "I returned home across the Pacific in December of 1945 with the specific purpose of telling the truth to the key men in Washington and New York. I arrived at the humbling conclusion that reporters have much to learn about the arts of lobbying from the professionals around the Carlton bar."

Re-oriented to some extent, Gretta Palmer has resumed her normal work of writing articles about different phases of the domestic scene for *The Reader's Digest*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines. She has been a contributor to all of these for the past ten years. Before that she was woman's page editor and daily columnist for the *New York World-Telegram*. Before that, she was a staff writer on *The New Yorker*.

Born and brought up in St. Louis, Missouri, Gretta Palmer graduated from Vassar College in 1925. She is a member of the Board of Governors of the Overseas Press Club of America.

THE BRIEF AND HAPPY LIFE OF THE ATLANTIC CHARTER

By **GRETTA PALMER**

NEWSPAPERMEN are humble people. Set them down with novelists and playwrights and they yield the place of honor to "creative" writers. Throw them in the company of historians and they defer to "scholarship." Even in the company of politicians, of whose murkiest secrets they are usually aware, they are inclined towards meekness, for politicians "make events."

But in the modern world, history's broadest stage is the front page of the American newspaper. What appears there, to the American spectator, is history in the making. He relies, with a great and unthinking trust, upon his editor to call to his attention any matter throughout the world in which his citizen's honor or his interest is involved. He will become generously exercised over foreign countries' plights—Palestine, Iran, Poland—when his emotions have received the signal, in 72-point type, to go ahead. He will form committees and telegraph Congress out of pity for some people being put upon five thousand miles away. But first he must be told.

Sometimes he is not told. Sometimes great and tragic events occur with no correspondents at hand or no telegraphic communications for them to use. Then history turns out quite differently. Then public opinion, cut off from its source, ceases to be a factor with which men in power must reckon. Then dark little deals are quietly made, with nobody the wiser. Then men who died for an ideal lose the place they have rightly earned in history, because their martyrdom lacked witnesses. Then the lack of newspapermen on the spot becomes the cause of a whole series of unnecessary deaths and avoidable treacheries.

In southeast Asia, in the autumn of 1945, the disposition of the war correspondents changed the fate of Asia. Forty-five newspapermen descended on Batavia from Singapore

early in September. They took up residence there and clamored for transportation into the interior, interviewed the revolutionaries and wrote their stories for the world. The Indonesian revolution has become part of history. The resistance of the Javanese to the return of the Dutch as sovereigns has created a world-wide brouhaha. The matter was even timidly broached one day in the U.N. Security Council. The cleverest British arbitrators, Lord Mountbatten and Lord Inverchapel, have attempted to adjudicate the claims. As a result, fourteen months after the end of hostilities with Japan, the Indonesians were still able to keep their flag flying over large portions of the islands, and were still able to play for time in which to appeal to the United Nations for a full-dress hearing.

The Indonesians, through the press, reached the conscience of the world. The Indo-Chinese did not.

Hallett Abend, long-time chief of the *New York Times* bureau in the Far East, has called Indo-China "the worst example of the white man's imperialism to be found in all of Asia." Lovers of the macabre may read in League of Nations reports of the sale into slavery of indentured Annamite prisoners by French authorities. They may read of quotas of opium and alcohol forced upon the villages for the sake of government taxes. The average earnings of the Indo-Chinese before the war (by French Government figures) was \$25 a year. Taxes on the same property were set at eight times as high a rate for a native as for a French owner. The French had one physician per 250 inhabitants; the Annamites had one per 38,500.

After 85 years of French rule, schools were provided for 2¼ per cent of the children of grade-school age. There were four high schools for a population of twenty million. Editors have been given ten-month jail sentences for criticizing the regime. Ten years of forced labor was imposed on one man for distributing anti-French tracts. Political prisoners are normally chained by the neck.

The Indo-Chinese naively believed on V-J Day that they were free of these abuses, and forever. The Atlantic Charter had reached their ears, by radio from Chungking; its prom-

ises of independence to all peoples had been reiterated in the United Nations Charter, signed by the governments of the Allies. France had lost her right to rule the country, in Indo-Chinese eyes, by supporting the Japanese cause as late as March of 1945. The Annamites had won their independence twice: once by virtue of the Charter promises, in which they believed, and, again, by the shedding of their own blood in fighting, with American support, against the Japanese and French armies on their own native soil from 1942 to the end of the war. Indo-Chinese guerrillas, helped by Americans from the Office of Strategic Services, actually drove the Japanese out of six northern provinces weeks before V-J Day and set up their independent government there.

Today the Viet Nam government has been discredited by French propaganda labelling Ho (devout Buddhist, ardent admirer of American democracy) as "Communist." In early 1947 the French Minister of Colonies refused to meet Ho—forced underground by fresh French attacks on Hanoi—as an "irresponsible." Yet in September, 1946, France signed a pact with him as head of a free but shrunken Viet Nam, after he had kept peace in Hanoi for twelve months. Perhaps Ho should not have signed that pact. Its terms were so crushing that in August he cabled, cancelling Hanoi's celebration of "freedom"; the irony would have been too great.

"Why did Ho Chi Minh give in, when your leaders are still defying the Dutch?" I asked an Indonesian nationalist in New York, in September, 1946, when the Indo-Chinese accord was signed between France and the Annamites.

"Because there were reporters in Java, but not in Hanoi," he said.

That was what I was afraid he'd say.

* * *

For I was in Hanoi at the period when history might have been made, if there had been a way to get the news out and to the world. I was there, and Count Serge de Guinzberg of *Agence de France* was there, and P. E. M. Chopra of Radio Delhi was there. We were the world press. We wanted to get out the facts. But we had no telegraph facilities what-

soever: copy, when we were not too disheartened to write it, was given to the pilot of any U.S. Army plane which might be passing through town on an unscheduled flight. If the pilot remembered, he'd give it to a Public Relations Officer in Kunming, who would try to clear it through Chinese Army censorship and send it off.

I read all the Hanoi dispatches, after I had returned to New York, in the offices of one of the great news agencies. Very little that we wrote got through. Scattered bits of stories, as they reached the offices, meant nothing to the editors, for they were without context. Contradictory stories on the status of the country were being issued from Paris, London, Singapore, Chungking.

British sources on Indo-China were widely quoted; they had been given their policy at Teheran when Winston Churchill talked down both President Roosevelt and Generalissimo Stalin on the matter of taking Indo-China from the French and giving her to a trusteeship council to prepare her for freedom. Quoting Roosevelt on this conference, Marquis Childs has written, "Churchill was thinking of Burma. He would have none of the plan."

But none of the British spokesmen in London really knew in the fall of 1945 what was going on in Hanoi. And now it is too late to matter very much. But don't ever let anyone tell you that the newspaperman is outside of events in the modern world. He is the essential line of transmission between avoidable crimes and the conscience of the reading public. Remove him from his post, prevent him from doing his work, and the world will be a crueler place.

* * *

Indo-China, north of the 16th parallel, fell into the China Theater during the war, as the southern section fell into Lord Louis Mountbatten's Southeast Asia Command. As a result, in August of 1945, the Joint Chiefs of Staff sent to Chiang Kai-shek and Lord Louis identical copies of Order Number One, covering the duties of the victorious Allies in taking over Japanese-occupied territory. The Allied Armies were to disarm the Japanese, to rescue prisoners of war and

civilian internees, and preserve law and order. In the north, it was a Chinese Army pidgin; the Americans in China would provide advice, air lifts and supplies, but only on Chinese request. Few—less than fifty—American officers accompanied the Chinese to Hanoi, and so there was no news excuse for U.S. war correspondents to go to Indo-China.

The China Theater correspondents had quite a lot on their minds in September of 1945; there were only sixty-odd of us in all. Revolutions were rumored all over the Theater—in Canton, Peiping, Shanghai, Manchuria, even Kunming. The Marines and the Seventh Fleet were arriving from the Pacific. The Chinese Government was moving to Nanking. American soldiers were emerging, gaunt and ill and magnificently unbroken, from Japanese prisoner-of-war camps in every section of the Orient. Why go to Indo-China?

"Hanoi?" said the Army Public Relations Officers in Kunming. "No planes."

"I know of one."

"Famine. Have to take your own food. Americans there are living on K rations in shelter halves."

"That's not what I hear."

"There's a revolution there. Lot of shooting. Very dangerous."

"Aren't we supposed to be *war* correspondents?"

(I went, of course. But as a final gesture of disapproval the PRO refused to send me my quota of PX supplies, hoping, I suppose, that an unrelieved diet of Japanese cigarettes would drive me out, if nothing else would. They didn't want correspondents around Hanoi.)

For Hanoi was the capital of the new, free Viet Nam Republic of Indo-China, and the Chinese (mercy upon us!) seemed actually to be taking this upstart regime seriously. Some—but not all—U.S. Army officers felt that this was a matter where the white men ought to stand together. Three thousand French soldiers, lined up on the Chinese border in readiness to return to their former colony and take over, were being told by the Chinese to keep out. The Chinese would attend to this business of disarming the Japanese and freeing the prisoners of war. In fact, Chungking officials said

openly, the French might *never* come back to Indo-China. Who could tell? It was a matter for the Great Powers to decide.

The Chinese Armies, alone in Asia, thus supported the intention and promises of the Atlantic Charter: they kept out returning imperialist troops, pending an international decision as to whether the freedom-seeking natives would rule themselves. They, and they alone, lived up to the exact demands of Order Number One, which made no mention of restoring any colony to its former owners. By doing this they gravely alarmed all French and British officials. Some Americans caught the scare.

Our plane for Hanoi was a C-47, reconnoitring the possibilities of setting up a regular U.S. Air Transport Command service there. We buzzed the town—everybody always buzzed the town those days; now that real danger was over, it was nice to do silly, risky things for fun. We landed on an airfield still—late in September—in the hands of aggressively polite Japanese soldiers; they mounted stern guard over the plane, carbines in hand, and sent us into town in Japanese Army trucks, with enemy flags gaily flying from the hub. It was that kind of peace, throughout the China Theater.

But Hanoi was not China. Hanoi's winding streets, with the flowering trees and white, tropical homes, were bedecked to welcome the world of 1945. "Independence or Death" said the signs. And "America Is Our Friend" and "Don't Forget the Atlantic Charter." They said it in English, because Americans speak English and because this handful of Americans here represented the people on whom they counted heavily. We had freed the Philippines, hadn't we? We had promised to free all peoples in the Atlantic Charter, hadn't we? Well, then. . . .

The Hotel Metropole was the place to stay in Hanoi. It was a Humphrey Bogart movie kind of hotel. Vichy French—the only French there were in Indo-China—huddled timidly inside its false-marble façade and plotted ways of getting back the Bank of Indo-China's resources from the Viet Nam revolutionary government. They also entered into the universal pastime of espionage; every arriving American was

given a list of "off limits" ladies, residents of the Metropole, with such interesting notations as "In pay of Japanese," "In pay of De Gaulle," etc. The only "off limits" *man* (rumored to be the nephew of von Ribbentrop) was in the unenviable position of an unemployed spy; he was by far the best-informed man in town.

The Americans at Hanoi were in an odd situation: the OSS men among them had fought with Annamite guerrillas to free the northern provinces from the Japanese *and* the French. Other Americans had actually fought also against the French a few months earlier: on January 12, 1945, U.S. planes bombed and machine-gunned the 8,000-ton French cruiser, *Lamotte Picquet*, in the harbor of Saigon. It opened fire and, as a result, the Vichyites had held several U.S. prisoners of war in early 1945. As late as March, 1945, the French were our enemies; their Governor-General, Jean Decoux, had responded to news of Pearl Harbor by signing a document which I possess. Translated, it says, "French authorities in Indo-China will collaborate, by all possible means, with the Japanese Army. . . . We will preserve order at the rear of the Japanese Army. . . . We will give the Japanese Army all facilities for its movements, subsistence and the establishment of military operations." Pétain had never gone so far.

Yet the Americans in Hanoi were divided in sympathy; a G 5 group had become enthusiastically pro-French. The OSS men were pledged to support the Annamites, with whom they had fought. Americans of the Chinese Combat Command, attached as advisors to the Chinese Armies of General Lu Han, had seniority among us, since they were headed by the ranking American, General Philip Gallagher. None of the Army units had been given the slightest inkling of U.S. political policy in Indo-China; so every American chose his own side. General Gallagher entertained Annamite Government officials on alternate evenings, granting them the rights of protocol. (Their flags were flying over all government buildings in town.) But he also entertained the French officials under General Marcel Alessandri, who were permitted in town, courtesy of the Chinese Army, for such strictly limited activities as the paying and feeding of the

3,000 French Army prisoners of war, who were still held inside barbed wire at the Citadel.

This split among the Americans confused the French. They retaliated by staging a completely spurious kidnapping scene in front of the Hotel Metropole, at the split second when the "world press" arrived one evening. An hysterical Frenchwoman told a wild tale of a child snatched from her arms by Annamite terrorists. The only police in town were Annamites—many of them part-time volunteers—who said, "We must keep order so the world will see that we are fit to rule ourselves." Taken to the police station, at our insistence, the victim gave a false name, a last, well-rehearsed scream and disappeared, never to be seen again.

It was that kind of city and that kind of story. The 3,000 prisoners in the Citadel consisted of the Foreign Legion (largely German), Senegalese troops and a few—very few—Vichy Frenchmen. These last had a way of trickling out of confinement into the town and assuming U.S. uniforms. A group of them one night kidnapped a whole corps of Annamite policemen, who were never seen again. After that, *Americains véritables* were ordered to wear American flag arm bands on their sleeves. This, an admirable directive, had only one drawback: there were no American flags in town. The escaped French soldiers continued to "pass" as Americans.

In this, they were very wise. Very wise, indeed. For the United States, in those first, fresh days of freedom, was looked upon as the Big Sister of all the little freedom-loving countries of Asia. The Declaration of Independence of the Viet Nam Republic touchingly begins, "All men are created free and equal," and goes on to quote Thomas Jefferson as the father of their revolution. The first appeal made for recognition of the legitimacy of the republic was sent to President Truman, in August of 1945. (It was never answered.) The constitution of the Viet Nameese was modelled on our own: it scrupulously protected the rights of private property owners, including the French, and is about as socialistic as the Constitution of the State of Delaware. (Nonetheless, as late as September, 1946, President Ho Chi

Minh was officially called a "communist" by French propagandists.)

Americans were, in theory, sent to Hanoi for such neutral and benign activities as rounding up Japanese spies and issuing food to needy prisoners of war. Actually, it was impossible to get near the President, Ho Chi Minh, without falling over a caucus of eager Americans (most of them fresh from political science courses at Harvard) offering him advice on how a constitutional republic should be run. (Carried away by the atmosphere of history-in-the-mold, I myself wrung from Ho a solemn promise that women's rights and freedom of the press would remain the cornerstones of his regime.)

This lovable old man, a veteran of jails in Hong Kong and of guerrilla warfare in the jungle, was a pacifist at heart. He would have liked to follow Gandhi's lead. But he said, "Unless we fight and die, whenever the French return, the world will never hear of our longing for freedom." Ho knew that news makes history.

Ho was a head of state, make no mistake about that. If there was any question up until then, it was answered early in October when General Ho Ying Chin, head of all the Chinese Armies, came to accept the official Japanese surrender of troops in the area. At the formal surrender ceremonies, no French flag was flown. At the official Chinese banquet, the head table had no French guests, although President Ho was there, and Major General Robert McClure from China was there and Brigadier General Philip Gallagher was there. Later the Viet Nam flag flew, side by side with that of China, on that sacred Chinese national anniversary, the Double Tenth.

China was granting tacit recognition to the little republic. And it was no great secret that Chinese policy, in such matters, was subject to U.S. pressure. So for a while—for a little while—it looked as if the Americans were going to live up to the promises made by President Roosevelt in the Atlantic Charter. Little things suggested it.

On October 8, 1945, an American-piloted plane arrived from Kunming with half a dozen armed French officers in uniform and a few boxes of ammunition. They had come,

under an agreement with the Chinese Army and the Viet Nam rulers, to bring food for the French. But they were armed. The plane was quietly surrounded with Chinese troops and everyone was placed under arrest. Their arms were seized, and they were warned that Frenchmen must not appear in Indo-China in any but an unofficial civilian capacity.

"Quite proper," said the Annamites, who, like all Orientals, support the system of legitimacy to the last degree. "The French lost to the Japanese. The Japanese lost to us. Now we run the country. The French ruled two defeats ago. They have no place here now."

They tried to believe it, although even then they had their doubts. (For why had President Truman remained silent? Why had their plea to the U.N. for a hearing gone unanswered? Why had no one discussed implementing the trusteeship clauses of the U.N. Charter? Why, above all, had the British in the south at Saïgon allowed French troops to land and shoot down Annamites and take over the city and fly the French flag? Why had *American* soldiers at Saïgon, early in September, manned tommy-guns on the side of the French, firing into the Viet Nam crowds?)

Yet, in October, Americans were still the people whom the Viet Nameese trusted. We were members of an ex-colony which had made good, the only white power which had ever voluntarily freed an Asiatic colony. Our stock was high.

When distribution of rice from the south was planned, to relieve a threatened famine, Ho Chi Minh asked that the *American* Red Cross oversee the work, so that there might be impartiality as between the needs of French and Annamite citizens. When Bill Palethorpe, the Australian correspondent, beat his way up through the jungle from Saïgon (a trip essayed by His Majesty's forces six weeks later, and by cannon-bearing plane) he reported that, in the interior, French planters were safe enough. Their only complaint was that their Annamite servants had run away and they had to make their own beds, *mon Dieu!* Nonetheless, casting about for a most-favored nationality, Palethorpe had wisely if illegally announced himself as an American. At one point, he

said, he had been given a magnificent welcoming fête by an entire village and had felt impelled, from sheer courtesy, to promise Indo-China complete independence, in the name of President Truman.

Palethorpe brought the first eye-witness account of Saigon, where British troops had been cheered by the Annamites, when they first landed on September 2nd to disarm the Japanese. But the British had never wavered, as the Chinese did, in the belief that this territory was to be returned to France. On their own, and with no directive from the Chiefs of Staff to restore the *status quo*, the British had brought French troops in. For an account of their behavior, I quote a *New York Times* report which Ivan Kingsley was able to file only in January, 1946, after he had left the country and escaped censorship: "Annamese forces have suffered more than 4,000 casualties in their fight to overthrow the French colonial rule in French Indo-China, and many others have been sentenced to death by French courts-martial. . . . Many Vichy-appointed police officials who collaborated with the Japanese have resorted to bloody suppression and terrorism. . . . After three months of personal investigation this correspondent believes that the ex-Vichyites ruined immediate hope of a compromise settlement last September 23 when they started their reign of terror by mass arrests. The arrests touched off a wave of outrages by local French civilians against Annamese natives. As late as November it was a common sight to see groups of Annamese bound together and marching through the streets ahead of a French guard, who kicked and beat them on their way to prison."

(I myself was in Saigon in November; it is the only place I have ever been during or after a war where war correspondents were issued *tommy-guns*. Even with these, the British and French Army officials forbade the movement of correspondents outside of the city, thus effectively limiting their coverage to the *Cercle Sportif*, where daily tea dances were held. Official handouts included such items as this one of October 27: "Indian troops north of Saigon today captured a bow and arrow factory at Thuduc"—a dispatch reminiscent of Mussolini's Ethiopian campaign.)

Palethorpe told us that Americans of the Air Transport Command had manned tommy-guns against the Annamites in the Hotel Continental battles at Saïgon on September 23rd—a fact carried by the Associated Press. I know of no other incident where Americans participated in Indo-China as allies of the French whom they had been fighting a few months before. But U.S. Lend-Lease supplies (including tanks, according to Reuter's) were consistently used by the French soldiers of the Second Armored Division, who landed at Saïgon under General Jacques Leclerc early in October. The use of American supplies at that time was particularly upsetting to friends of the Annamites, because the British and French authorities in Saïgon had pressed surrendering Japanese combat troops into service as their allies against the natives. Japanese infantrymen (with U.S. arms!) served as shock troops, followed by Indians, French and English outfits.

The landing of the French troops at Saïgon in late September had repercussions in our own capital. Until then, Hanoi had been a city *en fête*. Every afternoon patriotic parades were held through the winding boulevards and parks. Students, carrying the brave red and yellow banners of their republic, marched and sang what was surely the gayest national anthem ever written. Every day a new national hero from the past was honored; most of these patriots seemed to be called Nyugen, the Annamite version of Smith. Half the shopkeepers bore the name, too. And a curious counter-revolutionary leader, who enjoyed a brief career, was Nyugen Hai Than. The only telephone in his official headquarters was a field telephone to General Lu Han, commanding Chinese General. Nyugen boasted loudly to the press of his backing from Chungking: he boasted so loudly, indeed, that the Chinese pulled the rug out from under him after his second press conference and swung their full support behind the government of Ho Chi Minh.

Ho was the Annamite hero, the man who had organized the committees of liberation in the villages during the war, the man who had taught his people how to attack Japanese supply lines and how to hide their rice from the Japanese

Army and how to use the American guns which were dropped by OSS agents in the jungle. Ho, an old man with the face of a Buddhist saint, was the most accessible of Presidents. He ran his little country, organized its new cabinet, interviewed the press, attended diplomatic dinners and all the while fought a fierce, internal battle over the morality of armed resistance to the French, if they attempted to return.

"Gandhi is morally right," he said, "but Gandhi hasn't won freedom for his people. My people have to win a hearing before the world. How would you win them a hearing?"

"I'd cable all the heads of state."

"I did that the first week. They don't answer."

"I'd go abroad and *visit* all the heads of state."

"And leave my country so that, while I'm gone, the French can arrange a counter-revolution? They have a man all ready, you know."

"Yes, I know." He was another Nyugen—a rich native planter. His agents were constantly whispering around the Metropole bar. We called him "Monsieur Quisling."

"If it is slavery or death, I must make the same decision for my followers that I have made for myself," Ho would say. "It is not fair to force slavery on them when they carry banners saying 'Independence or Death' and mean it."

Ho once asked, "How can I reach the peoples of the world, who would be on our side, even if their rulers are not?"

"You must make news," I said. "You must attract reporters here, so that cable communications are set up and the world can read about you."

"And news can be made, in this little country, without bloodshed?"

No. News couldn't be made without bloodshed, or even with bloodshed, as events turned out. For by the time the French *did* come to northern Indo-China, our poor little press pool of three was scattered and the only correspondents present were the Chinese, whose reports do not reach the front pages of American newspapers.

And, I suppose, the Annamite press was still around—the fantastic, overnight Annamite press which had sprung up

from the underground. Every member seemed to be about seventeen years old and a self-appointed propagandist of Annamite freedom. I remember one girl, who wore the lovely white-and-red pajamas of the country, and how she startled General McClure in his press conference by saying, "We understand that in America there is an organization called Daughters of the American Revolution. Do you think we can get in touch with them? They must be the women who would best sympathize with our views."

It was at that press conference that General McClure said a very un-neutral thing, a remark that infuriated the French for weeks and gave heart to the Annamites. It was an explosive remark, a dangerous remark, and one, I am sure, that the State Department must have shuddered at.

He said: "Like all Americans, my sympathies are always on the side of any people who wish freedom for their country."

So official Americans were sometimes encouraging; the Atlantic Charter would then come alive. Sometimes American Army officers were officially present at the torchlight celebrations which took place, twice a week, on the lovely little lake in the center of the town, celebrations that looked, in miniature, like all the fireworks displays of every World's Fair that was ever held. And every night Americans (unlike the frightened French civilians) were carried off in rickshaws, padding through the dark streets, to the loveliest open-air night clubs in the tropics, where little Annamite hostesses, with great dignity, danced the rumba and the waltz with American officers and G.I.s, Japanese civilian authorities and Annamite *boulevardiers*, and spies of every nation of the East and West. (I learned in Hanoi that vast governmental expenditures could be saved if all nations would agree to discharge all spies earning less than \$15,000 in gold a year; they exhaust themselves keeping sharp track of one another, thus effectively cancelling out the usefulness of any of them. They also waste a lot of time searching the baggage and papers of innocuous visitors such as myself.)

Those peaceful celebrations were, in a way, remarkable.

For there were seven different armies in the town: Kuomintang and Yunnan troops, who were fighting each other at that moment in Kunming, in a brief war-lord revolution; Japanese soldiers, still used to mount sentry duty; French P.O.W.'s, who had escaped from the Citadel; the scattering of U.S. troops; the official Annamite revolutionary soldiers, and a few Annamite soldiers attached to the counter-revolution. In spite of this, Hanoi was a peaceful town. We correspondents would have hooted at the notion of carrying guns, but for one reason, and one only: the French had not returned. If the British wished to avoid the bloody incidents marring the occupation of southern Indo-China and Indonesia, here was the pattern to follow: Do as the Chinese were doing, and keep the pre-war European owners out. China was, for a while, the best friend that the Atlantic Charter had, although she never signed it.

But all Asia knew about the Atlantic Charter. In 1944, Vice-President Henry A. Wallace visited Chungking and declared, in the name of the U.S.A., that its promises would apply to the countries of the Orient. Reuter's carried the speech and so did Chungking Radio, and it was widely heard in Indo-China. I know that it was heard because I have a document (marked *Très Secret*) which Governor-General Jean Decoux, on July 18, 1944, issued to his provincial government heads, advising them how to persuade the Annamites that Mr. Wallace's promises meant nothing, that the people of Indo-China should cooperate with the Japanese, rather than with the United States, who had aroused "false hopes," according to General Decoux. The General was, in this instance, absolutely correct.

The Decoux statement advised that, whenever the Wallace speech was mentioned, it should be said that Reuter's was "notoriously inaccurate": maybe Wallace never promised freedom to Indo-China at all. The second argument advanced was that Mr. Wallace was "an official of no real importance, whose incompetence is exceeded only by his vanity." The further plea was made that America's promises are not trustworthy anyway: Woodrow Wilson "promised self-determination, in his time." And, finally, that freedom, on

the American model, is a decadent form of government, "a parliamentary system with sterile bickerings between the factions."

Such anti-American propaganda had, however, misfired. The Annamites knew, during the war, that Americans were helping their guerrilla forces in the north, and the word had spread far into the interior. When, at the end of the war, the first U.S. party arrived at the town of Hué, to rescue Allied prisoners, the actual surrender had not yet been signed. No outside propaganda could possibly have reached the people. Yet, according to Captains Thomas McKay and Frank Buckley, who headed the mission, "the Americans were hailed by the Annamites as their deliverers from both the Japanese and French overlords. We were greeted by supporters of the new Annamite government, who formed a parade with welcoming banners, a band and 20,000 marchers."

Even more touching evidence of American popularity was offered when the first mercy-mission plane landed at Hanoi, on August 31st, piloted by Lt. Irving Kapitulnik of Paterson, N.J. Word of the plane's arrival to rescue prisoners of war should have been received through Switzerland; but the message had not come and when the C-47 landed at Hanoi airport, 20,000 grimly armed Japanese troops surrounded it. But before the American crew could step out of the plane, Annamite and Indian coolies—who, as prisoners of the Japs, were at work on the airport—rushed forward and formed a protecting guard of their bodies around the party of Americans.

So Americans were loved in Indo-China at the beginning of September. Even after the Saigon shooting of September 24th, Americans were loved in the north. Whether we deserved this trust or not, Americans on the spot did not know. We saw a *Paris Matin* dispatch of October 11th, saying that "American businessmen are backing the Annamite cause because, in economic matters, the Annamites would be more easy to manage than the French." That interested us. But if American businessmen were lobbying at home for Indo-China they were singularly unsuccessful at the task. Presi-

dent Truman had still not answered the appeal for arbitration or recognition sent him by President Ho in August. Official America kept silent. The silence grew ominous as the months dragged on. We Americans gathered our little bits of news on the spot. We picked up the rumors of deals between the Chinese and the French; we watched the 36,000 Japanese troops being disarmed by the 110,000 Chinese soldiers generously issued to do the job; we applauded the way in which the *piastre* exchange rate had been arranged so that, for the first time in his hungry life, the common Chinese soldier was able to go on a shopping binge, and buy Swiss watches with Chinese National currency. We complained about the curious lack of a water supply which hits all cities in war time, even if they have never known a bomb or a shell. We ate well ourselves and avoided driving, early in the morning, through the streets where those who had died of hunger in the night still waited for the scavenger.

We held our breaths and wished that we knew what could reach the people at home. We wondered whether Vice-President Wallace was now as brave in pushing the rights of Asia's little countries as he had been in Chungking.

And then, suddenly, two things happened, two seemingly contradictory things, that made most Americans in Asia very much ashamed. On October 22nd it was made public in Paris that John Carter Vincent, Director of the Far East Division of the U.S. State Department, had offered America's services in arbitrating the French-Indo-Chinese dispute and that "France will politely refuse." That was one incident. Henry Wallace's official promise of a year before that "the Atlantic Charter applies to Asia" had now shrunk to an "offer to arbitrate."

The second event, however, was much more significant. It showed that even at the time Mr. Vincent spoke, America had already decided the fate of Indo-China and decided it in favor of the French. When Paris "politely declined" the offer of arbitration, she knew what she was doing; she knew that, at that moment, a cargo of American-made industrial machinery was en route from Los Angeles to Saïgon, addressed to French authorities for governmental use. This

shipment, an official U.S. Government grant, was only the first portion of the \$160 million credit that Washington had already, in October, made to France for the specific purpose of rebuilding Indo-China under the French flag.

So France was to get Indo-China back, after all. There would be no trusteeship, looking towards eventual freedom, let alone the immediate independence which President Ho imagined he had won. There would be—what there had always been.

The rest of the story can be quickly told. When America once threw her weight on the side of France and against the side of freedom, things happened very fast. The Chinese Government decided that they were not so very eager to keep French troops out of the north, after all; perhaps if France gave them rights over the Kunming-Hanoi railroad, and a free port at Haiphong, and surrendered the French concession at Shanghai—if these things could be settled amiably, why, then, the Chinese troops might be withdrawn and the French troops might come in. And that is what happened.

In November, the French, flown by Japanese pilots in Japanese planes, took over Pnom-Penh in Cambodia, signed a peace with its Sultan, Norodom Sianouk, and split the Indo-Chinese resistance. On March 7th, the French promised a “commonwealth” status for Viet Nam to Ho Chi Minh; under this agreement, he permitted French troops to return without bloodshed.

(Was he remembering his admiration for Gandhi? Was he impressed by the fact that the Indians were winning freedom from the British by tactics that avoided outright civil war?)

Ho went to Paris in the summer of 1946. And then—only then—found out, in detail, what France’s definition of “commonwealth” was.

Cochin-China was to be detached from his republic and to remain a colony. Viet Nam was to have no army, no separate foreign legations. The President cabled Hanoi, cancelling the planned celebration of the Viet Nam Republic’s first year of freedom on August 18th; these terms, he said, were

too ignominious. If he had known them, he would have ordered fighting to continue.

Immediately, in Indo-China, Saïgon crowds began the resistance against the French, throwing hand grenades at military stock piles. A French armed convoy at Baninh was attacked by Annamites with "heavy losses after a 9-hour battle," according to the A.P. But the time for successful resistance had passed. The Lend-Lease tanks used by the French armies in 1946 could not be met by last year's carbines and tommy-guns—not after American ammunition and American OSS advisors had been withdrawn.

On September 15, 1946, at "an early hour," Ho Chi Minh signed the French terms after an all-night conference at the Quai d'Orsay. He signed with Marius Moutet, Minister of Colonies—not, as an equal would, with the President of France. Ho believed, he said, that the signing would avoid further shedding of blood. Next year, he hoped, talks might be resumed, and a more generous pact achieved.

The U.S. sent no representatives to the signing away of Indo-China's independence. President Franklin Roosevelt, who had signed the Atlantic Charter, was dead. Winston Churchill and Generalissimo Stalin, who had signed the Charter in 1941 and repeated their adherence to it at Teheran in 1943, remained silent. Vice-President Wallace, who had promised its application to Asia, was engaged in a quarrel with U.S. foreign policy on other matters. The United Nations, whose San Francisco Charter promises "equal rights and self-determination of peoples," were meeting in secret session in New York, but they were not discussing Indo-China's fate.

Greece and Iran and India and Indonesia, and even tiny Albania, have had their cases discussed in the clear light of day: they have reached the newspapers which alert the people of America to a matter which involves their national dignity and interests. But nobody will ask questions in Congress about the Viet Nam cause.

We correspondents at Hanoi might have changed things, I think. We knew the facts. But we couldn't get the story out in time to save a little country's freedom.

BOB CONSIDINE

BORN in Washington, D.C., November 4, 1906, Bob Considine attended Gonzaga High School and George Washington University there. While going to school he worked at various Government clerical jobs, including three years in the State Department. "I arranged the Department's filing system for the London Naval Conference," he reveals, "and no papers on that conference were ever found. This is considered by some to be a direct cause of World War II."

Mr. Considine got into newspaper work, he says, through playing tennis. "I was District of Columbia, Maryland and (1930) national public parks doubles champ. Began writing a weekly tennis piece for the *Washington Post* in 1929. Dizzily ascended to the role of high-school sports writer on the regular *Post* staff in 1930, then baseball, then moved to the *Washington Herald* in 1933 as sports editor. Was canned as sports editor for ridiculous charge of incompetence, but held on as sports columnist, baseball writer, occasional editorial writer and daily short-story (about Government clerks) writer.

"I came to New York in 1937 on the *American*; then the *Mirror*, then International News Service. I began writing magazine stuff on the side: *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Liberty*—some sports, a little fiction, and articles. Went to the European Theater of Operations for INS in 1943, and in the interim have been in and written from forty countries, including China, India, Burma, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, Germany, various parts of South America, and Bikini. Most recent assignments: the World's Series and the United Nations."

Mr. Considine is author of *MacArthur the Magnificent* and has spooked several other popular books. He wrote the original stories for *The Beginning or the End* and *Church of the Good Thief* (both Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films), "and a couple I'd rather forget."

Mr. Considine is married to the former Mildred Anderson, of Kansas City, Missouri. They have three boys, Michael, Barry and Dennis.

ATOMS AWEIGH

By BOB CONSIDINE

THE FIRST TEST of the atomic bomb against warships, at Bikini Atoll on July 1, 1946, was probably the most-covered event in the history of our newspapers, radio stations and magazines.

It was, in addition, the worst-covered.

To an alarmingly widespread ineptitude among the writers and talkers at the scene were added some rather spectacular transmission difficulties which turned the first radio reports into something sounding like a pig fight on a tin roof. Green hands among the communications gadgets aboard the Navy's press ship, *Appalachian*, saw to it that many of our stories were sent into our offices in deranged fashion—last page first.

Public relations officers of Joint Task Force I received about 3,500 applications for accreditation to the test. By processes still unexplained, this number was cut to less than 200. Eligibility rules remain somewhat misty. Among those rejected was Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*. Among those accepted was a representative of *Charm* magazine, an attorney for a picture magazine named *See*, a crop of newspaper and magazine executives who wrote no stories, and a physician accredited to the magazine U.S.A., due to print its maiden copy sometime next year.

Tacit friction between the Army and Navy developed some weeks before the big bang. The Army would have preferred to show off its Air Transport Command by flying all reporters to Kwajalein a few days before the test. There they could have picked up the communications ship, *Appalachian*, and sailed the last 200 miles to Bikini.

Instead, we boarded the *Appalachian* at Oakland eighteen days before the test. The purpose of this, aside from the obvious fact that the Navy had won us in the raffle, was to

give us time to be instructed in the ramifications of atomic energy by Dr. Harry Wensel, of the United States Bureau of Standards. Dr. Wensel had informed the writer as early as last March that he wanted no part of the Bikini test—a feeling shared by a number of scientists—but no substitute was named for him. So the good ship *Appalachian* sailed with no one authorized to instruct the reporters, and little to beguile them except Navy propaganda films.

The Navy must have realized there would be hell to pay if it becalmed all those reporters on a sluggish transport for several weeks in the Pacific without some liquid nourishment stronger than Navy coffee. Neat wording in the alcoholic clause of our official orders circumvented a serious drought. We were told, in stiff Navy language, that the lugging of alcoholic beverages aboard a U.S. Navy ship was strictly forbidden. But the very next sentence of the orders added, “Baggage of correspondents will not be searched upon boarding the *Appalachian*.”

Just about all of us read that sentence, judging from the beating the gangplank took at Oakland and later at Honolulu. Seamen had to help many correspondents with their heavy, gurgling suitcases. The Navy kept its word and searched nothing. It seized only three cases of beer, but only because they were brought aboard with no wrapping paper concealing their identity. It maintained its teetotalling austerity, however, by informing Negro stewards aboard the ship that they would draw ten days in the brig if they collaborated in the whiskey vice to the extent of giving ice to the correspondents.

The spectre of bad communications became visible as soon as the first stories began to be radioed from the ship. One reporter for a news service received a tart note from his New York office suggesting that hereafter he send his pages in order—which, of course, he had done. Another learned that it had taken the Navy twenty-two hours to send a piece of news which was no longer news when it arrived. Another writer learned, some days after filing a story, that his office was still waiting for the first page.

The happy honeymoon the Navy had planned began to curdle. Reporters who volunteered to aid the green hands with the handling of the increasing weight of stories were told to keep out of the communications room. Good stories began breaking from Admiral W. H. P. Blandy's flagship, *Mount McKinley*, where only three reporters and three radio men were stationed, and the horde of correspondents on the sun-baked *Appalachian* complained bitterly.

It sounds petty now, but feeling ran rather high on the *Appalachian* over the allotment of cabins. The Navy tried to be fair and assigned them on an age basis, the eldest correspondents getting the best—and so on down to the bilge rooms. The trouble with this was that hardly a handful of the correspondents in good rooms and bunks were writing, while competent and hard-working reporters were assigned to the stifling hold. The chief complaint was the fine airy stateroom the Navy gave to a young man from *The Saturday Review of Literature*. In the Pacific heat it became an affront to the reporters.

Unable to interview a shipful of nuclear physicists, oceanologists and other experts aboard the U.S.S. *Panamint*, or the military brass aboard the U.S.S. *Blue Ridge*—ships which accompanied the *Appalachian*—many correspondents found themselves torn between drawing the long bow or sitting back and whittling. As for the bow drawers their best bit of reportorial ectoplasm was a story that the *Blue Ridge* had gone far off its course during one night to rescue a stricken freighter, which never happened.

As for the restless muses among the reporters who did want to write something, but found nothing to write during the long voyage, they made up a song about the trip and such adjuncts of the trip as the reporter-hating Executive Officer, Comdr. Lamar, the hard-working Navy public relations man, Capt. Fitzhugh Lee, the enveloping feeling of futility, and their Pulitzer prize-winning confreres, Bill Laurence of the *New York Times* and Howard Blakeslee of the Associated Press. They sang it to the tune of Gilbert and Sullivan's story about the lad in the Queen's Navee:

We are the boys of Fitzhugh Lee
We hate the Navy and we hate the sea
We hate the Army and we hate this ship
But we're all signed up for the atomic trip.

We're all signed up and ready to go
To offer up our testicles for U.N.O.

We throw our butts upon the deck
Despite the scowls of the old Exec
In dudgeon high he vents his spleen
Bellows to the crew to "sweep down clean."

He bellows to the crew to shine up the brass
And wishes he could kick a correspondent's ass.

The PRO's get the topside rooms
While the working press gripes and fumes
The sky is blue and the sea is green
But we might as well have covered from a submarine.

We might as well have stayed at home
And covered this fiasco by the telephone.

Blakeslee and Laurence sit and think
While the rest of the boys catch up on drink
But drinkers soon will have time to scoff
For the goddam thing will never go off.

Oh, the goddam thing will hang in the air
And Energy will never equal MC-square.

The curious schedule of operations for this first phase of Operation Crossroads ordained that a great majority of the correspondents accredited to the experiment would miss—by a day or two—a dress rehearsal of the event, in which Maj. Woodrow Swancutt's B-29 dropped a lightly charged fragmentation bomb on the Bikini targets. Our presence at this rehearsal might have forestalled some of the nonsense which eventually emerged from the main event.

We had hoped to be able to spend some time at Kwajalein inspecting at least the tar-paper shack in which the bomb

was undergoing final assembly and talking to Swancutt's crew and other fliers and observers scheduled to be airborne on Able Day.

But, by command, the three ships in our fretful task force slowed down perceptibly a day out of Kwajalein. The more indignant members among the correspondents immediately circulated a report that "a colonel" aboard the *Blue Ridge* had ordered the slowdown to prevent our bothering or undating Kwajalein's operation. This complaint was presented to Capt. Lee, who immediately and inadvertently placed the source of the slowdown order by saying, in tones which only those whose careers begin at Annapolis can muster, "It isn't very likely that a colonel could issue any order concerning the progress of a Navy ship."

The sweaty swarm of reporters from the *Appalachian* was herded on to Kwajalein, steered through the Army officers' bar and then the Navy officers' bar, heard two brief lectures on coming plans, and was marched back to the ship. It was a kind of bus ride through Chinatown, conducted by a man trying to catch an early train.

The tempo of the Navy propaganda films picked up during the last few nights. One called "Victory in the Pacific," I believe, thunderously fought the whole Pacific war without the intervention of the Army and precious little aid from the Marines. Its sound track would not acknowledge anything remotely khaki, including scenes around the Air Forces' 509th Squadron operations on Tinian, and pictures of the take-off and dropping of the Nagasaki bomb. The film ended with the great infallible battleships belching flame and thunder, but above the iron voice of the sound track of the shameless film one correspondent bawled:

"Hey, whatever became of that fellow MacArthur?"

Weakened by these and other frustrations, including a widespread loss of confidence in Canada's ability to make Scotch—a rather alarming amount of the ersatz heather had been bought in Honolulu—a peevish deterioration set in on all sides. By now, as we lay off Bikini in the punishing heat, the *Appalachian* drew such visitors as Blandy, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal, Dr. Karl Compton of M.I.T., Generals

Stilwell, Kepner and Farrell, and other officers and scientists. Questions directed at them were funnelled through a microphone mounted in the rear of a press room set up on deck. The questions often were quite pointed and sometimes they were assertions instead of questions. When the somewhat dazed Vice-Admiral Hoover suggested that the Navy would continue to build ships after the bomb exploded, the angry young man from *The Saturday Review* wrote out a "question" reading, "Admiral Hoover, you have disqualified yourself as an impartial observer of the coming test."

But mainly the reporters were worried about getting their copy into their offices quickly and in the order written. Beyond this the three wire services wanted a "neutral voice" to announce the actual dropping of the bomb and a preliminary evaluation of its effects, so as not to be dependent upon a home office rewrite of a commercial radio commentator's account. They reasoned that there was little chance that their stories would travel to the mainland with anything like the speed of the radio accounts. The radio men objected strongly, for it meant revising a long and not very elastic script they had prepared with Comdr. Don Thompson, a radio man turned public relations officer. The wire services won their "neutral voice" and many scornful allusions in broadcasters' messages to the States.

International complications arose in lengthy disputes over the allocation of priorities in filing stories. There were a limited number of channels, all uncertain, and the AP, UP and INS meant to see to it that for the first two hours after the bomb dropped these channels were not jammed with "I was there" stories.

In the process of fighting for and winning three of four channels, the American wire services gave a kind of refined bum's rush to Reuter's, despite the Englishman's heated recollection of priority courtesies extended to the American services at British operations during the war.

Also pushed back for the first hour or so were the stories to be written by the representatives of Russian, Chinese and French papers. Norman Soong, the Chinese war correspondent, just shrugged and said, "Who gives a damn?" The Rus-

sian reporter, actually accredited from Poland, did not seem to mind. He was just glad to be alive. He had been dramatically seasick for the first five days of the voyage, summoning only enough strength now and then to rise slightly from his bunk and whisper, hollow-eyed, "Hawaii . . . women."

And by Able Day Minus Two the Frenchman, M. Farge, was not too concerned over whether or not his story had to queue up before being sent. Farge had been a busy man with a notebook and pencil for days but then a signal glory descended upon him. His friend George Bidault reached across the oceans and appointed Farge the new French Cabinet's Minister of Food. Farge immediately dropped his notebook and announced that *he* was giving a press conference. Using Robert Littel of *The Reader's Digest* as his interpreter, he told his now remote associates that his first act of office would be to "crush the black market." He said it without batting an eye and when the raucous laughter subsided a gent in the rear, sizzling with bogus Scotch, began a rude litany of abuse consisting mainly of "goddam Frogs."

On Sunday morning, June 30, Bikini time, the *Appalachian's* loud-speakers suddenly shouted Admiral Blandy's announcement that the test would be run off the following morning. There was considerable excitement. Apparently without a quiver of conscience, one reporter for a Midwestern paper immediately sat down and began writing his account of the bombing. Graphically he told of the first gush of light from the bomb "like ten thousand suns" and portrayed himself as being knocked flat by the "searing blast." But he fought his way back to the railing, he said, and carried on for his readers. It was a very long, very complete story and a very awful desecration of the credos laid down by the better minds of the craft. Few authors have ever revelled in such omniscience, for this man followed the bombing plane back to Kwajalein, in his gruelling fancy, and was able to report—twenty-four hours in advance—that Maj. Harold Wood, the bombardier, stepped out of the B-29 tired but happy and said, "It was like dropping a cherry on a frosted cake."

There were two interesting leave-takings that final day. Three of the more responsible correspondents were taken off the *Appalachian* and put into a PBM to be flown to Kwajalein, where they had won places in a B-29 which was to follow the Swancutt bomber at a discreet distance throughout the next day's show. The men were Bill Downs, of CBS, Frank Bartholomew, one of the incurably active vice-presidents of United Press, and Jack Carlisle, of the *Detroit News*. They were the pool men, selected by lot to represent all correspondents. About two dozen of their closer friends watched them down the plank to their small boat, and the manner of the men was that of wartime correspondents saying good-bye to beaver friends eagerly off for a forward position.

The second leave-taking was of the target ships. We had spent several days among them and had come to know them and their characteristics and roles in this and the last war. It was late afternoon when we pulled away and the sun silhouetted their superstructures like gnarled gravestones. It was a forlorn time, and, for once, there was not very much talk along the decks. We could see the oppressive chains and anchors of the abandoned ships for a long time.

July 1st, the day of the drop, was the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. Attendance at Mass in the library of the *Appalachian* was especially high that morning. By 8 o'clock we were in our places on the bomb-observing, or starboard, side of the ship: wire service men and several of the foreigners at tables and the others either standing or sitting along the rail in canvas deck chairs. We were seventeen miles from the *Nevada*.

Capt. Lee took over the ship's microphone, and his short clear announcements of the progress of the invisible bombing plane brought about a tightening of tension. With a minute or so to go we all put on the big, black opaque goggles which had been issued to us and kept our heads pointing at the chosen spot on the horizon where, with the aid of binoculars, one could see the topmost superstructure of the targets.

It seemed a very long time between the rasping cry of

"Bomb away!" and the explosion, a long enough time to make most of us wonder if anything had gone wrong—anything from a hapless dud to a bizarre miss which might be sending the thing toppling down on us.

But then it burst, low on the horizon, and it was an unforgettable apparition. Though we could barely see the brilliant sun itself through the heavy glasses, the tiny core of the atomic flash burned brightly through our lenses and out of that terribly intense little piece of light there emerged a dome of lesser light, as if a brightly polished old German helmet had suddenly been jammed down over the three miles of target ships. From the edges of that white-hot helmet began to roll great rounded pillows of flame and smoke and steam, and then much of this seemed suddenly sucked back into the enormous vacuum of the area and formed itself into a perfectly round ball of gaseous flame about two miles in diameter. And this ball took off as if alive and shot heavenward so fast that many of us lost sight of it until it was three or four thousand feet in the air, uncoiling the familiar radioactive cloud behind it.

"My God . . . my God," someone said. It was the only thing said in the seconds following the detonation. It was the only sound.

It was difficult to start writing immediately, for we expected a serious blast of hot wind and sound to reach us in about a minute and a half after the flash. The wire service men pecked out a few words but stopped and spread their hands over their notes and waited. But only a low thunder reached us, and with it was no heat or wind. Self-consciously we took our hands off the notes and copy paper and went to work.

The contempt for the bomb was generated in many of us at that time. A magazine man wrote out a message to his editor which said: "Just a big bust." Someone, watching the cloud rise with its awful majesty, said, "It's the color of peaches and cream," which it was, but it seemed an insult to the fist of God.

For a long time there was nothing to write about except the ever-rising cloud, the drone planes passing through it,

and a rather frightening shower of rain which pelted the *Appalachian*; but the loud-speakers soon bawled that the rain had not passed through the radioactive cloud before dropping on us.

The typewriters generally clacked to a halt, but for the radiomen there was an expensive void to fill, and some of it was filled oddly. One broadcaster had the misfortune of having the television set, on which he was depending for an eye-witness close-up of the targets, go dead on him as he came on the air. But he described ship and shore damage nonetheless.

In the press plane, the pool men had a variety of troubles, most of them resulting in disappointing coverage. Downs' voice was scrambled and dispersed by static. Carlisle had trouble getting a proper view because of eager crew members. But Bartholomew's woe was greatest. He had drawn the best seat in the B-29, the perch in the swivel chair which sits atop a high table in the gunners' compartment and enables the head to protrude into a large plastic blister sticking from the top of the fuselage. He donned his goggles on order and listened intently when the pilot of the plane announced that the bomb was away and that the flash would be seen to the left. Bartholomew looked for a long time to the left until his attention was drawn by shouts from the right. He was surprised to see the cloud on that side, and fairly well formed. Then he remembered he was riding backwards.

By midafternoon the *Appalachian* drew up within plain view of the target area. It was then that most of the misleading stories were filed. Generally overlooking the invisible damage the ships had suffered from the rays of the bomb, many of us instantly reported that the bomb had had little effect. But by late afternoon the carrier *Independence* began to blow up. The Navy announced, with a nervous laugh, that the destroyer *Anderson* had disappeared and that, all in all, twenty-three ships were sunk or damaged.

Those figures were dutifully sent by the wire services and by the more responsible papers, but later investigation proved that they did not arouse as much interest as a chance

radio remark that the "palm trees on Bikini are still standing."

Our subsequent inspection of the targets at closer hand was done from an LCT with Capt. Lee as conducting officer. We were permitted to board three ships, the *Prinz Eugen*, the *Nevada*, and the cruiser *Pensacola*. The German cruiser's main mast, oddly made of wood, was split as if struck by lightning. Much of its radar, radio and fire-control superstructure was gone. One tenth of its clean wooden decks had been made radioactive. There was a deep scorch, as if from a hundred blowtorches, across its bridges, which might have meant that its officers would have been badly burned, if not killed. The garish orange-and-white *Nevada* was badly burned across the stern and halfway up its portside. Its big stack was pushed in and its radar, radio and fire control were a mess. We were not permitted below decks and conditions there remained something of a mystery. One member of the *Nevada's* returned crew said the ship's boilers were cracked, but an officer said they were not. On the burned and battered *Pensacola*, where heavy decks were pressed down soggily, steel rungs ripped out of ladders, great blisters raised on the hide of the rear turret, stacks bent over almost horizontally and much test gear reduced to ashes, the skipper, a regular Navy captain named Ramsey, said at first blush that if the ship had been manned he would have had 100 per cent casualties above decks and fifty per cent below. But the next day, perhaps remembering in the meantime that he was a liaison man between the Navy Department and the House Naval Affairs Committee, Capt. Ramsey said in effect—for the *Appalachian's* mimeographed newssheet—that the *Pensacola* would have suffered no casualties and would have been able to fight back immediately.

The inspection period was an unhappy one for the Army personnel aboard the *Appalachian*, headed by Col. Bill Westlake, former chief of Air Forces public relations, and Lt. Col. John Moynihan, the former Newark reporter who handled the A-bomb's public relations from Tinian during and after the strikes against Hiroshima and Nagasaki. You could hear the wincings of the Army when, as our LCT chugged past the

horribly destroyed *Independence*, Capt. Lee commented comfortably on the manner in which her hull stood up. One got the impression, not always from Capt. Lee, that any ship which went down was thin-hulled, obsolete or of slapdash construction (the Jap cruiser *Sakawa*). Those which remained afloat were "grand old fighting ships" or superficially damaged. A black-smoke fire had burned for hours on the deck of the *Saratoga*. When we went past her Capt. Lee called up to the Navy men on her flight deck, "What was that burning on your deck?" Like a well-trained chorus, responding to cue, they shouted back, "Army gear."

After some deliberation and consultation with the Geiger counters, which measured radioactivity, we were permitted to go for a swim on Bikini Beach two days after the bomb. The island, and its fine little officers' club where bonded bourbon and rye, and good imitation Scotch, sold for fifteen cents a shot, were unharmed. Some of the boys began calling its trees "Laurence Grove" because the *New York Times* men, with more experience around atomic bombs than anyone else on the junket, had predicted that the trees would be turned to "matchwood." Laurence increasingly found himself cast in the role of missionary, slaving through the barren reaches of misunderstanding of the bomb's place in life.

It was surprising to many of us who returned after the first bomb to find a widespread agreement among the people that it was overrated. We looked to the cleaner, less thundering report of the second test as capable of telling the people that there was loose in the world a weapon capable, when it progresses beyond its Model T stage, of exterminating the species.

But, despite the better coverage of the second test, the people remembered that the palm trees still stood on Bikini. The broadcast, apparently much superior to the broadcast of the first test, won a Hooperating of only 19.1, as compared to the 65.3 of the Louis-Conn fight and the superior ratings of Fibber Magee, Bob Hope, Walter Winchell, Jack Benny and Fred Allen.

W. W. CHAPLIN

W. W. CHAPLIN says he began his journalistic career inauspiciously by failing to make the staff of the *Brown Daily Herald*. Apparently he increased his reportorial ability by the soldiering which interrupted his college career, and after some months of editing a publishing firm's house organ, he got a job with the Syracuse, N.Y., *Journal*. Apprenticeship at the *Journal* was followed by twenty-two years evenly divided between the Associated Press and International News Service. Four years ago he turned to radio and he has been an NBC reporter and commentator since then. He has written three war books of his own and pieces of others. Here are a few of the assignments he has covered for newspapers and radio: Lindbergh's take-off for Paris, electrocution of a man and woman (remember that Snyder-Gray case?) in Sing Sing, the Ethiopian War, the Maginot Line in 1939-40, Gandhi riots in Bombay, the Battle of Stalingrad from the iron-curtain distance of Moscow, the Normandy invasion, the only one-plane bombing raid on Berchtesgaden, the signing of the German surrender by the late *Herren* Friedeberg and Jodl, the terror camp at Dachau, the Bikini atom bomb tests, United Nations meetings in London and New York, the Paris peace conference of 1946. Two years ago he became President of the Overseas Press Club of America and he is the first member to have been elected for two consecutive terms.

Mr. Chaplin writes of the story which follows:

"I wrote the Kwajalein story for two reasons. One was the hope of clearing up certain confusions in my own mind by putting into written words what had been mere shadows of suspicion. The other was a desire to call attention to certain dangers of the atom bomb entirely aside from its power to destroy physical things. I am definitely glad that we discovered how to use the atom. It did hasten the end of the war. It did save tens of thousands of Allied lives which would have been lost if invasion of Japan had been necessary; it probably didn't kill any more Japanese than would have been otherwise killed in such an invasion. Also, while we and our friends retain the

secret, the bomb will probably serve as a deterrent to war. And of course the possibilities of atomic power for peaceful ends are unlimited. The danger I see is that of the bomb's destroying us spiritually, merely by its existence, before we can ever do anything constructive with the power it represents. It was to show how that sinister power works to warp otherwise normal minds that I wrote this story as fair warning."

A RIBBON FOR THE GORGON'S LOCKS

By W. W. CHAPLIN

ON THE LAST DAY of June, 1946, I witnessed a scientific experiment on the atoll of Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands.

All reportorial minds were intent at the time on another experiment to be run off the following day, the first over-navy explosion of an atom bomb.

No word was ever written about the June 30th experiment and yet, now looking back, it may have been the more important of the two. The experiment of June 30th was an effort to expedite and simplify the cleansing of grease and coral sand and honest sweat from the coveralls of Sergeant Murphy. And that is a constructive thing.

We reporters had been living on Kwajalein with the atom bomb for two weeks, and we knew that even unarmed it could explode, if exposed to intense heat. Of course such heat is always a possibility on a small island stored with great quantities of high-octane aviation gasoline. The bomb was an unfriendly neighbor.

Officially we didn't know just where on Kwajalein the bomb was hidden. Actually we knew exactly where it was.

I got my first tip-off from a merchant seaman I picked up in my jeep one night on the way to the lagoon. At one control point we were stopped by MPs and warned, as I had been warned there several times a day, against smoking. But my hitchhiker was both puzzled and annoyed.

"I've been coming in and out of here for six months," he complained, "and these Joes have suddenly started this no-smoking stuff. We always smoked around here." I looked about me, and the only structure between us and the boat landing we were headed for was a towering thing with a long vertical row of small red-curtained windows. And so I knew. Cigarets and gasoline can easily mean fire. Fire could mean premature explosion, and disappearance from the face of the earth of Kwajalein and all living things upon it. So the order was no smoking. This patch of black just darker than the night, this hulking shadowy form with its row of bloodshot eyes, held in its clutch the most terrible object ever devised by man.

On the morning of June 30th I was walking moodily from the thatch-roofed press club to the long concrete pier the Germans built there before the first World War. From that pier I would take a launch to the Army communications ship *Spindle Eye*, anchored in the lagoon, and talk by radio with NBC in San Francisco about my broadcast schedule for next day. I was moody because the bomb had been getting on my nerves. And because, looking toward the lagoon, I could see another ship besides the *Spindle Eye*, a ship which held men who were part masters, part prisoners, of the bomb.

At that time I had never attended the explosion of an atom bomb. I had read all the reports about New Mexico and Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but that was secondhand. Even before the Bikini explosion I learned on Kwajalein something of the effect the bomb can have on people, just by its existence. On that second ship I mentioned there were literally dozens of scientists, experts on the atom bomb. Why so many were necessary we were never told. But there they were, and that ship was, to all intents and purposes, their prison. No one was allowed to board the ship. The scientists came ashore only under the close guard of Manhattan Project

security officers. One day we succeeded in having a score of them brought to the press club for interviewing. They sat on the floor and drank beer from bottles, but they were afraid to talk. At each question they would look at a Manhattan Project security captain, and at the slight shake of his head they would tip up their bottles and the question went unanswered. After an hour of this sort of interview they were shepherded back to their ship, the captain simply smiling. As they marched toward the pier and their off-limits ship, it seemed to me they should be wearing handcuffs, to symbolize the fact that they had been enslaved by the Frankenstein of their own devising.

Pondering such things on the last day before the Bikini blast, I came to a barracks outside which a GI was working on a strange machine which I stopped to investigate.

"Hi, Mac," said the GI. "If this thing works this soldier is going to get rid of washerwoman's back and get himself a lot more sack time."

We introduced ourselves and I discovered I was talking to Sgt. Murphy of the 58th Wing of the U.S. Air Forces, and that he was a member of a B-29 ground crew. At a civilian airport I suppose he would have been classified as a grease monkey, and the pile of work clothes lying beside his mechanical contraption bore out that description.

The brain child of the Murphy mind was a galvanized ash can from which protruded an iron pipe to which was attached a salvaged airplane propeller. Looking into the can, half filled with water, I could see that the upright fitted into a sort of gear box equipped with four broad wooden paddles. It was cunningly contrived and the workmanship was evidently of professional calibre. Sgt. Murphy was a thinker and a craftsman.

"Okay, Mac," he said with satisfaction after a few adjustments. "Here we go. Long live laziness."

He threw over a brake handle and the propeller swung to face the trade winds which forever sweep those islands. The blades stirred and turned and settled to a comfortable whirl. The paddles began spanking the water in the can, and Sgt. Murphy laughed aloud.

"It beats the hell out of me," he said complacently, "how I think of these things."

He dumped half a box of soap flakes into the can, and suds rose to its rim. In went the grimy clothes, socks, underclothes, shirts and coveralls.

"Oh, my aching back," said Sgt. Murphy. "Ain't science wonderful?"

Just then there appeared a strange and awesome procession on the perimeter road the Seabees built around the island after shellfire and bombs had denuded it of trees, and it had been cleared of junk and Japanese.

The main float in this black Mardi Gras parade was one of those enormous underslung trailers with a steel floor and innumerable wide-tired wheels on which engines of great weight are carried. The object on this trailer was entirely concealed by a tightly battened 'paulin which gave no indication of the size or shape of what lay beneath. It could have been thirty feet long and six feet in girth. It might, of course, be no bigger than a pencil, so covered for deception's sake.

On little decks left bare at either end of the trailer were half a dozen MPs with tommy-guns. Two crawling jeeps led the way and two followed, all jammed with other MPs similarly armed.

There could be no question what this was. The bomb was being moved to the air strip in preparation for its final journey to Bikini.

"Do they think somebody's going to steal it for a souvenir?" Sgt. Murphy asked with disgust. "This whole joint has gone atom-happy."

All this show of strength and super-precaution seemed slightly off to me too. Who were these MPs guarding the bomb against? There was no one on Kwajalein but Army and Navy personnel, some reporters who had been thoroughly investigated by the FBI before being accredited, and a few Marshallese laborers who had probably never even heard of the bomb.

I remembered going to the circus in New York before the war and seeing the first Ringling appearance of Gargantua. Frank Buck's great gorilla was in an iron cage set on a low

trailer, and as it was drawn slowly around the tanbark at Madison Square Garden, guards with rifles drove beside it. Those guards were not there to protect Gargantua, but to kill him if by any freak of chance or frenzied rebellion he should break loose and assault the audience.

And there that day on Kwajalein it seemed to me that all those tommy-gunned MPs encircled the atom bomb not for its protection, because it needed none in that isolated company, but rather for our protection against some awful beast whose actions were unpredictable. I told Sgt. Murphy something of the way I felt.

"You can say that again," he said grimly, and poured the other half of his soap flakes into the windmill washer.

After completing my business on the *Spindle Eye*, I returned to the press club just as another jeep slid to a halt in the corrosive coral grit and a panting public relations officer jumped out in gay excitement.

"What a story," he yelled at me. "Come in and let me tell everybody together. This is a lulu. This is a natch."

In the press club a couple of dozen reporters were taking their ease on chairs and couches, reading the Smythe report or drinking whisky or otherwise preparing themselves for the labors of the morrow.

"This," the PRO repeated for their benefit, "is a natch. The bomb has been moved to the air strip and placed in an enclosure protected by a canvas fence. And when it got there all these kid scientists were on hand and they had a regular celebration. You know the film they've seen oftener than any other out on that ship of theirs is *Gilda*, with Rita Hayworth. So they got a picture of Rita and pasted it on the bomb and they christened the bomb *Gilda*. It's written right on it in chalk. They were just like a bunch of kids. Now, do I look after you guys or not?"

"I guess it's a box in any man's paper," a reporter acknowledged, and they began filing out to their typewriters.

But one reporter, a man with a cynical though kindly face who had been the subject of considerable ribbing because he represented a woman's glamor magazine, stopped the PRO with a gesture.

"Where," he asked, "did they get the wing of bat and tail of newt?"

Before dawn the next morning I was atop a hangar alongside the air strip to broadcast the departure of the bomb for Bikini. And nature herself furnished one final ironic touch to the mad picture. As the B-29, with the bomb aboard, warmed up at the western end of the runway the sun rose orange and ominous. In the damp air a rainbow formed to bridge the runway. Straight through that traditional symbol of hope and promise, the evil thing that man had wrought took wing on its mission of destruction.

It was a relief to have it gone. We had been afraid of it. But as I watched the big plane with its dread burden head direct into that orange sun, relief from fear was outweighed by an overpowering emotion of disgust almost to the point of nausea.

Sitting on that hangar roof with a microphone in my hand I had a mental picture of young scientists in black robes and witches' pointed hats dancing in wicked glee around a stinking cauldron.

"Boil and bubble, toil and trouble."

The B-29 was melting into the fiery sun. But my mind's eye looked into it and saw in the bomb bay that gross iron body with the pretty actress's face smiling from its flank. No blame attaches of course to Miss Hayworth. If Medusa bound her snaky tresses with ribbon of pink or baby blue, the virtue of ribbons would not be involved. But the combination would be revolting and obscene.

A few hours later I stood on the deck of the *Spindle Eye* and saw the atomic cloud climb the horizon and mushroom into the blue sky. When I was a child I had a book which showed Aladdin's genie materializing from such a cloud.

We on Kwajalein were 200 miles from Bikini and yet that cloud rose so high that not even the belly of the world could hide it from us. We well knew what must lie below the cloud, in that once beautiful lagoon, a scene to make men tremble throughout the world, to make them fear and hate and perhaps in misguided self-protection to plot against the holders of such awful power.

I turned away from Bikini and its pillar of death, and scanned our own quiet island, so recently the hide-out cave of this ravening beast. And my eyes fell on the barracks near the dock. Sgt. Murphy's windmill was set in the position of repose, and Sgt. Murphy's clean coveralls were drying on a line in the warmth of the eternal trade winds.

HELEN HIETT

A NATIVE of Pekin, Ill., and graduate of the University of Chicago, 1934, Helen Hiett spent the next five years in Europe. She worked at the League of Nations, traveled extensively throughout the Continent, learned fluent French, Italian, Spanish and German, covered the Spanish Civil War, and worked as hired girl for a German peasant when she spent several weeks in a Nazi girls' labor camp to get material on Nazi techniques of youth indoctrination for a Ph.D. thesis at the London School of Economics and Political Science.

Turning from scholarship to journalism with the outbreak of war in 1939, she covered the fall of France as foreign correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company, won the National Headliners Award for her world news scoop on the bombing of Gibraltar, and after a year in Spain for NBC returned to New York to do an eighteen-month stint of daily news commentary for NBC. Following publication of a book, *No Matter Where*, she returned to cover the last year of war in the Mediterranean Theater. Since the end of the war, Miss Hiett has been Forum Director of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Chance meeting in an Austrian valley on V-E Day with several thousand Russians, who were being repatriated by the American Army against their will, led to a six weeks' tour of American and British Army camps for Russian D.P.'s in Austria and Italy, and the exclusive report, printed here for the first time, of the only Allied correspondent to go with a group of these unwilling repatriates all the way home to Odessa. When time is mentioned in this story, it should be remembered that it was written in July, 1945.

RETURN TO THE SOVIET

By HELEN HIETT

WHEN THE refugee ship, crowded with 1,500 Soviet citizens, docked at Odessa in late June, 1945, after a six-day trip through the Black Sea, the Bosphorus, and the eastern Mediterranean from Taranto, Italy, I was the only passenger who didn't get off the ship—but not the only one who didn't want to.

My fellow travelers belonged to the largest national group of war-displaced persons in Europe, and the one which, though not unanimously eager to get home as soon as possible, is being repatriated fastest and most efficiently of all. More than two and a half millions of them are jamming British and American collection centers in Western Europe. Under terms of a repatriation agreement signed at Yalta in February, 1945, we are picking them up, housing them in vast camps, feeding them army rations which include a full quota of candy, cigarettes, whisky and beer, giving each one a complete outfit of new clothes, and transporting them back to the U.S.S.R. by rail, by road, by ship and even by air—all without compensation, and with or without their consent. The Russians were supposed to do the same thing for American and British soldiers whom they liberated. They did send 3,000 Americans and 4,000 British subjects to Odessa, allowing us to feed and clothe them there, and to repatriate them on British ships. It is not entirely the Russians' fault if they haven't done more.

The negotiators at Yalta had expected that far more American and British POW's interned by the Nazis in eastern Germany would be in Soviet hands on V-E Day. They did not anticipate how many thousands of our men would shift for themselves and make their own way to our lines rather than wait for Soviet assistance. And it was hard for Yalta officials to realize how many displaced Russians were

going to flee toward our lines before the advancing Red Army, instead of awaiting liberation by their own people. But, as a result of these two unexpected movements of peoples, the supposedly mutual repatriation agreement turned into a decidedly one-way affair.

My presence as the only non-Russian on the repatriation ship bound for Odessa was the result of a chance encounter with a horde of Russians in an Austrian valley shortly after V-E Day. I had never heard of the Yalta Anglo-American-Soviet repatriation agreement, or been aware of the vastness of the problem it was meant to solve, when I jeeped smack into a Nazi-officered division of galloping Cossacks on the road northeast of Klagenfurt, Austria, on May 12, 1945. But I couldn't help wondering how these 20,000 traitors to the Soviet would be dealt with as I stood watching for a whole afternoon, ducking at occasional reports from still loaded arms as each angry Cossack hurled his gun to the ground and galloped off through the dusty field to surrender to the British.

Across the road, in another field, more thousands of Soviet citizens who had fought for Germany lined up by companies in perfect proud formation, heads high and horses rigid, for a final presentation of arms and a last salute. Twice we tried to push the jeep on through the road ahead, that led to Graz, to meet the Red Army. In those first days after victory we still thought they'd welcome Allied correspondents. But the road, as far as we could see, was hopelessly blocked by the growing stream of these other Russians, fleeing the Red Army to surrender to the British.

Finally, frustrated and tired, we turned back toward Villach to try to get through the Spittal-Lienz road to the Fifth Army press camp that someone said had moved to Bolzano.

British signs along the road before Spittal warned, "COS-SACK DIVISIONS AHEAD," with no other explanation. As the jeep nosed over the pass and started down into the narrow mountain valley that stretches from Spittal to Lienz, suddenly we smelled them. The air was noticeably warmer, and seemed to have some human odor in it, too, that the higher, cooler mountain atmosphere had lacked. We won-

dered at a curious veil of blue smoke hanging in the valley, and then began to see myriads of small campfires. They gleamed through the twilight darkness of the deep pine woods that made a tunnel for our road along the valley floor. In the open fields beyond it was still light and there were more campfires, thousands of them, sending up curling white smoke ribbons in a comfortable pattern of Cossacks camped in curving pine-bough shelters with their horses, their women and children, and their sway-backed prairie schooners.

The scene with its rugged mountain backdrop could have belonged to the Caucasus, and it seemed at least that far removed from U.S. protection when I began to notice that the men were still armed. Did they know the war had ended five days before? I didn't dare stop to ask until we came on several hundred kneeling beside the road before an elaborate chapel built of pine boughs. They were singing the end of a two-hour Mass led by a black-bearded Orthodox priest robed in rich green and gold brocade. I knelt with them until the Mass was over and then they followed me back to the road and crowded around the jeep.

"The war—it's really over?" Faces lit up as the fact dawned on them and they began shouting the news, "*Stalin kaput! Stalin kaput!*" I disenchanted them quickly and they sobered.

"We'll never go back. We'll commit suicide first. What will happen to us?" I said I didn't know but that if they'd let me get on to Lienz before dark I'd try to find out.

The next displaced Russians I saw were in the British-run 159 Transit Camp for Soviet citizens outside Rome. Soviet officers were in charge, and a Red Army major was talking to a couple of hundred camp residents when my interpreter and I walked into their barbed-wire enclosure. He left off abruptly, asking if either of us understood Russian. After a lengthy discussion, and the disqualification of my interpreter, the major let me ask the people some questions through one of his lieutenants. The women and children said they'd been taken to Germany as slave laborers. The men said they'd been taken prisoner and forced to work for the Germans, or fight for them. When I asked, "Aren't you pleased that

America and England are helping you get back to Russia so soon?" the interview bogged down. The lieutenant had a disconcerting habit of reporting their answers before he'd translated my questions.

A few days later I learned that more than 200 Russians from the 159 Camp had escaped and turned up at the Russicum, a Vatican college founded fifteen years ago in Rome to train priests in the Russian oriental rite. Russicum priests sheltered the refugees in their college reception rooms until they got permission, a few weeks ago, to house them in the former Gestapo prison building on Via Tasso.

Early in June I took a jeep trip from Rome down through southern Italy to visit the major collection centers for Soviet citizens near the port towns. I found 8,000 Russians in a camp at Bari. They were getting all the material benefits of democracy, even to layettes for many expectant mothers.

"The request bothered us at first," the British colonel in charge of the camp confessed, "but help came from a nearby camp for German prisoners." Their confiscated loot included everything from nipples to rubber pants.

Providing baby clothes from army stores for these Russians has been easy, however, compared to seeing that they enjoy some of democracy's immaterial benefits while they're in our centers. We haven't succeeded very well in this. I found out later that the repatriation agreement carefully prevents it, for it permits the Soviets to staff our collection camps with Red Army officers who control camp discipline.

When the first of the 8,000 Russians arrived in Taranto, the Red Army major in charge of them asked for removal of some barbed wire around the camp, left from a time when German prisoners had been housed there. The British immediately complied. Two days later, the major explained that some Italian civilians had come into camp and stolen supplies and asked for a more effective barbed-wire enclosure to be put up again. Since then the 8,000 have been as free to come and go as the major pleases.

The American camp for 2,000 Russians at Bari is similarly run. We provide all supplies and see that the latrines are clean, and the Russians do the rest. At Taranto, the British

succeeded in getting some Soviet films and rigged up an outdoor movie for their guests. At Bari, the U.S. colonel couldn't get any Russian films, but got hold of an American film and showed it instead. The colonel's efforts weren't appreciated, since the film he thoughtlessly chose happened to be *A Song to Remember*, the life of Chopin, a Pole.

"You ought to stay long enough to watch an embarkation," an Englishman at Taranto suggested. "It might be interesting. A ship is leaving for Odessa in a few days. You'll see them dive off the decks of the ship to keep from going."

"Couldn't I go along to Odessa," I asked, "to see what happens when they finally get home?" It seemed like a good idea until I began to try to get permission. The long-distance line from Taranto to HQ was impracticable, so I jeeped the two-hour journey to Bari and called Caserta on the direct line from there. An answer came twelve hours later. It was "NO." There was no reason why I couldn't go to Odessa, it explained, but the ship would be repatriating Frenchmen on the way back, and I'd take up space needed for them. Arguing over the telephone was useless, but I still had the jeep, so I drove the nine hours back to Caserta to see if the "no" was irrevocable. After some discussion, it changed to a conditional "no objection provided the ship captain agrees." With that I started back to Taranto, and arrived to find that the captain did *not* agree, that the ship was already loaded and sailing in an hour. I got a launch to take me out to the ship, and fortunately, too, for once there it seemed there'd been a misunderstanding, and the captain really had no objections. Even then there was a chance one of the Soviet Transport officials had been at Taranto camp the day I was there, and might recognize me and protest against my presence, so I stayed in my cabin until they left the ship and we were under way. Then I ventured on deck for a first look at my fellow travelers.

They were all in GI clothes: the men in regulation combat woolens with red stars sewn on their caps and, if officers, with improvised Red Army rank tabs on their GI shoulders; the women in WAC shirts and skirts; the children in an amazing assortment of pinafores and rompers cut from

khaki. There was a young girl without an arm, a man with one leg, but no other casualties. More than a thousand of the 1,500 were troops quartered below deck, many of them Asiatic peoples who couldn't speak Russian. The rest, women, children, and officers, had the first-class accommodations I also shared.

A dark, thick-lipped young man first caught my eye, because he was the only one on the ship with a proper Russian uniform. "Why?" I asked a lieutenant beside me. "Is he the ranking officer aboard?"

"Not at all," he answered. "But he's Molotov's nephew." There'd been quite a scene at embarkation because the young man didn't get a private cabin, and couldn't bring his motor car along. All my attempts at conversation with him on board ship came to nothing. He took pains to avoid me.

A fine-featured youngster called Nicolai, who spoke perfect Italian and whose clothes were six sizes too big, stood near me at the deck rail. I asked his age. "Almost fourteen," he said proudly. "Italian soldiers took me away from my home, Rostov, when I was ten. When they retreated to north Italy, an Italian family took me in and sent me to school, because we're the same race."

"Race?" I queried. He gave his astonishing answer with the assurance of a schoolboy who had learned his lesson well.

"Yes. You see, they were communists, too. Then this winter I joined the Partisans, and I killed two Germans with hand grenades." For that exploit fourteen-year-old Nicolai was the pet of the ship.

The crowded lounge after dinner seemed like a good place to start making friends. Most of my Soviet fellow passengers had learned some German or Italian during their stay abroad. For the rest, my halting "pajaloostas" and Russian grammar books broke the ice.

I've never known a more genuinely friendly group of strangers. Those artificial barriers to social intercourse that we use simply didn't exist. "Are you married? Why not? How old are you?" The unselfconscious questions catapulted engagingly, almost embarrassingly frank. Then some-

one asked, "Did you have to pay for your education in America?" Instantly, there were fewer speakers, but more, far more, silent, intent listeners. That always happened whenever conversation turned to life outside the U.S.S.R., or to politics.

I'll never forget those crowds of inscrutable faces that materialized on deck around us each time I began to talk with more than one person. Were they listening through interest but afraid to participate, listening through hostility to see who asked questions and to report them, or listening through sheer curiosity without even understanding the language? I never knew. One Mongoloid face worried me particularly because it was always intent, always silent, and always there.

"How much does a workman make in America?" someone invariably asked, and then, "What can you buy with it?" "Could an American peasant get to be a schoolteacher like I've done?" But the constantly recurring query was, "... and all the Americans who fought with the Germans, what happens to them?" Serge asked it first. I'd been watching him all evening. His sensitive mouth, large gray eyes, well-groomed handsome head, and quiet manner set him apart from the rest as someone more gently bred. He didn't believe my answer, and brought it up again when he got me alone.

A twenty-five-year-old Moscow chemical student and Communist Party member, Serge hadn't been home for the seven years since he entered artillery school in Leningrad. Captured by the Germans in 1942, he'd volunteered with fourteen fellow prisoners to form a Russian choir when the Nazis asked for artists. They'd given concerts in Italian cities for two years, then escaped to join an Italian Partisan unit last winter. He was genuinely glad to be going home.

"But aren't you afraid?" I asked.

"Why should I be?" he answered, in spite of the previous question betraying his fear. "A political commissar, taken prisoner with us, told us to do it. Anyway, we were showing Russian culture to people who think we don't have any."

Serge's form of patriotism was prevalent on the ship. All of them seemed to have a deep love of country, a strong

feeling of patriotism, but little sense of the responsibility of patriotism. Used to obeying orders at home, they'd continued to obey German orders in much the same way. Now, under more unquestioned orders, they were headed home, increasingly apprehensive, but hoping for the best.

The more we all got acquainted with each other, the less anybody talked. But as far as I could make out, there were four categories of people on the ship. Some were unequivocally traitors, since they had deliberately joined the Germans to fight against their own regime. Others, bona fide Red Army men, either chose or were forced to serve the Germans after they'd been taken prisoner. Still others, civilian men, women and children, had opted or been forced to go and work in Germany. None of them, of course, had documents to prove his story.

Then there was a fourth group, whose qualification for repatriation at our expense seemed most dubious. Not war-displaced at all, they'd been living outside Russia from five to twenty years and never intended to go back. But as war's chaos, or the Red Army advance, drove them toward our refugee collection centers, our authorities booked them for repatriation along with the rest. The "Soviet citizen" slated for repatriation under the Yalta agreement is being interpreted to include anyone we get our hands on who left Russia after 1927. Our authorities know of at least two cases of Ukrainians forcibly removed from the Polish section of Rome's Ciné Citta Refugee camp by Soviet authorities and repatriated along with the Russians from Transit Camp 159.

One big Georgian on board, a handwriting expert, had been farming in Germany for twenty years. "Wait till the last day and I'll tell you something," he said in an off-hand way one morning while analyzing my uncrossed "t's" and while no one was listening. But there was a crowd when he found me in the lounge the last day, so he just pulled out two battered picture post cards of his homeland and said, "I never thought I'd see these scenes again."

Others gave varied answers when I asked, in private, "Why are you going back?"

"Because Russia has victory, and that is good."

"I was born in Russia, and I mean to die there."

"I must. In the camp they said if we don't go willingly now we'll be forced to later, as soon as the Italian communists get in."

"Why shouldn't I? If our government takes such good care of us in the camps, all these clothes, and such good food, they must want us back, and it will be all right." Soviet repatriation officers had told them this. I could convince only a few that the food and clothes actually were provided by the British and American Armies.

When I pressed Serge about his apprehensions at returning home he never betrayed them more than to answer, "I'm willing to die, if my death will do Russia any good."

We never managed to have a real discussion of political philosophies, or even about contemporary European politics, because not one of the passengers who dared talk had the necessary background of knowledge or facts. During the whole voyage, I didn't see a single person on the ship reading anything. The only piece of printed matter that appeared among the 1,500 passengers was a January 8th copy of *Pravda*. Although BBC news in English came over the ship's loud-speaker thrice daily for the crew, there was never even a résumé in Russian for the passengers. In argument, they were exasperatingly unable to follow a logical line. Once I complained to Serge, "You honestly don't know how to think." He responded, "Have you never read Tolstoi or Pushkin?" Whenever a political argument started, he walked away.

With talking made so difficult, I hoped they'd sing at least, and kept insisting until the one-armed girl said, "None of us feels very much like singing, I guess." One question haunted the ship: "What will happen to us at Odessa?"

And yet, so many were dreaming, making wonderful plans, so eager to believe that now Russia had her great victory and war was over, things would change, that there'd be more freedom, more things to buy, a chance to travel; a chance to go home, at the very least, after so many, many years in the army, and abroad. Two asked for my address in America, and promised to write.

The last night on board there was a violent Black Sea sunset, very different from the softer sunsets of our other Mediterranean evenings. The water was a different color, too—dark-green instead of blue. And for the first time a few began to sing on deck, a beautiful, nostalgic, melancholy song called *Golden Fire*. It's the Russian soldier's *Lili Marlene*. While we were singing, word began to spread: "We'll be in Odessa at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

Long before three o'clock next day the decks were crowded, everyone alert for the first sight of land, and tense with emotion. Someone began shouting, "Who has something red? Who has anything red?" In a moment the ship flamed with makeshift red banners.

As our ship eased up to the dockside we all leaned on the deck rail, poised for the first shout of greeting.

There was none. Not one word of welcome. None of the Russians on the dock below so much as glanced up at the passengers. Guards with fixed bayonets stood rigid every few yards. Slowly the faces of the people around me fell. Their hurt silence was hard to bear. Suddenly a shout broke it from below. Three British officials stationed in Odessa, come to greet the ship's British officers, called up to them and waved with broad smiles of greeting and welcome. They couldn't know how much the contrast cut.

"I—I don't understand," a Russian girl beside me said, as she watched in vain for a word of welcome from the bowed heads of her fellow countrymen on the dock below.

"Don't you?" the man behind her asked. "I do." And he turned his head.

"It's just that they've seen so many ships like ours come in," Serge tried to explain to me, "that it doesn't mean as much to them as it does to us."

"Go on fooling yourself as long as you can," a boy in front of us said without turning around. "You'll find out soon enough that we're returning as prisoners."

Russian officials began swarming on board, but the silence continued, for they spoke only to give orders. The first order separated husbands from their wives and children, with no explanation except that the men were to go in one direction

and the women in another. That was when the sobbing began, and it filled the ship for the next twelve hours with a collective desperation and despair I've never witnessed anywhere before in such intensity. More than one passenger implored me to hide him, and we did try, but it was too late. The NKVD were already swarming over the ship.

Hour after hour the debarkation proceeded, nerve-rackingly slow. Guards with lists checked passengers at the top of the gangplank, guards with bayonets met them at the bottom, herded them into groups that sat on the docks for hours, and eventually marched them off in front of bayonets.

Many who'd been reluctant to talk to me before grew more willing as they tensely waited to be called, and watched the reception waiting for them below.

A girl I couldn't recognize came up on the dark deck and said,

"Well, do you still want to visit Russia?"

"I don't see how you can live in such uncertainty," I answered.

"It isn't living," she said, then pressed my arm and disappeared.

Toward midnight I wandered back into the lounge where mothers were trying to quiet tired children who had had nothing to eat since noon. And there was the silent Mongolian, sitting in a corner, sketching from memory the face of an Italian fisherman he'd seen at Taranto. I admired it and he gave it to me for a souvenir. When I found he spoke perfect German, we began to talk. He was a poet and artist by profession, from the eastern frontier, near Japan, but during the past fifteen years he'd traveled the length and breadth of Asia as an officer in the Red Army. "I was a lieutenant colonel in the Russian Army," he told me, and watched me closely as he added, "and then a major in the German Army."

"Why did you do it?"

"That's a very interesting question you've posed," he answered, "a most interesting question." They called his name before he could say any more, but as he rose to go he mused, "Perhaps they won't shoot me. Russia needs manual labor."

I went back on deck. Two of the people who'd asked for

my address and said they'd write as soon as they got home sought me out, pressed my calling cards back into my hand and left without explanation. For the rest of the night I stood at the deck rail, hearing the sobbing, and watching the scene below.

At five-thirty in the morning, when all the men had long since been marched off, the women with babies were still lying among their baggage on the dock, deserted except for guards with bayonets. Our ship's Scottish doctor carried down armloads of blankets from the sick bay to help them keep warm. Then he came back to stand with me again at the deck rail, and continue our frightful, futile nightlong watch. I didn't risk talking to a friend of mine in the group below whose husband had been taken away from her among the first. But every now and then she'd glance up to see if I was still there.

None of the American and British officers stationed at Odessa knows what happens to these people. Debarkation scenes are always the same, except that there were suicides on nearly every other ship, and attempted escapes, particularly at Istanbul, where ships anchor near land overnight. One of the officers wondered, "What would the effect be if these two or three million Russians who've been several years abroad return to their towns and villages and talk about life outside the U.S.S.R.?"

"Don't worry," another officer answered him, "they don't get home. One night I saw a trainload of them passing through Moscow station. They leaned out the windows to shout their addresses saying, 'Tell our families we're back from Germany, and that we're going East.'"

I asked an NKVD official, who came on board at Odessa, what was going to happen to them. He answered simply, "They shouldn't have been captured."

We were well out into the Black Sea next afternoon before I found a note scribbled on one of the calling cards that had been slipped back into my hand on the dark deck the night before. "If Americans know that Russia has had more of her own people fighting against her in this war than any other country," it said, "don't they ever wonder why?"

JULIAN BACH, JR.

JULIAN BACH, JR., was born in Deal, N.J., thirty-two years ago. At Harvard he was president of *The Advocate* and graduated in 1936, Phi Beta Kappa. Later he did graduate work at the London School of Economics. His journalistic career began at the age of thirteen when he typed out a monthly "magazine," with the imposing title *The Philatelist and Banker*, and which he sold for a dime a copy to family and friends. Peak circulation was thirty-two copies.

In 1934 Bach wrote for *The New Republic*, and in 1937 he became a correspondent in Europe for a group of American magazines. Returning to the U.S., he served as assistant foreign editor for *The Literary Digest*, was with *Ken* for a brief spell and joined *Life* as a writer-editor in 1938. During the war he left *Life* and entered the Army as an infantry volunteer, serving overseas in the ETO for two and a half years as a platoon leader. After V-E Day he became a roving correspondent in Western Europe for *Army Talks*, covering much of the German Occupation.

He returned to the U.S. late in 1945, was discharged and re-joined *Life* in 1946. Articles of his have appeared in *Life*, *Collier's*, *The Nation*, *Coronet*, etc., and he is the author of *America's Germany*, the first book-size report on the progress of the U.S. occupation, which Random House published in the spring of 1946. He has been a member of the Overseas Press Club since 1939.

THE POSTWAR GERMANS

By JULIAN BACH, JR.

WHEN A SINGLE pack of king-size cigarettes brings \$18.50 on the Berlin black market, then an economy is sick. When a buxom *Fräulein*, taught by Hitler to loathe and despise all "North American Apes," turns around and, for the sake of a handful of Hersheys, cuddles up to a GI whose name she does not even know (and probably could not conveniently pronounce), then moral values are in travail.

These two examples are something of the shadowy substance that passes for Germany today. The Germans are neither at war, nor at peace. They are neither Nazis any longer in the strict sense, nor liberals in any sense. The crash of the Nazi world—and it was an exceptionally large world—has left a vacuum in the center of Europe which time and energy and careful planning by the victorious powers can alone refill. A vast social, ideological and moral upheaval is taking place. Everything that Hitler taught and Germans came to believe—militarism, racism and super-nationalism—is now declared to have been fraudulent, immoral and untrue. On the other hand, within the twinkling space of a year and a half since V-E Day, neither military government by the Allies nor political action by the Germans has had the time to make the new values of democracy, tolerance and international cooperation a living reality to a group of disgruntled people whose thoughts are concentrated mainly on their daily grubbing for food, searching for fuel and scavenging for clothes.

Walled in by the ruination that they brought down upon themselves, 70,000,000 Germans are living in what is essentially the world's largest prison. They are prisoners physically, since they may neither travel abroad nor even freely circulate within their own ruined country. They are prisoners of the spirit, who, as statistical surveys invariably show,

see their chief salvation in the advent of "a new Fuehrer," while the majority seem to accept the fact that their next "leader" cannot be patterned on the Hitler model.

Like prisoners anywhere, the chief mood of the Germans whom I had the opportunity to observe for half a year is a desire to escape. This escapism takes a curious, but understandable route. Across their minds they have drawn an "iron curtain" behind which they resolutely seek to stuff and store and, above all, hide the dismal facts of their recent past. By means of a kind of mental acrobatics, they try to somersault over all questions of guilt or responsibility by simply forgetting about wars and concentration camps, persecutions and invasions. Just as Coolidge did not choose to run, many Germans no longer choose to think.

Among younger Germans, the desire to escape from the bitter present and the gloomy future often takes a more volatile form. Given the chance, hundreds of thousands would like to leave Germany and start a new life elsewhere in the world, Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia and Greece excepted as the Germans feel most guilty about their recent behavior in those lands. Gisella Ochs of Heidelberg, who is as intelligent a young woman as you are ever likely to meet and who is currently employed as a secretary to the local American Military Government office in the university city, wants to go to Australia to raise sheep. The fact that the Australians are never likely to grant her wish only adds one more moan to her steady wail.

Fräulein Ochs is worthy of personal mention and some attention, not simply because she happens to be one of the few truly beautiful girls in postwar Germany, but because she is something of a case history. She is now about twenty-four and was educated at four German universities, but never joined the Hitler Student Bund. During one year of the war, she was out of Nazi Germany entirely, studying literature and the French language at the University of Lausanne. She hoped, she told me, to enter the German consular service. When I met her, I asked her to tell me something of her background, of her parents and of her ambitions. Very quickly she said: "My mother was Himmler's cousin. My

father was a leader of the SS. He ran a concentration camp and murdered 1,200 people. I was an agent in German intelligence. . . . Well," she said, as I looked at her in amazement, "that's what you expect to hear, isn't it?"

Granted that this girl has more than an average amount of sarcasm flowing through her veins, she nevertheless points up the refusal of many well-educated young Germans to accept responsibility for the crimes their people perpetrated. In their view they happen by force of geographic accident to be German by birth, and they admit to no more connection with the SS and the concentration camps and the war than a similarly well-educated American girl from, let us say, Kalamazoo. The unfortunate part of this current German attitude is that democracy is based on the assumption (and truth) that all individuals are to some degree responsible for what takes place within their community. Until Germans accept this doctrine of individual responsibility, they are not likely to behave democratically, no matter how well educated.

Trying to forget the past and dismayed at the prospects of the future, young Germans stand at the crossroads of boredom and inaction. The men, above all, see few profitable opportunities ahead. Certain pursuits, like the merchant marine, soldiering, flying and advanced scientific research, are entirely forbidden to them. Industrial opportunities are extremely limited. The younger women are fretful on still another score. Owing to war casualties, women greatly outnumber men. In Berlin there are seventeen women to every ten men. A nation of spinsters is rarely a contented one. With a population of almost 3,000,000, Berlin is a parasite city, doomed, it would seem, to remain parasitical. There is practically no industrial activity (about ten per cent of normal) and most Berliners are performing little more than services for one another, for the Allied forces, or sorting bricks from the indescribable rubble. It is even a fair question to ask why the bricks should be sorted. Presumably Berlin will be a capital again, a commercial and financial center, but only a small proportion of its present population can be employed in future government or future finance. Nobody has begun to figure out what the rest will do.

One might therefore imagine that under such bleak circumstances postwar German youth is restless and rebellious. But one of the outstanding facts about Germany, a year and a half after V-E Day, is the docility of its natives. Up to the time that these lines were written, there had been no serious outbreaks within the Reich. In the British Zone last winter several thousand Hamburg housewives rioted for food and plundered bakeries, but their rebellion, lasting only a few hours, was a tempest in an empty tea cup. In the U.S. Zone the most serious outburst came in Stuttgart when, following the acquittal of Schacht, Fritsch and Von Papen, Germans threw several small bombs at the local offices of the provincial de-Nazification Board. But it is significant to note, once again, that these bombs were hurled at German offices and not at those of the American occupiers.

The Werewolves, so overly publicized on the basis of rumor and hunch during the closing months of the war, have singularly failed to materialize. There were stories, for example, of how an entire SS Division had holed up in the Bavarian Alps and how, almost nightly, its members swooped down on outlying hamlets and ran off with food. The only ingredient these stories lacked was truth.

The fact is that a correspondent has a relatively hard time trying to come across solid material that suggests Germans are secretly organized or organizing for an eventual return to Nazism. In the Heidelberg area I did finally run into instances of overt unrest, but the significance of the incidents about to be related lies largely in their insignificance. In several towns, neighboring on Heidelberg, mimeographed posters were pasted to walls and windows in the black of night, threatening German women who consorted with American troops. Translated a typical poster read:

GERMAN WOMEN!

You may call it whatever you want,
But the best is to keep quiet, because
What German women and girls do
Makes a man weep, not laugh.
One bar of chocolate or one piece of gum
Gives her the name German whore.

How many soldiers gave their lives for these women!
Instead of thinking of their fallen men,
They now give their love to the others.
But as times will change some
Of those loves will also come to an end.

Then no God, no confessing and no prayer
Can help, because the shame will last.
We will give no pardon.
Each one will have it burned on her forehead,
Their hair will be cut off
So that they may suffer penitence with their body
Like those pious women.

Then these women may stand in line for German men.
But the German men will remain icy cold and hard
And take a faithful girl, and no whore.

When such a woman shall desire a German husband
She should go to hell.
The devil does not want such creatures and will
Throw them on the dung, thinking
"Dirt belongs to dirt."

About forty arrests were made in connection with this poster, 200 copies of which had been put up in one night by boys as young as twelve. Their ringleader was a seventeen-year-old lad, a former member of the Hitler Youth. Most of the other illicit posters pasted up around Germany, although signed by such fire-eating names as "Iron Front" and "Adolf Hitler Poster-Placarding Brigade," are the work of equally young, unorganized adolescents. American authorities believe that the originators are as much inspired by a youthful zest for adventure as by any deep Nazi convictions.

So far the Occupation Powers have had no difficulty in keeping the conquered population in check. In the U.S. Zone, a Constabulary has been formed to guarantee security within the zone. It consists of some 33,000 specially picked soldiers, three fourths of whom are Regular Army men, led by Major General Harmon, a famous combat division commander during the war. The *esprit de corps* of the Con-

stabulary is considered by men on the spot to be the highest ever achieved by a unit that was not actually in combat. Troopers are given three months' special indoctrination, have their own garrisons separate from the rest of the Occupation Army, and their own distinctive insignia. They are organized in small mobile groups, with light tank support, and within eight hours the entire Constabulary could concentrate at any one given spot in the entire U.S. Zone. Nothing has yet occurred to make such a concentration necessary, and so the Constabulary's chief work consists in routine patrols. Small groups in jeeps and armored cars cover set territories, but purposely follow no set schedule so that the Germans can never tell just when a patrol will come rumbling around the bend. Constabulary patrols visit every hamlet in the zone at least once every seventy-two hours.

The Constabulary is the closest we (or any other occupying power) have yet come to a special and professional army of occupation. It is an organization of which the American people should be justifiably proud. Yet, with the exception of a large picture story in *Life*, I know of no other publicity given it in the American press. This, I should like to mention in passing, is another example of the haphazard type of reporting that we are overly prone to receive from Germany these days: an almost occupational disease among correspondents who sometimes are too anxious to win a quick reputation by carping criticism or muckraking and who turn a deaf ear to achievements that deserve applause.

Food, not politics, is the uppermost consideration in the German mind today. "Hitler," the current German joke goes, "gave us vitamins. Americans give us calories. But what we want is food." At present there is not enough food anywhere in Germany to provide a diet compatible with public health requirements or industrial efficiency. It is proper of course, that the Poles, the Czechs, the Greeks, the French, and all the other peoples overrun by the Germans, should be fed properly before consideration is given to the Germans. But it is important that Americans should begin to realize that unless the Germans eventually receive a diet that averages out to something like 2,600 calories a day, and

unless the four zones are treated as an economic whole, as the Potsdam agreement visualized, trouble will come. We shall never get German democrats and liberals on the basis of malnutrition and unemployment. Democracy must have a material basis. Recent elections throughout Germany this past year have demonstrated conclusively that the Germans do not of their own free will want communism in the Soviet form. Except for Bavaria, where Catholicism plays a large part in determining political attitudes, the thinking and voting of the majority of Germans is left of center, and, as evolutionary socialists, their predominant political thought is closer to that of the British Labor Party than to that of any other one foreign political organization. If dietary conditions within Germany improve, if the wheels of peaceful industry turn more rapidly and gainful employment is made available for German youths, this current political trend is likely to continue. Food and a revival of trade within the four zones of Germany and commerce between Germany and the rest of the world are the chief means that must be used if we are to achieve the democratic and peaceful ends which we wish the German people to accept. As Americans, looking forward to the distant day when the German people may truly take their place again within the family of nations, we must clearly realize that the thinking of young frustrated Germans will move, like armies, in the direction towards which their stomachs urge them.

PIERRE J. HUSS

DURING SIXTEEN eventful years as a foreign correspondent Pierre J. Huss has worked in many European nations. The world-shaking story of Nazi Germany was his special study from Hitler's rise to power to the final collapse of the Third Reich. His work as Central European Director for International News Service from 1934 to 1940, with headquarters in Berlin, and his war reporting in 1939-41, won him the Award for Distinguished Service to Journalism of the University of Missouri, his alma mater, and the George Holmes Award of INS. After covering the biggest story in Europe for eight years, Mr. Huss got out of Europe on the last American ship from Lisbon. Then, as a war correspondent, he went overseas again to report the Tunisian campaign. Mr. Huss covered both the Cairo and the Teheran Conferences. In 1944 he was sent to England and saw D-Day from the deck of a British cruiser and on the Normandy beaches. He accompanied the Third Army across France into Germany. Switching to the Ninth Army and then to the Seventh, he entered Munich, birthplace of Nazism, with the 45th Division and hurried by jeep through the city's streets to Hitler's private apartment. There he stumbled upon the strange story which he now tells. In Munich and Berchtesgaden, where he located Eva Braun's sister and parents and a lot of Hitler's personal secretaries, Mr. Huss was instrumental in the discovery of valuable information about the rise and fall of the Nazis.

Mr. Huss worked his way at college, where he majored in journalism, on the staff of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Joining INS in 1929, he worked in Chicago, New York and Mexico before being sent to Europe. He is author of two books on Nazi Germany, *The Foe We Face* and *Heil and Farewell*, and many magazine articles, especially in *Cosmopolitan*. His home town is Palo Alto, California, but between covering the United Nations and the Big Four Council of Foreign Ministers, he sees it more seldom than he would like.

MY FAVORITE KIDNAPPER

By PIERRE J. HUSS

THE FIRST TIME I saw him he was lying on the couch in one of the smaller anterooms used by Hitler's S.S. bodyguards as an adjutant's office or something. His tousled hair got in the way of the sleep-filled eyes, and the pearl-grey officer's shirt was open at the neck sufficiently to expose a bit of his hairy chest. He pushed himself up on his elbow, revealing the silver wings of the air force man hidden until then under the brown army blanket.

I just gaped at him, and so did my colleague, Jack Fleischer.

"Chee-r-ris-st, what are you doing here?" both Jack and I exclaimed in a rather foolish way.

The boyish face lost its slightly puzzled look, and he sat up and stuck out his hand to us all in one quick motion.

"I am Lieutenant Sydney Leigh, navigator of a B-17 shot down over Germany about two years ago," he explained. He studied our combat jackets, with their sweat-soaked legend of "War Correspondent" over the breast pocket, and broke into a real smile. "Say, this is all right," he exulted suddenly. "You guys are newspapermen. Gee, I used to talk to you after our missions over in England. I'm from Newark, New Jersey."

That broke the ice, damned if it didn't. The same as if he had said: "I'm from Brooklyn." We shined up to each other **at once**, and for a moment maybe both Jack and I forgot the excitement of having crashed through the last strands of resistance in the city of Munich, where S.S. snipers were still popping away and the G.I. lads of the hard-bitten 45th Infantry Division called their shots every time one of the krauts was seen to bite the dust. A couple of shots had whined across the path of our jeep, but the driver was a cool one and he kept her going according to our directions.

"Right around the corner, past that opera house," we mumbled to him, keeping our fingers crossed, and sweating with fright under our heavy steel helmets. Jack and I talked to Jimmy, the driver, more to hold on to our courage than to bolster his. He was a cool one, that boy, straight from Ohio and he liked his chaw of tobacco.

I spotted the corner fast, and told him to step on the gas and make a dash for it, just in case there might be a bunch of crazy S.S. still lurking for suckers like us behind the shutters of Hitler's private house.

"That's it, sure enough," I cried excitedly. "There's the street sign, see, and up over the door is the number. It's No. 16 Prinz Regentenstrasse, and no fooling. Grab your tommy-gun, Jimmy, and let us see what gives."

The front door above the three stone steps was unlocked, a surprise in itself. I guess Jack and I trembled with excitement as we ducked inside into the hall and started up the flight of marble steps to the first floor. After all, this was the much-whispered-about private Hitler house—originally his apartment in the days before he seized power—and a house which had given rise to all that gossip before the war in the Berlin dives and clubs about a gal named Eva Braun. So here we were, like two bloodhounds about to corner their quarry, and we trembled just like anybody expecting any moment to strike a gold mine.

The date, if that's important, was April 30, 1945. As it developed later, and by sheer coincidence, that was the same day and about the same time that Hitler picked to commit suicide along with Eva Braun in their underground bunker in Berlin. But naturally, as the three of us sidled up those hall stairs behind Jimmy's tommy-gun, we practically saw Hitler materialize before us. Like spots before your eyes whenever you concentrate too hard.

Jack motioned to a door just off another stairway leading to the second floor. We threw it open and found nothing but a bare desk and chair. The house was just dead silent, and nobody showed up. We moved up to the second floor a little more boldly, with Jimmy's finger on the trigger and his eyes as alert as those of a cat after a mouse. We heard no stealthy

tiptoeing, or suspicious movements, although we sensed that in the rooms ahead of us was the secret lair of the Brown Shirt tyrant who had set the world aflame. We paused for breath and to consider our next move.

It was then, as I recall it, that we heard the slight snore creeping out from under a door on the left. We listened intently, to make sure. Slowly we tested the knob and got ready to jump back as Jimmy stood ready to pour lead into the room. Jack and I gave the door a kick, and ducked away. Jimmy's gun stayed silent, yet I swear I heard its shots. That is how tense I was. He motioned us forward and came along to cover us. That was when we saw the figure on the couch, rudely awakened by our dramatic intrusion, and for the first few moments as puzzled and mystified as we were.

We took time out for a laugh, all of us, and started kidding each other to break the strain. Jimmy wisely held on to his tommy-gun, and sat on the lieutenant's blanket roll in the corner while he scratched his unshaved chin. Jack and I maybe looked a little chagrined—well, a little anyway, and who wouldn't at the end of a rainbow with no pot of gold? I could see the confusion and trouble in Jack's mind by just watching his eyes, and he must have read mine the same way. It had been a long and hazardous way from the invasion beaches, through France with the Third Army, then this switch to the Seventh to get into Munich, and at last the goal with this disconcerting anticlimax. It had been Hitler's lair all right, and the hush-hush love nest shared by Eva Braun, but at the moment of our great triumph it was only the sleeping quarters of an American air force lieutenant who gave no second thought to the peculiar distinction of his choice. Obviously Jack and I had missed the boat, and for all we knew, others of our colleagues were even then burning up the wires over in the States with the diaries and letters of Hitler and Eva.

Lieutenant Leigh was a nice guy, a little older than his years, like all the lads of those crucifying missions over Germany. Some of them lived to be heroes; the majority just lived from mission to mission and died away one way or another in the shrapnel-loaded skies, in a flaming plunge, or

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in the prison camp. Leigh walked into his on the flak carpet above Kassel, back in July of 1943, and existed in one Stalag after another until he got away from Moosburg and into Munich by a devious route and *sub rosa* help.

He told his story in a quiet way, even then, and probably would tell it to you just as quietly today at his favorite soda fountain over in Newark. Guys like him are that way, in or out of uniform. He had the inevitable bottle of cognac, and we took turns at having a proper pull. It helped us collect our wits.

"Well, then, Lieutenant, how long have you been here?" I asked him after the detailed account of his escape was finished. "Isn't there anybody else in this house? It's Hitler's place, you know."

Leigh wasn't impressed. He said slowly: "I came here a week ago today, a week ago this Monday. Not to this house. I came in here this morning upon the advice of some German friends, who told me the Americans would be sure to look in here as soon as they could grab the town. There's nobody else here just now, although a few hours ago a couple of our Intelligence—G 2 birds—blew in and chalked the joint down for a billet. Said they'd be back soon. There's a lot of Hitler stuff upstairs and in some of the next rooms. A woman caretaker is downstairs, and she told me a lot about Hitler and his crowd, although I only understood a little of her German." A new thought struck him. He looked us over. "Say," he popped out with the quickening interest of one who has discovered a bright idea, "you guys sure get around fast. Too bad Hitler blew the coop. You might have grabbed him alive, like we almost had that fellow von Epp. Gee, things like that never work out, except in the movies. We actually had that old buzzard von Epp in our hands. He isn't Hitler, but they tell me that out here in Bavaria he is *the* Big Shot. The Uncrowned King, they said. Can turn the war off or on anytime he wishes. We had him, only the timing was bad. Twenty-four hours later and the trick could have been turned with one hand. You guys should have been here. It was pretty exciting while it lasted."

Lieutenant Leigh got enthusiastic now, his china-blue eyes

brightening as he talked and briefed us on the personality and importance of von Epp. Jack and I kept our mouths shut, and we never did let on that after the eight-year stretch in Germany as American correspondents, we scarcely needed any sort of fill-in on von Epp. We had made a beeline for that house to sink our hooks into the private life of Hitler and Eva Braun, to pounce on all letters and documents throwing genuine light on the swastika master's existence and activities, and to dig up the headlines we knew the newspapers had been waiting for ever since they first heard of Hitler.

Yet here we sat in his private lair, listening to a New Jersey flier talk about von Epp. Sure we did, because he was solving for us the mystery of that exciting revolt against the Nazis broadcast over the Munich radio a few days before, and snuffed out as quickly as it began. The electrifying broadcast had come of a sudden in the early hours of Saturday, while the Seventh Army was rolling cautiously toward Munich and feeling out the wind to determine the resistance intentions of the retreating Wehrmacht. The latter was pretty well shot to hell, but Munich would be the gateway to the much-publicized Nazi Redoubt—last big stand based on the Bavarian and Austrian Alps which picked S.S. divisions were supposed to have transformed into a mountain fastness of invincible strength. A wrong move now and the war might be prolonged for months. The generals and the Joes were on the *qui vive*. The air was thick with tension, fraught with nervous expectancy.

Then came the announcement over the air, straight out of the powerful lungs of the broadcasting station in Munich, citadel of Nazidom and still a good many miles beyond our grasp. A bold voice, identifying itself as that of Captain Hans Gerngross, proclaimed that the "Bavarian Freedom Movement" had tossed the Nazis overboard at last and was master of the city. Ritter von Epp, the patriarch and boss of Bavaria, had turned his back on Hitler, the English-speaking Captain Gerngross asserted, and would shortly issue his own proclamation to the land calling on everyone to join the Bavarian freedom forces and turn the Nazis out of their

strongholds. The American Army, Captain Gerngross urged, should hotfoot it into Munich. He assured them an easy entry, but insisted on speed.

This broadcast was repeated twice at about twenty-minute intervals. It varied slightly the second time, in that Captain Gerngross mentioned something about American officers being at that moment already with Ritter von Epp to arrange the Wehrmacht's surrender and make plans to break up any further resistance by the organized S.S. in mountain strongholds. It sounded very convincing, and naturally it caused a sensation.

A few hours later came a cold douche, and over the same radio. This time the broadcast materialized in the guttural voice of Gauleiter Fiesler, the ruthless and fanatic Hitler viceroy for Bavaria, and he announced in blunt sentences that a gang of traitors had tried to stab the Fatherland in the back. He shouted with fury that the traitors had seized the Munich radio station and had tried to take over the police barracks after kidnapping the beloved and loyal friend of Hitler, General Ritter von Epp. The revolt had been stamped out and many of the traitors had already been shot, but there was a price on the head of a certain Captain Hans Gerngross, the ringleader.

From that moment on, the Munich radio hogged the air and the Gauleiter and his cohorts made our ears hum with dire threats against all treasonable acts and predicted that the American Army would find in Munich a resistance never before equalled in war. He heaped curses and death sentences on *das Schwein* Gerngross and his accomplices, vowing that he would soon be caught alive along with the American officer agents who made the treacherous coup possible. The tirade usually ended in a hymn of praise and glory for Ritter von Epp, the loyal servant of the Fuehrer who had forestalled his kidnappers and refused to join their dastardly plot.

Well, the Gauleiter didn't scare anybody as far as the American Army was concerned, but he did succeed in dashing the sudden hopes of a quick dash into Munich. We were mystified by the whole business, and couldn't quite make

out what had happened. Then Jack and I made this flying tackle into Hitler's house behind Jimmy's tommy-gun a few days later, and here we sat listening to the New Jersey flier as he passed the cognac and laid the whole story smack in our laps. The Munich revolt, the kidnapping of von Epp, and his share in the amazing adventure—all in a nutshell.

Lieutenant Leigh figured he got into the whole thing through a fluke. When he took it on the lam from the prison camp, he was aided by the usual underground milestones familiar to every escaped war prisoner. These praiseworthy and always unidentified souls shuffled him along to Munich and in the city directed him to the address of a German mechanic named George Raedter. The young German lived with his mother in a small apartment, and worked on German Army vehicles in the daytime. Actually, George Raedter was an important cog in the underground machinery of the "Bavarian Freedom Movement," headed by the bitter anti-Nazi Captain Gerngross.

Captain Gerngross was the body and soul of the "Bavarian Freedom Movement." His energy and tenacious hatred of all things Nazi had drawn to his cause a surprising number of Army and civilian figures, some of them even holding positions high up in the Bavarian Nazi hierarchy. For instance, Fritz Seiling, adjutant to von Epp, was secretly one of the trusted lieutenants of Captain Gerngross.

Leigh gave us a pretty good picture of this Bavarian underground chief. He had the true background of the bold and born adventurer. Some six feet tall, with the traditional dark hair and moustache, he first saw the light of day in Shanghai and spent his childhood in the foreign colonies cluttering up Chinese cities during those years. Later he studied law in Germany and then went through the mill of the London law schools. He set up shop in pre-Hitler Germany, and it wasn't long before he ran afoul of the growing might of Hitler. The Gestapo quickly marked him down as an enemy, and by 1942 his wife and two-year-old daughter had disappeared. Hatred burned fiercely in his breast, and he lived and worked only for the day when revenge would be his.

Lieutenant Leigh said he first heard of Gerngross on Monday night, April 23rd, after George Raedter told him that Captain Gerngross would come to see him that same evening to discuss the possibilities of contacting the American Seventh Army's headquarters. It seems Gerngross had a bold plan for forcing the quick surrender of the remaining Wehrmacht troops in Bavaria, and thus ending the war.

He brought with him his accomplice, Adolf Spaetzler, who explained to Leigh that he had available enough armed followers to stage a coup. The essential part of the plot, as Spaetzler outlined it, was to get hold of Ritter von Epp, either by persuasion or by kidnapping, and use him as the lever with which to turn the balance in their favor. The second part consisted of seizing the powerful Munich broadcasting station. Spaetzler claimed he could hold the station against expected attacks anywhere from six to twelve hours, by which time the American Army should be within supporting distance.

Leigh took a swig from the cognac bottle, and passed it around.

"Now this is where Gerngross picked up and cut me in," he added. "Gerngross wanted me to contact the American forces and thus coordinate his plans with those of our advancing army. He wanted me to put on a German uniform and go straight through the lines. I couldn't see that. I suggested that a better way would be to contact my buddy, Lieutenant Bernard McNamara, who was also hiding in Munich. He is a Massachusetts man, from Springfield, I think. He knew the country up toward Ingolstadt, and the G 2 setup. That made sense to Gerngross, and he and his friend left after telling me to lie low. I went to bed and stayed awake quite awhile turning the whole thing over in my mind. They were in dead earnest, I decided, and were out to cut Nazi throats even if it meant risking their own lives."

Jack and I just sat back and let him talk, draining that bottle inch by inch, and knowing for sure now that we had struck more than one jackpot. We filled our notebooks and tried not to interrupt him at all.

Leigh arranged his thoughts for a moment, and added:

"I sweated it out in the apartment until Friday night. George Raedter's mother treated me swell, but from the goings and comings and whispered conversations she had with some of these characters, I figured she was in on the Gerngross deal. By Thursday night I stood at the darkened window and detected flashes like sheet lightning in a northerly direction. Frau Raedter and I agreed they must be gunflashes. Artillery, no doubt. We saw armed figures in the dark street below, marching what looked like civilians off between them.

"Frau Raedter said: 'The Gestapo and S.S. at work. Those pigs are going to have a surprise soon. Mark my words, they'll scream louder than anyone when it hurts. I hope that luck remains with us a day or two longer.'

"Gerngross came in a bit later and said he had a great plan. He told me I was to play an essential part in it. He said he was off to hijack Wehrmacht convoys on the Berchtesgaden road, as additional weapons were needed. He sounded a little crazy, but I wished him luck. The next evening, that is Friday, George Raedter ate his potato soup and black bread in silence. When he was through, he leaned over to me and said he thought it would be an exciting night. 'Gerngross is figuring on kidnapping von Epp and seizing the radio station before morning,' he whispered. 'Everybody has been alerted. Von Epp's adjutant, Seiling, reported that the old man is in his house on the Starnberger See and will probably be in bed by 11 P.M. The final decision is up to Gerngross.'

"We didn't say much after that, and simply waited. I guess I dozed off, for suddenly I sat up and heard the clock striking midnight. Raedter and his mother were reading, as if nothing out of the ordinary could be happening. Some twenty minutes later Gerngross arrived and with him was a German officer. Gerngross introduced him to me as Seiling, von Epp's adjutant. Gerngross was a sight for sore eyes. He was loaded down with two submachine guns strapped across his shoulders; he had two heavy pistols in his belt, and a couple of ammunition belts wrapped around him to com-

plete the picture. He had a small sack in one hand, which he gave me. It contained hand grenades.

"Gerngross then solemnly announced we were off to kidnap von Epp. He cracked his fists together, saying to himself: 'It's now or never.' He scrutinized me and asked me not to wear a coat, so that the American insignia on my tunic would be in plain view. Both he and Seiling explained to me that the kidnapping of von Epp was duck soup, but that they relied on me to persuade the old man to join our cause. It turned out that my job was to talk von Epp into proceeding with me to see General Patch, the Seventh Army commander. Both Gerngross and Seiling were positive that my very appearance in American uniform would cause von Epp to see the point and join us in preventing further useless bloodshed. As a matter of fact, neither of those two bothered to ask whether I was willing to hang my neck out and become a kidnapper. They just took it for granted, mainly because they had the common European idea that every American is an adventurer or gangster at heart.

"A five-passenger touring car was waiting in the street below. Adolf Spaetzler was at the wheel; Gerngross clanked and rattled himself into the front seat with all his armament; and Seiling and I climbed into the back. The car must have had every kind of clearance identification mark on it, for we were never stopped once. It was rather dark, too. Seiling told me we were driving south, in the direction of Starnberger See. He assured me von Epp would be well primed to hear my arguments by the time they handed him over and, incidentally, that he understood English perfectly. He said that Hitler sent von Epp on a secret mission to Washington on the *Graf Zeppelin* in 1937, and that the old man had enjoyed his visit in America very much.

"I imagine Seiling's conversation kept me from getting into a sweat, and it was too late to duck out. I saw a lake shimmering on our left, and a few minutes later Spaetzler drew the car up in front of what looked like a large house. Those three characters got out but Gerngross told me to wait in the car. He reminded me of the hand grenades. I kept them handy, don't worry. Well, there I sat in the dark-

ness for an hour and a half, listening to a clock bong off every quarter hour somewhere on that lake. A couple of times I got nervous and played with the idea of scrambling away from there, but then I'd cuss myself and sit still. A weak moon showed under clouds and enabled me to see that the house was evidently in an isolated spot. I figured that the three characters were having a tough time persuading von Epp to come along.

"At 2:30 A.M. a motorcycle came coughing along and rolled to a stop in front of the house. I fingered a hand grenade as the soldier tossed his flashlight my way and came over to ask what I was doing there. In broken German I answered briefly that I was waiting for the captain. He didn't seem surprised to find a foreigner but asked me to help him fix his motorcycle tire. I didn't budge, and just then Gerngross came out of the house and stopped to talk to the soldier. He was one of his couriers. I was almost sore for being scared, but that was quickly forgotten when Gerngross stepped up to the car and said that everything over at the radio station was set for the coup.

"Seiling appeared and whispered that von Epp would be out in five minutes. He told me that von Epp had insisted on a detailed explanation for all this and wanted to be fully informed about the American angle. He had to be handled with gloves, for being over seventy years old, he was inclined to be cranky when disturbed at such a late hour. Gerngross had turned loose all his gift of the gab and convinced him that the "Bavarian Freedom Movement" was a patriotic bunch interested chiefly in ridding Bavaria of the S.S. bondage and of restoring the country to a status of self-respect and decency under the patronage of von Epp. This Gerngross knew his onions.

"At 2:35 von Epp came out, accompanied by a portly major in full Wehrmacht uniform. The old buzzard was in civilian clothes, and wore one of those Bavarian hats with a shaving brush. He wore an overcoat, and just stood there and looked at me when Seiling introduced us. He didn't say a word—simply climbed into the front seat and sat there.

"For my money, it was about the tamest sort of kidnap-

ping one can imagine. Gerngross told me to get into another car they were bringing out of the house garage, and to be ready to do some fast talking when called upon. Gerngross and I followed the first car closely, with Gerngross explaining to me that von Epp must be won over at all costs. I was to promise him everything, even immunity from arrest by the American authorities. I objected, saying I had no such authority. I insisted that all I could do as an officer would be to conduct von Epp to General Patch and lay the whole case before him. Gerngross said that was okay, but not to be too squeamish about gilding the lily a little when talking to von Epp.

"We drove back through Munich, and kept on going until the tall masts of the broadcasting station at Erding rose before us in the semi-darkness. Gerngross said he was going to assume command immediately and give the signal to grab the station. He said everything was fixed. Then we shook hands and he wished me luck. Seiling came into my car and off we went toward Freising. Seiling informed me that our party was taking von Epp to the private home of the garrison commander at Freising, where von Epp could be kept handy until he was to step into the picture and turn the trick. The garrison commander, Seiling said, was in cahoots with Gerngross and would be waiting for us. I was to do my stuff as soon as called upon.

"Well, I think everything would have been okay if either Spaetzler or Seiling had stayed with us. Instead, they escorted von Epp into the garrison commander's house and turned me over to one of the orderlies in another room of the house. I didn't feel so good when Seiling and Spaetzler came in a few minutes later and said everything was fine, but that they would have to leave now and help Gerngross at the radio station.

"I started to remonstrate, but they said that von Epp would soon be asking to see me and we could proceed as planned. So there I was, on a hot seat, and feeling mighty uneasy. I didn't have a gun, and the hand grenades were in the car. The orderly fortunately turned out to be a nice guy who talked English. He had been a professor of economics

and geography at the University of Munich. He quieted me down, and pretty soon we were swapping family pictures. He brought out snapshots of his wife and I dug out those of my godchild.

"A German officer looked in, blinked when he saw my uniform and silver wings, and wanted to know what the hell. The orderly explained and the officer left. As I looked at it, the situation got more cockeyed by the minute. Phones rang and several German soldiers came and went. They paid no attention to me, as if there wasn't a war on. The orderly produced a box of cookies, some cheese and weak beer. It got thicker with Kraut soldiers and still no call from von Epp. I got sleepy, and about 4:30 A.M. lay down on a cot. I had forty winks. George Raedter came in and didn't prove very communicative, except to say I should have stayed home. That didn't sound so good. I sweated it out until about 8 A.M., expecting every moment to find myself in the hands of a firing squad. Obviously something had misfired. Those characters must have failed to sell von Epp this bill of goods.

"I was debating with myself the idea of making a break for it—either sneak it or walk out boldly—when Adolf Spaetzler opened the door and motioned to me to come along. I was out of there fast. Spaetzler told me to get into his car and lie on the floor. Believe me, I did.

"Spaetzler stepped on the gas. He had the car radio turned on and I understand enough German to know that the broadcast was all about the dirty traitor Gerngross, who would be shot on sight. Spaetzler said that the American Army hadn't responded by attacking when Gerngross broadcast his announcement, and that von Epp got suspicious and began to backwater. By now he was furious and loudly demanding that he be turned loose to rally the forces of the Fatherland against the advancing invader.

"Well, Spaetzler was a cool one, and calmly dropped me in front of the Raedter place. George Raedter was sitting in the living room, a cocked gun on his knees, listening to the radio. His mother was taking notes. Raedter told me that Gerngross captured the radio station as planned, and held it

for six hours against a heavy attack by the S.S. Things went wrong, and there was no sign of any approaching American army. Finally Gerngross gave the order for his men to scatter and save themselves. Some were captured, and by 8 o'clock Saturday morning the coup had been squelched.

"Raedter's mother said I looked like I needed sleep, so why not lie down. It beat hell outta me how they could sit there and be that calm. I gave up and took her advice. They woke me about 5 P.M. Seiling was there, and asked me to write a note to the nearest U.S. troop commander to rescue 150 of the Gerngross men being held prisoner in the barracks on the edge of town. Naturally I did this, and Seiling sent the note off by courier. The radio still functioned from somewhere other than Munich and announced that the American troops were already on the outskirts of the city. I became aware suddenly of the rumble and thunder outside, and knew that I was hearing our own guns. George Raedter's mother looked mighty pleased.

"We sat down to dinner—the usual potato soup and black bread—by 9 P.M. Seiling stayed too and was there when his courier knocked on the door and reported that he had failed to contact the Americans, the main reason being that he found out that all of the 150 Gerngross men had been shot by the Gestapo that afternoon. George Raedter had heard that Gerngross himself was alive and had escaped into American hands."

Lieutenant Leigh cleared his throat, and gazed out of the window. He got up and stretched himself. "Yesterday and today I sent more notes to our commanders, to help them find their way and to make sure that Gerngross and his characters get a square deal. There wasn't much else I could do. I'm told they're trying to round up that old buzzard von Epp before he gets away into the mountains."

Jack and I both said we hoped they'd catch the old buzzard. Jimmy chewed tobacco and declared he'd like to get him in front of his tommy-gun for one split second. Fact is, six weeks later the three of us were man hunting around Berchtesgaden when the C.I.C. boys of the 101st Airborne roped in von Epp and put him on ice. We were sorry Lieu-

tenant Leigh wasn't around any more to enjoy the capture, but we hauled out our notebooks and wrote down the finishing touches to his great adventure. Events piled on each other's heels in succeeding months, and Jack and I went our separate ways. But my notebook clung to me like a guilty conscience, and time and time again I swore to write the story as told by the flier from New Jersey. I hope, when he sees this, he will forgive me for the delay in bringing it out.

STANLEY ROSS

BOTH AS journalist and as a wartime investigator, Stanley Ross has made South and Central America his probing ground. He was the only *Yanqui* member of the anti-Nazi underground organization in Argentina in 1943-44. Mr. Ross, who was born in New York in 1914 and whose home town is Far Rockaway, Long Island, revisited twelve South American countries in 1946. From 1941 to 1943 he represented the *New York Times* in Latin America and he has also written for the Associated Press and other agencies. As a radio reporter he has been heard from Latin-American capitals over the networks of the National Broadcasting Company and the British Broadcasting Corporation. His articles have appeared in *Collier's*, *The Reader's Digest*, *American Magazine*, *The Nation* and *Liberty*. He has traveled in all of the South American countries, covering the length of the Pan-American Highway from Caracas, Venezuela, to Buenos Aires by horse, burro, truck, bus and llama. As an investigator of Nazi activities in Central and South America, Mr. Ross has made a special study of the tangled web of politics and trade in the republics to the south. He was personally acquainted with members of the German anti-Nazi movement in South America during the war, including Eric Rath, whose work in Colombia he describes in the article which follows.

Mr. Ross's previous newspaper work was with *The Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Anderson (S.C.) Daily Mail*, and as editor of weekly newspapers and magazines in various parts of the country. He conducted a group of four weekly newspapers on Long Island, N.Y., in 1939-40.

SOUTH AMERICA: FASCIST SPRINGBOARD TO THE U.S.A.

By STANLEY ROSS

WHEN THE people of the United States tuned in their radios, Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941, and heard the spine-chilling news that the Japanese had just attacked Pearl Harbor, they did not know that a series of coordinated blows against the United States had been scheduled for the same hour—much nearer home. They didn't know that while the Japanese were crippling our Pacific fleet that Sunday afternoon, the Germans were scheduled to blow up the Panama Canal, to destroy our huge petroleum refineries on the Dutch islands off the Venezuelan coast, from where we get most of our aviation gasoline; and to wreck our bauxite mines in British and Dutch Guiana, from where we get two thirds of the aluminum vital to our aircraft production.

Thanks, however, to the combined, untiring efforts of a young German Jewish refugee and a Catholic priest, the German schedule was knocked cold at nearly the last hour, and the Japanese had to attack the United States alone. But how terrifyingly close the Germans came to scoring these knockout blows against us is not merely a "now it can be told" story; it's a "should have been told long ago" story. For the organization which planned them—and nearly succeeded in carrying them out—is still intact in Latin America, and stronger today than ever before.

As far back as the end of World War I, German infiltration of Latin America had been started in preparation for World War II. Hundreds of young officers who didn't fit into the shrunk Germany of 1919 were sent by the General Staff to Latin America, where many of them joined local armies, some becoming chiefs of staff. Others were sent to explore South America's vast Amazonas territory, with its deadly fevers, arrows, thirst and hunger, and poisonous snakes and

insects. Though they posed as traders, their real job was to survey and discover. Some of these men perished, but some returned to Germany with jungle products and descriptions of sites suitable for military bases.

Other officers in mufti were sent into the Amazonas territory in the guise of medical men and research scientists. They went well equipped with faked diplomas and packing cases filled with radio transmitters, machine tools and secret codes.

For years these German agents traveled by plane, launch and canoe through the Amazon and Orinoco Valleys, contacting old German agents in the area and assigning new ones, and making Nazi spies of lonely German traders long resident in the jungle. Their local headquarters were on jungle-hooded islands in the Amazon delta, that 400-mile-wide waterway splotted with islands washed by such swift currents that they are approachable only by experienced pilots with powerful launches. Here they maintained ocean-going skiffs equipped with long-range radio transmitters, and camouflaged machine shops with transmitters powerful enough to contact Berlin and Buenos Aires—which became Gestapo Headquarters for all South America. U-boats could nose into near-by coves for repairs, supplies and instructions, and to pick up cases of smuggled industrial diamonds and platinum. To an occasional observation plane overhead, these inhabited islands looked as green and guileless as any of the others.

Throughout the Amazon jungle, which covers, roughly, an area of 3,000,000 square miles, Nazi influence spread like fever. In the upper Orinoco region of Venezuela, the little empires of German rubber impresarios Rafael Wendehake and Paul Sprick—men who had used the local Indians as latex workers during the world's first rubber boom thirty years before, and who had remained in the jungle after the South American rubber market disintegrated—were visited by Nazi agents. They were promised great rewards for the future service of sabotaging American efforts to get rubber out.

Flown wherever they wanted to go by German-controlled

airlines, key Nazi agents had private landing fields in most South American countries. Over the years they had consolidated an espionage organization that became so strong it could engineer a plot to overthrow President Peñaranda in Bolivia and set up a Nazi regime with Major Elias Belmonte as quisling. It had encouraged the Bolivian war with Paraguay in order to spread dissension, and saw that munitions were sold by Germany to both armies. It coordinated the services of German commercial traders traveling through the South American backwoods to swap knives, cloth and beads for jungle products, made converts among local feudal families, war ministries, political parties and armed forces. From the Caribbean to Cape Horn, the invasion was as precisely planned and executed as a military conquest.

Many German agents earned their keep by doubling as agents of the *Compania Industrial Amazonense*—a concern especially designed as a cover-up for German spies, but which made a profit as well. Others held positions with powerful business institutions long established in the Amazon territory: mercantile, trading and financial houses such as *Pfleuger and Company* in Brazil, *Blohm* in Venezuela, *Union Industrial* in Colombia and *Ferrostaal* in Peru. Another source of self-support was a unit in Ecuador which manufactured fake passports and identity papers and helped to finance its activities by printing bogus United States bank notes.

Typical of German economic power in Latin America are the *Blohms* of Caracas, Venezuela, whose founder reached that capital 140 years ago. Through sound business practices and the granting of credit to merchants who were then forced to buy everything from the company, the *Blohms* by 1939 controlled 6,000 of Venezuela's 12,000 retail stores, and dominated the nation's cotton, coffee, sugar and tobacco production. They represented twenty-one American firms, so that if you wanted a *Remington Rand* typewriter or a *Studebaker* automobile, you had to buy it from the *Blohms*. Yet although the company had been Venezuelan for seven generations, many members of the family had been sent to Germany to study, and some to marry; and in 1939, after

the war broke out, the Blohms received forty-five employees from Hamburg, most of them Nazi agents.

What the Blohms did in Venezuela, other German firms did in almost every other Latin-American country. They had influence in high and unsuspected places, and they made sure that every German citizen was a German agent. And since they knew the war was coming, they prepared for it, far in advance, by building up caches of American merchandise against the time when they would be on the Allied blacklists. As far back as 1938, German firms in Latin America began to secrete goods and funds as a hedge against losing the war.

After Pearl Harbor, platinum for German war plants was smuggled out of Colombia, where its price was pegged at \$1.00 per gram, to the Buenos Aires black market, where it brought \$6.00. There it was often transformed into "tin cans," which were filled with meat extract, labeled "Spanish Government," and shipped to Barcelona or Lisbon, Portugal, where the platinum cans brought \$32.00 per gram from the Nazis.

Other agents hired themselves out as professors or miners, or posed as persecuted anti-Nazis. Aiding them were many Nazi-employed Spaniards, Swiss, Belgians, Dutch, and back-country Indian chieftains. A linguistic unit posing as Czech and Swiss adventurers became diamond miners in Venezuela's Gran Sabana, a far-ranging, green plateau so filled with peaceful beauty and natural riches that it had inspired Hudson's *Green Mansions* and Conan Doyle's *Lost World*.

So complete was this Nazi invasion of the South American hinterland (an invasion which the United States, to whom war still meant severed relations and bombshells, did not recognize as war) that by the time 1941 was rolling around the 3,000,000 square miles of Latin-American jungle land were dominated by the most far-flung espionage ring the world has ever known. And this is when the young, blond German refugee, Eric Rath, came in. . . .

For Eric Rath there hadn't been room in post-World War I Germany, either. A schoolboy when that war was over, he'd

studied engineering, and gone to work afterward for the government-owned German railways. But aside from being a talented technician, he was of Jewish origin. And when Hitler took over, Eric saw the tragic writing on the wall and left for France. In Paris he got a job as a secretary of the International Chamber of Commerce in the department of transportation. He also worked with the anti-Nazi league, and from 1935 to 1937 sneaked in and out of Germany on missions against the Nazi organization until he quit the Chamber of Commerce—in which the Germans had plenty of influence. In 1937 he sailed for Colombia, the only South American country that would give him a visa at the time, and went to Bogotá, its capital. There he was handed a job by the Minister of War, as technical advisor to the transportation department. Shortly afterward, too, he took a secret job as special agent for the United States Department of Justice, working closely with the newly appointed U.S. Ambassador, tough, hard-hitting Spruille Braden, who went to Colombia to break up the German control of Scadta Airlines.

Working hand and glove with Rath was a German Catholic priest, Ricardo Struve, who'd fled to South America when Hitler began to make it hot for liberal-minded clergymen in the Fatherland.

"I was born a German and baptized a Christian," Struve said in a confession of faith, "but first of all I was conceived a man, and no one can tell me that because I am a priest I cannot fight for the freedom of man."

In Colombia, the only country for which he, like Rath, could obtain a visa, Father Struve fought for his belief in man's freedom. This brought him very soon into contact with the stocky blond refugee who was fighting for the same thing. To the local German cliques in Colombia, Father Struve's long, black skirts and shiny clerical hat gave him an air of political innocence. For some time he came and went unsuspected. With a handful of refugees and a small group of Colombian-Germans who hadn't gone over to the Nazi party, Rath and Struve succeeded in forming a small but active underground anti-Nazi, counter-espionage movement. Then Father Struve was ordered—and refused—to give the

Hitler salute every time he gave religious instruction at Bogotá's Colegio Aleman.* Once he became an object of suspicion, the priest was closely watched. He was finally tricked by the local Gestapo, who visited his house one night in 1941 and battered everything in it, including Father Struve.

But Father Struve's most important work, in this connection, had been accomplished; his lists of Nazi spies and their accomplices in Colombia, and of many of their centers of operations, were complete. And to the young German refugee, Rath, who had visited his house the same night the Gestapo did, he had turned over all his lists. Rath took these latest bits of information to the local headquarters of the anti-Nazi underground and tried to dovetail the priest's latest findings into that part of the German espionage picture they'd already been able to construct. It looked to Rath as though something big was brewing; exactly what, and exactly where, was still to be discovered.

Fortunately, one member of the underground group had a strategic position as a secretary at the German Embassy. There, each night, some minor official was left in charge of the quarters. When this anti-Nazi secretary's turn came one night in August, 1941, he was assigned to rummage where Rath had reason to suspect from Struve's recent findings that some valuable documents were being kept. What he found was a set of blueprints which he managed to hand out to Rath long enough for them to be photographed; then he put them carefully back where he had found them.

The amazing story revealed by the developed photostats, when coordinated with what Rath already knew from two years of ceaseless investigation, was the climactic plot in the Nazi invasion of Latin America. Briefly, it looked to Rath like a plan to blow up the United States oil refineries and pipelines in Venezuela, Curaçao and Aruba, to destroy the Panama Canal, seize the U.S. Canal Zone and set up in Panama a government sympathetic to the Nazis, with President Arnulfo Arias as its head.

Rath studied and restudied the details of the plan, the exe-

* German College.

cution of which, according to the blueprints, was scheduled for December. This was what they'd worked for. This was "exactly where" and "exactly when."

Neither to the refugee from Nazi Germany, nor to the FBI, to whom he took his information, did the plot against the Panama Canal seem incredible. The blueprints pinpointed a ring of U-boat bases in the Caribbean Sea, camouflaged airports in the Amazonas jungles, and an ostensibly innocent coral island in the Caribbean for refueling submarines. On the fringe of the jungle in French Guiana—famous as a colony of criminals—Rath knew that the Germans had organized an army of hungry convicts, then under the rule of the Vichy Government. Offered food and freedom for their cooperation with the Germans, the men, about 1,000 strong, formed a sizeable force for that area. The purpose of this convict army was now made clear; it was awaiting instructions to attack our bauxite deposits in British and Dutch Guiana—the sources of 60 per cent of our aluminum. On the other side of the aluminum mines, in the hinterland of Venezuela, a group of German saboteurs, disguised as Czechoslovakian gold prospectors, waited for orders to knife through the jungles and attack the mines from that side. While they waited, they had been kept busy sending platinum and gold and industrial diamonds to Germany on U-boats.

Officers of G 2 (Military Intelligence), within whose province the plot came, and to whom the FBI, as civilian investigators, were obliged to turn it over, could scarcely credit such a story. For here was a completely arranged plan to destroy the United States' most vital war installations in the Western Hemisphere—and it had taken a civilian organization led by a young German refugee and a Catholic priest to uncover it. Nevertheless, G 2 passed on the information to the Office of Naval Intelligence, with the result that in September, American aircraft sought out the secret Caribbean bases and landing fields, located and destroyed them. Latin-American governments were requested to raid suspect Amazon River islands and take prisoners. In Panama, playboy

President Arnulfo Arias was overthrown in a swift coup which also swept his pro-Nazi henchmen out of the country. Arias was lured to Havana by a beautiful Cuban dancer and by the time his plane landed in Cuba he was no longer Panamanian president. When he tried to smuggle himself back into Panama by ship, Canal Zone authorities seized him and turned him over to Panamanian police, who hustled him out again.

In Bolivia, where Major Elias Belmonte, who had plotted with the German Ambassador to establish a Nazi-controlled government to deprive the Allies of Bolivia's vast tin production, had already been exposed, other Nazi agents were arrested. In Peru, the government cooperated by arresting several Nazi agents, including Eric Gimpel, operator of a secret radio station there. In Colombia, several hundreds of Nazi spies were seized by the Colombian Government; and early in 1942, after a two-hour battle in a little Colombian village near the Panamanian border, American soldiers from the Canal Zone captured seventy-five armed German saboteurs. In Ecuador, the Nazi ring that manufactured fake American bank notes was broken up. In Brazil, an army of nearly 200,000 Brazilian-Germans, planning to invade Uruguay and take over its government, was suddenly faced with the prospect of having to fight Allied forces as well as Uruguayan. That republic, whose whole population was outnumbered by the German population in Brazil, had invited the United States in 1941 to establish a naval and air base there.

Only in Argentina, where Colonel Juan Perón had just returned from Europe after spending two years of observation with the Axis armies, were Nazi agents left unmolested. They had not played an active part in the plot against the Canal and the Caribbean; Buenos Aires was only over-all Gestapo Headquarters! Nevertheless, a German army of 65,000 men in Argentina scurried for cover. Throughout Latin America thousands of Nazi-collaborating commercial firms were blacklisted, and American companies like Sterling Drug were enlisted by the State Department to battle Germany's economic ganglia.

So when the Japanese attacked the United States in De-

cember, 1941, thanks to the underground movement of the young German refugee and the Catholic priest it had to be done alone.

Yet that, unfortunately, is not the end of the story. For that vast German organization which plotted our destruction five years ago is still in Latin America today, and still being reinforced.

Most of the Nazi agents interned in September, 1941, are once again at large. Eric Gimpel, who was landed by U-boat on a Maine beach, after he'd been arrested in Peru and deported to Germany in a repatriation deal in 1942, is one of the few now in prison instead of back at their old haunts and up to their old tricks. The end of World War II freed almost all the others. Subsequent abolition of the United States blacklist has put billions of dollars in smuggled Nazi funds and looted treasure at the disposal of the Germans in South America, and several thousand commercial Nazi-collaborators back into a position to collaborate again with Germans on Latin-American ground.

Even Arnulfo Arias, the quisling ex-president of Panama, is back home after a long sojourn on his sumptuous Argentine ranch, which is headquarters for *Círculo Político Americano*, a hemisphere-wide organization of *Yanqui* haters dedicated to undermining U.S. prestige and influence.

In Brazil, the military organization of Brazilian-Germans which planned the invasion of Uruguay in 1941 is still an active part of the *Kyffhäuserbund*, Nazi military arm operating on an international basis in various Latin-American nations. In organization and ideology the *Kyffhäuserbund* is somewhat like the German-American Bund in the United States before Pearl Harbor. Unlike Fritz Kuhn's would-be storm troopers here, however, the bundist phalanxes in Latin America are well armed.

Ever since the war's end, a steady stream of Nazi leaders, scientists, financiers, technicians and military experts have reached Latin America as part of a planned exodus of one million "refugees" who will settle in countries assigned to them by the Nazi underground. They have reached South

American hideouts by U-boat, Spanish ship, and even Allied vessels, disguised as diplomats, doctors, entertainers, sailors or Spanish priests. Many of them are officially listed as dead; and on the streets of Madrid, Lisbon, Stockholm and Berne, more of these "corpses" wait for transportation to South America.

Goose-stepping President Juan Perón of Argentina has adopted Germany's "refugee" immigration plan. According to Argentine Director of Immigration Santiago Peralta, an Argentine 50-year plan to increase the nation's population to 100 millions will be carried out by "careful selection." This selection includes 1,000 Norwegian quislings who dare not go home for fear of being torn apart by their own countrymen.

"Immigrants must be strong, healthy and unaffected by war," said Peralta. "The misery that is left of war-torn Europe must remain there. Argentina can not use human wreckage. . . . It is necessary to avoid the settlement of racially inferior people."

Argentina was too far away from the Panama Canal to have taken an active part in the plot against it in 1941. But war techniques having so greatly changed since then, a third German attack on the United States might actually be launched from Argentina. For by the end of the war, the Nazis had nearly perfected a rocket bomb capable of careening halfway around the world, and another capable of pin-pointing a target 3,000 miles away.

While we are trying to tear Germany's industrial plant out by the roots in Europe, it has been transplanted to Argentina. Today, a large number of Argentina's 120 arms factories are secretly or openly owned by Germans and their partners. The principal arms magnate of Argentina is Fritz Mandl, former Austrian arms manufacturer who operates seven munitions factories near Buenos Aires and who has been accused by several Allied governments of acting as a front man for Hermann Goering and other Nazi munitions makers. Though Goering committed suicide at Nuremberg, his munitions organization still operates (via a Swiss affiliate, the Bihag Company) a large arms plant, the S.E.M.A., in Buenos

Aires. Its president, General Basilio Pertine, former Argentine Minister of War, is said to have received the German plans for the atomic bomb—so far as they had developed it—together with the blueprints for other terrible weapons of destruction that Germany was about to produce when the war ended. Fritz Thyssen, who wrote *I Paid Hitler*, and who made possible the start of the Nazi arms industry, is in Switzerland today. But his huge arms factory, Thyssen Lametal, is operating day and night on the outskirts of Buenos Aires, within sight of plants owned by the Krupps.

These plants may not be used to further a Latin-American war in the near future, but they are providing Perón with the strength he wants for exerting pressure on his neighbors and forcing them into his Argentine-dominated economic and political bloc, which is already waging a trade war against the United States. Using hunger, as well as implied military threat, as a weapon, Perón recently tried to force Bolivia to disregard contracts with American tin companies and sell its tin to him for munitions use—on pain of cutting off shipments of Argentine foodstuffs to Bolivia.

If we are as blind to German activities in Latin America in the future as we have been in the past, the next postwar “off my chest” stories may be far more terrifying than this. In fact, there may not be any post-World War III stories to tell. There may not be any world.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

FROM 1920 to 1941 chief European Correspondent of *The Jewish Morning Journal* of New York, William Zukerman is now on the editorial staff of that newspaper. He has lived and worked in England, France and Germany and has traveled widely in Europe. He has contributed articles to *Harper's*, *The Nation*, *The New York Times*, *Antioch Review*, *Menorah Journal*, *Tomorrow*, *London Quarterly Review*, *Fortnightly's* and other British and American journals. A book of his, *The Jew in Revolt*, was published in London before the war. Mr. Zukerman also writes fiction. Short stories, phantasies and fables of his have appeared in *Menorah Journal*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Antioch Review*, *Retort* and other magazines. Stories of his were included in the *Best American Short Stories* for 1945 and in Whit Burnett's anthology, *The Seas of God*.

HAS CHRISTIAN EUROPE FORSAKEN THE JEWS?

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THE STORY of the Jews in Europe during the second World War will doubtless go down in the annals of humanity as one of the most terrible in the history of mankind. Of all the crimes which the Nazis committed during that dark period, the deliberate destruction of more than five million Jews in death camps, gas chambers and crematoria will remain the most monstrous atrocity of this or of any other age. It will probably be remembered in generations to come, long after many of the other terrible crimes of the Nazis have been forgotten. Men and women will shudder at the horrors of Maidanek and Oświęcim when the second World War itself is only a landmark in history.

But it would be a mistake to assume, as a good many people now do, that the Nazi bestiality towards the Jews was the *only* manifestation of the non-Jewish world towards the Jews in Europe during the war. In the interests of truth, as well as in the interests of faith in humanity and in the hope that Jews and non-Jews can live together in friendly relationship, it is essential to establish and to make public as widely as possible the fact that, apart from the Nazi atrocities, there were numerous other manifestations on the part of the non-Jewish world towards the Jews during the war in Europe. There were exhibitions of sympathy, friendship, pity and loyalty, and acts of heroism performed in aid of the Jews, which often defeated the brutality of the Nazis. As the heavy veil of the occupation is lifting over Europe, it is becoming more and more evident that the bulk of the non-Jewish populations outside Germany did not collaborate with the Nazis in their mad campaign of exterminating the Jews; that not only did they not participate in that outburst of bestiality, but they actively and often very effectively resisted it.

The facts which have come to light since the end of the war in liberated France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, the Balkan States, Hungary, the Scandinavian countries and Soviet Russia show that, alongside Nazi brutalities and persecution, there ran among the non-Jewish people in Europe a parallel current of humanitarianism and aid for the Jews which was more widespread than Nazi hatred. Everywhere Jews were helped to escape from Nazi persecution and deportations; they were hidden for months and years by non-Jews: Jewish children were adopted in hundreds by Christian families and brought up as their own. Christian churches, monasteries and institutions were thrown open to the Jews for refuge and protection. Special organizations and societies of non-Jews were formed to feed, clothe and keep the Jews alive and finally to help them escape from the Nazis. In the midst of the greatest anti-Semitic upheavals in history, a strong pro-Jewish, if not philo-Semitic, movement was going on in Europe throughout the five years of the war and of the Nazi occupation. Nazi anti-Semitism was not only not tolerated, but was fought. There was more opposition to and sabotage of the Nazi anti-Jewish laws and measures than of any other Nazi decrees. There was more open propaganda against them from the pulpits than against any other form of Nazi persecution and there were more and bigger demonstrations in the streets of the capitals of Europe against the Nazi deportations of the Jews than against any other brutality of the enemy.

Unfortunately the forces of humanitarianism did not and could not avert entirely the Jewish tragedy in Europe, but they were not as ineffectual as is generally believed outside the European continent. If there are at present, outside Soviet Russia, approximately a million and a half Jews alive in Europe, the bulk of them owe their lives to the resistance which non-Jews put up against Nazi anti-Semitism and to the direct aid which they gave to the Jews. This has been publicly acknowledged by leaders of European Jews in different countries.

The significance of this manifestation is not to be measured by its success or failure, but by the mere fact that it

existed at all in the midst of a Nazi-controlled world which had used all its terrible power of propaganda and military force to disseminate hatred against the Jews. The manifestation was not limited to any one country in Europe, to any one class of people, political party or group. It sprang up spontaneously in every nook and corner of Europe in defiance of the most brutal Nazi suppression. It was not a mere expression of personal sympathy and aid to individual victims of Nazism. It began as such, but it soon developed into a quite important widespread folk movement of the same type as the general underground movement against the Nazis. In fact, in many countries it was part of the underground movement, and in some, even its spearhead. One day it will doubtless be studied as one of the important social and moral upheavals of wartime Europe.

The beginning of this unique movement on a large social scale took place in Denmark in the fall of 1943. It was then that the Nazis had decided to launch their first large-scale deportation of the Danish Jews. With their usual sense for the dramatic, the Nazis chose the Jewish New Year (mid-September) as the day on which to start their drive. The usual man hunt, which had become the dread of Europe, began in Copenhagen. Jewish homes, prayer houses, public places and institutions were broken into, and several hundred Jewish families were thrown into concentration camps prior to deportation to extermination camps. It was a public challenge to the Danish people on the issue of anti-Semitism, pure and simple; nothing else was involved. Danes were expected merely to watch complacently an outrage committed against six thousand Jews in their country. The answer of the Danes was clear and conclusive: Almost overnight a full-fledged underground movement sprang up to counteract this particular anti-Jewish drive. Danish patriots broke into prisons and concentration camps and released the arrested Jews. German ships in the harbor of Copenhagen which were to transport the victims were sunk. A miniature Dunkirk fleet of small ships, barges and yachts manned by Danish sailors

and yachtsmen was assembled off the shores of Denmark and began to transport the Danish Jews to Sweden. Committees of Danish patriots were formed to take over Jewish homes and property and keep them in custody for the owners. At the same time the Swedish government threw open its doors to all the Jewish refugees from Denmark and admitted them without passports. Within a few weeks, almost the entire Jewish community of Denmark, approximately six thousand souls, was transferred to safety in Sweden. Only about four hundred were deported to the ghetto-prison in Theresienstadt in Czechoslovakia. The rest were literally snatched from the jaws of death.

This was the opening shot in the organized resistance movement on a national scale. The next was in Italy. After the fall of Mussolini and the Nazi occupation of northern Italy, the new Nazi-Fascist regime began to force through the racial laws and also to deport Italian Jews to Poland and Germany. Here too, as in Denmark, the Nazis met with systematic, organized, collective opposition. The anti-Jewish laws were universally disobeyed; segregation could never be enforced because the Italians openly fraternized with the Jews and many put on yellow armlets to confuse the Nazis. Jews by the thousands were helped to cross into Allied-occupied territory, or into Switzerland, and hundreds of Jewish children were adopted by Italian families. The first underground railway to smuggle Jews out of Italy into Switzerland was formed then and it functioned until the occupation of France. Hundreds of Italians endangered their liberty, property and even their lives in this effort. A number of Italians were publicly executed and many others were sent to concentration camps for helping the Jews. But neither the executions, the arrests nor the daily exhortations and threats of the Fascist press and radio had any effect. The Nazi-Fascist attempt to deport Italian Jews, or even to introduce the Nazi racial laws, failed completely. This was frankly admitted by Roberto Farinacci, the late Secretary of the Italian Fascist Party and editor of *Il Regima Fascista*, at

a conference of Quisling journalists from all over Europe held in Berlin in the middle of December, 1944.

There was far more effective proof of the failure of Nazi anti-Semitism in Italy when the Allied forces entered Rome and the streets of the city were lined with thousands of cheering Italian and refugee Jews who had been saved by the Italian people. Of the approximately 25,000 Italian Jews and an equal number of refugee Jews who were in Italy at the time of the fall of Mussolini, the vast majority have survived, and this was due almost entirely to the effective aid given to the Jews by the Italian people. The first public act of the Jewish community of Rome after the liberation of the city was to hold a special religious service in the ancient Synagogue and there and then publicly thank the Christian people of Rome and of Italy for saving the Italian Jews from extermination.

Especially significant was the prominent role played by the Vatican and the Catholic clergy in the protecting of the Jews in Italy and in other European countries during the Nazi occupation. During the crucial months before the Allied occupation of Rome, the grounds of the Vatican, which are by International Law neutral territory, were thrown open to the Jews as a sanctuary and thousands found safety there. Scores of thousands of others were also saved in other countries by the wide use of the so-called "protective passports" which the Papal Nuncios freely issued to the Jews by order of the Pope. This device of saving Jewish lives by the issuance of "protective passports" was later, in the summer and fall of 1944, widely used also by some of the neutral governments, particularly Sweden. The Vatican, however, first introduced the method and saved scores of thousands of Jewish lives by it, particularly in Hungary. The part played by the Vatican and by the Catholic clergy in saving the Jews from Nazi extermination was one of the great of this war and one day it will receive the attention it deserves. This act of the Vatican and of the Catholic clergy has left a profound impression on the Jews. It evoked expressions of deep gratitude from a number of cities, including that of Rome, and has led

sensational conversion to Catholicism—that of the former Chief Rabbi of Rome, as an “expression of gratitude to the Vatican for the saving of Jewish lives during the Nazi occupation of Italy.” *

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In France, the movement to save the Jews assumed larger proportions and produced bigger results than in any other Western European country. It is largely thanks to this movement that in France more than sixty per cent of the prewar Jewish population remained alive (175,000 out of 300,000). In no other country did the Jews receive such generous aid on so large a scale as in France. Nowhere else was that aid so well organized and directed. The movement to help the Jews in France very early became a part of the underground Maquis movement and acquired all the prestige and power of the general anti-Nazi movement. In France, probably more than in any other country in Europe, the fight against Nazi anti-Semitism assumed a political, rather than a purely ethical and humanitarian, form. To help the Jews escape from the Nazis was part of the struggle against Nazism. The Maquis organized the wholesale smuggling of the Jews from the occupied to the un-occupied part of France, fed, clothed

* On May 22, 1946, the *New York Times* published an article by its Rome correspondent, Delbert Clark, revealing facts found in secret documents of the German Gestapo and of the Italian Foreign Ministry which add a wealth of interesting information on the same subject:

“From Greece on the east to Southern France on the west, the documents disclose a persistent policy of evading and checkmating German enforcement of racial and religious laws wherever the Italians were in a position to do so. Turkish Jews, Spanish Jews, alien husbands of Italian Jewish women who were not even residents of Italy, all came under the protection of Italy as far as that country—itsself virtually a vassal of Germany—was able to exert its authority. The documents unearthed in the files of the Gestapo in Paris and of the Foreign Ministry in Rome, cover the period when Italy was Germany’s active ally. . . . And there can certainly be no doubt after a reading that the files reflect greatly the essential tolerance and kindness of the Italian people. . . . Hundreds of Jews were saved from death or deportation to prison camps under German control. Italian consulates became virtual passport mills to enable Jews to move out of the danger zones and into Italian national territory, or on to their homelands, if possible.” The documents, according to Mr. Clark, also contain many letters from Gestapo officials in Italy complaining to their superiors that even Italian Fascist officials were “showing very open Jewish sympathies and affirm that on this point [of racial laws] Italy’s policy is opposed to Germany’s.”

and hid thousands of Jews in French homes and helped thousands of others to escape who were in danger of deportation by the Nazis. The fact that the Jews were the special victims of the Nazis was reason enough to aid them.

But this does not mean that the movement lacked in France the profound moral and humanitarian motives which were its primary source in other countries. The particular care taken of Jewish children in France disproves that contention. It has been estimated by Jewish organizations, such as the World Jewish Congress and the "OSE" organization of France that as many as thirty thousand Jewish children were saved from certain death during the war. This was accomplished not by methods of professional or institutional charity, but by personal aid at considerable sacrifice and often even at a great risk of liberty and life. Most of the rescued children were placed in private Christian homes and were kept there for years; they were fed, clothed, educated and brought up as members of the family. Thousands of Jewish orphans, whose parents were killed by the Nazis, were adopted. Many thousands of other children were placed in monasteries and Catholic institutions so that they might be safe from the Nazi search. Five thousand are known to have been smuggled out by the Maquis to Portugal and Spain. A movement such as this could not be only political. It had its roots in deep moral and religious motives and reflected the profound spiritual upheaval in France.



In Belgium, the Jewish rescue movement followed much the same course as in France, and with approximately the same success. In that country, too, the underground movement very early took over the job of rescuing the Jews as part of its general anti-Nazi activity. A committee of non-Jews, "Comité de la Défense des Juifs," was formed in Belgium as soon as the Nazis had occupied the country. This Committee alone supported and kept alive tens of thousands of Jews throughout the war period and provided them with hiding places, food and clothing. A special sub-committee of the same organization smuggled Jews who were scheduled

to be deported. The Committee also supported and educated 2,150 Jewish children in Belgian Catholic homes and institutions under Christian names. Apart from this official central organization, there were many local bodies which functioned in the same manner in limited areas. In Namur an organization, the Refuge de Notre Dame, organized by a local Catholic priest, L'Abbé Joseph André, saved many hundreds of Jewish children in the neighborhood and acquired fame throughout Belgium and France. In Louvain another Catholic priest, Père Bruno, conducted a similar society and saved hundreds of Jewish children in the local convent. In Brussels the Abbé Corneille Depaissance was personally responsible for the saving of five hundred and sixty-three children. The spirit which prevailed in the relationship between the non-Jews and the Jews of Belgium during the war was best expressed in the words of Professor Max Perlman of the University of Brussels. Speaking officially in the name of the Jewish community of Brussels at a Thanksgiving Service on the occasion of the liberation of the city, the professor said: "If it had not been for the aid of our Christian neighbors, not a single Jew would have remained alive in Belgium today." *

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* On May 5, 1946, the Council of Jewish Organizations in Belgium held a public demonstration to express thanks to the Belgian people for protecting the Jews during the German occupation. The demonstration took place in Brussels and was attended by representatives of the Belgian Jewish communities, of the Belgian Government and of the Queen Mother Elizabeth, who took a personal interest in the movement to save the Jews of Belgium. The World Jewish Congress of New York sent the following message of gratitude to the demonstration:

"The Jewish communities throughout the world join with all their hearts in the expression of their sincere admiration of the Belgian people on the occasion of your manifestation. In spite of pitiless persecution by the inhuman invaders, the vast majority of the Belgian people revealed a spirit of heroic resistance and protected with true brotherly solidarity the Jewish victims in a period of the greatest crime in history. Being themselves exposed to greatest danger, tens of thousands of heroic Belgians saved many Jewish lives and wrote an undying page in the history of the Belgian people. We beg you to transmit to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, and to the great leaders of the Belgian people, the expressions of eternal gratitude and friendship of the Jewish communities all over the world." (Signed) Dr. Stephen Wise, Dr. Nahum Goldmann and Dr. L. Kubowitzky for the Executive Committee of the Jewish Congress.

Holland occupies a unique position in the history of the protection of the Jews during the Nazi occupation. In a sense its record is the most glorious one of all the countries of Europe, but the country had been under Nazi occupation for such a long time that less is known about its struggles in this field. Only recently the story of one of the greatest epics of the war has been revealed to the world by the official observance of the fifth anniversary of the general strike of the Amsterdam workers against the deportation of the Jews in February, 1941. The following brief description of the strike and of the observance of its anniversary, as it appeared in the *Freie Arbeiter Stimme* of New York by an Amsterdam correspondent, gives a glimpse of that heroic and little-known event.

"The Nazis launched their campaign against the Jews in Amsterdam on February 8, 1941, and they immediately met with firm resistance on the part of the Dutch workers, particularly the dockers who came down in force to the ghetto to defend the Jews. The battle in the streets of Amsterdam kept up for nearly two weeks—until February 22d—and it assumed the proportions of a real revolt with fighting behind barricades and from the houses in which non-Jews and Jews participated. On February 22d, a strong German military force raided the Amsterdam ghetto and arrested eleven hundred young Jews for deportation to Poland. Three days later, on February 25th, the workers of Amsterdam declared a general strike for the 'immediate liberation of our Jewish comrades.' Work was suspended in every factory, shop and office of Amsterdam; all transport and communication was stopped. Thousands of workers paraded the streets with flags and inscriptions, 'Release our Jewish comrades.' By midday of the 25th a strong German military force with machine guns and artillery appeared in the streets and opened a withering fire on the demonstrators. When the carnage was over, the streets of Amsterdam were littered with 3,500 *Dutch men and women who gave their lives to resist Nazi brutality and to protect a helpless people.* . . . Now, five years later, a grateful people and Government remembered their unknown heroes and decided to commemorate their memory.

The place where the battle was fought, previously known as Waterloo Place, has been renamed, 'The Place of February Twenty-fifth.' A monument is to be erected to their memory on this spot and every year on February 25th people from all over Holland will come to pay homage to their heroism and nobility."

No other people in Europe made a greater sacrifice, and no other act repudiates more strongly the Nazi lie of the universal hatred of the non-Jews for the Jews.

Many epic stories of the saving of entire Jewish communities in the Balkan states, in Central and in Eastern Europe have yet to be told. Here one can only enumerate briefly some of the more heroic episodes which cannot be left unmentioned. One of these was the heroic resistance of the people of Bulgaria to the deportation of its fifty thousand Jews. Another and still greater epic of the war was the fight in the streets of Budapest and of other Hungarian cities in the summer of 1944 for the lives of a Jewish community of 300,000 Jews, the largest in Europe at that time.

The case of Bulgaria was one of many of its kind in war-time Europe, although it was more dramatic than a good many others. Officially the government of Bulgaria was a part of the Axis, but the people of the country had never been anti-Semitic and they fought their government consistently and stubbornly whenever it attempted to introduce Nazi anti-Jewish laws. When, in 1943, the government, at the instigation of the Nazis, attempted to deport the entire Jewish population of Sofia (30,000), one of the greatest war-time street demonstrations broke out in the capital and was kept up for three days until the deportation order was rescinded and all Bulgarian Jews were permitted to remain in Bulgarian concentration camps, which meant, of course, that their lives were saved.

But the case of Hungary was somewhat paradoxical. Hungary was, before the war, a country with a long tradition of anti-Semitism, although it was of a mild, civilized type. The Hungarians are mostly ardent nationalists and Catholics

who, as a rule, are not distinguished for their friendship for the Jews. Politically the country was a pillar of the Axis; it had more Quislings than any other country in Europe. And yet this people, with its tradition of chauvinism, clericalism, anti-Semitism and political reaction, put up one of the most spectacular and glorious fights for the Jews, which will certainly go down in history as one of the epics of the war. For three long months, from May to August, 1944, while the Red Army was smashing its way through Rumania and Hungary to the capital, a veritable race was going on in Budapest for the lives of the three hundred thousand Jews of the city. The Nazis and the Hungarian Fascists (The Arrow-Cross) did everything in their power to kill or deport the Jews before the arrival of the Russians, and the people did everything humanly possible to save them by hiding them in their houses, smuggling them out of the city, and often fighting for them behind barricades. In no other country was the race so dramatic, so tense and so deliberately centered on the Jews as in Budapest, and nowhere else was the victory over anti-Semitism so pronounced and on so large a scale.

In this epic struggle, the Hungarian people were assisted by individual members and by the governments of two other countries whose contribution to the saving of the Jews cannot go unmentioned. These are neutral Sweden and Switzerland. Sweden's part in this movement was in itself enough to keep up faith in humanity even in the midst of a Nazified world. That little country alone not only saved scores of thousands of Jewish refugees from Nazi countries, but also gave them refuge and support *at state expense* for many years. When the Hungarian crisis was reaching its climax in the summer of 1944, the Swedish government sent a special diplomatic representative, Mr. Rael Wallenberg, who (according to the report of the War Refugee Board issued September 21, 1945) was personally responsible for the saving of twenty thousand Hungarian Jews from certain death. He issued thousands of Swedish "protective passports" to Jews (similar to those issued by the Vatican). He bought up

houses and buildings in Budapest which he converted into Swedish "consulates" and filled them with Jews, thus giving them the extraterritorial rights of citizens of a neutral country. He fought alone, with revolver in hand, against mobs of Hungarian Fascists who attempted to attack the Jews, and died a martyr to his rescue work. He disappeared mysteriously on the eve of the Russians' entry into Budapest, doubtless assassinated by the Hungarian Arrow-Cross. And there were thousands of nameless people who embodied the spirit of the remarkable pro-Jewish movement in Europe during the war.

Switzerland was less generous with the Jewish refugees than Sweden, but even that little country has to its credit the saving of seventy thousand refugees during the war, the majority of whom were Jews.

Ilya Ehrenburg, the famous Soviet war correspondent who has done so much to bring home the horrors of Nazi warfare in the East, has told similar stories of the struggle which the "little people," the peasants and workers of White Russia, the Ukraine and Great Russia, carried on in behalf of the Jews during the Nazi occupation of Russia. "I want to remind you of the heroism of those nameless persons who died because they helped the Jews," he writes in one of his brilliant dispatches to the Soviet press (reproduced in the Bulletin of the Independent Jewish Press Service of October 23, 1944). "The Germans have shot, hanged and tortured hundreds of people who helped the Jews. We have kept a record of the names of the worthiest of these people who justify our faith in man, no matter to what tests he is put. We have many golden lists of these noble and courageous people, martyrs done to death by the Germans because they placed human dignity higher than life. Out of these dreadful years we will bring out not only our horrors of atrocities, but also our faith in man."

The net result of the remarkable effort made by these "little men" all over Europe in behalf of the Jews during the war was: a million and a half Jews saved in Western Europe

and an equal number in Soviet Russia. This does not, of course, minimize the awful tragedy of the cold-blooded Nazi murder of five million Jews, but it presents the tragedy in a somewhat different light. Viewed in that light, it is clearly seen that Christian Europe as a whole did not abandon the Jews in the hour of their greatest trial. It took up the Nazi challenge of Maidanek and Treblinka in the same spirit of defiance as the challenge of Warsaw, Rotterdam and London. It fought against Hitler's anti-Semitism as it did against the political tyranny of Nazism and at times even with a greater religious fervor. It is simply not true, as nationalistic propaganda, both Jewish and non-Jewish, is now trying to impress upon a tired and disillusioned humanity, that Hitler won his war against the Jews, even if he lost against all others; that he poisoned the minds and souls of all European peoples with anti-Semitism for a thousand years to come. The facts which are now coming to light, as the Nazi curtain is being raised over Europe, disprove this propaganda and show that the majority of the peoples of Europe did not succumb to Nazi anti-Semitism.

With very few exceptions, the spirit of humanitarianism and friendship towards the Jews, which permeated the European peoples during the war, is continuing to dominate political policy and social relations with the Jews in the whole of Western Europe, the Scandinavian countries and the Balkans. In Belgium, France, Holland, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the same Christian committees which were engaged in helping the Jews clandestinely before the liberation are doing so now openly and officially. Thousands of Jewish children are still being brought up and educated in French, Belgian and Italian homes and institutions, and in thousands of cases the children have become so much a part of the Christian families that neither they nor their foster parents want to part. In Western Europe there is a considerable influx of new Jewish refugees from the German camps and from Poland. All honest observers of postwar Europe, who have no nationalistic axe to grind, admit and proclaim openly that, with the sole exception of Poland (which is in a class of its own with regard to anti-Semitism), the tide of

Jew-hatred has receded further than it has done in the last two generations. The Nazi horrors have called forth a moral revulsion against anti-Semitism all over Europe, including even Germany. Contrary to all the gloomy prophecies of nationalistic propagandists, anti-Semitism is on the decline in Europe now, not only politically, but what is more important, morally and psychologically.

EDGAR SNOW

EDGAR (Robert Parks) SNOW was born in Kansas City, Mo., July 19, 1905. After Catholic and public school training, he attended Kansas City College and the School of Journalism at University of Missouri. He began newspaper work on the *Kansas City Star*, but soon left to do free-lance writing. Shipping to sea as a deckhand, he stopped in China to become assistant editor of J. B. Powell's *China Weekly Review* in 1929.

Snow's career as foreign correspondent began in China, on the *Chicago Tribune's* staff, and he later served the *Chicago Daily News-New York Sun* foreign service, the *London Daily Herald* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. He covered Asiatic events from 1931 to 1941, a decade which began with the Manchurian incident and ended with full-scale world war. In between crises, he found time to study Chinese at Yenching University, Peking, where he was staff lecturer.

Back in the United States before Pearl Harbor, Snow became an accredited American war correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post*, of which he is an associate editor. His reporting of the conflict covered Africa, the CBI Theater, Britain, Russia, Poland, Rumania, France, Germany, Austria, the Philippines, Japan and Korea.

Snow's books include *Far Eastern Front*, *Living China*, *Red Star Over China*, *The Battle for Asia (Scorched Earth)*, *People On Our Side*, and *Pattern of Soviet Power*.

Married to Helen Foster (whose pen-name is Nym Wales), Snow claims his only distinction is that he helped found and organize Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, which gave employment to 200,000 Chinese war refugees. His *Battle for Asia* was used as a standard text by the Army in officers' training schools. Snow says his proudest moment as a writer came when President Roosevelt, just back from Yalta, told him that he had sat up an entire night reading *People On Our Side*.

His record as prophet ranks high among the correspondents. He predicted Japan's invasion of China and her attack on the Western powers, Hitler's defeat in Russia, and Chiang Kai-shek's

inability to destroy the Communist forces in China. Outstanding among his several magazine scoops over the daily press was his story of China's internal feuding during the war, which ended in the Stilwell explosion.

OIL AND THE KING OF ARABIA

By EDGAR SNOW

Riyadh, Saudi Arabia.

I AM ABLE to write this story because in Cairo I met Karl Twitchell, who was then on his way back to Saudi Arabia, heading an American agricultural mission sent over to find ways and means of feeding a few more of the 7,000,000 Bedouins wandering this vast arid empire. Twitchell generously arranged to have King Ibn Saud invite me to his capital, which I should have been the first American correspondent to visit.

"It's very important for America to know more about Arabia and its needs, and the opportunities they offer to us," said Twitchell. More important, he thought, than reporting the battle of Stalingrad—which was what I did in preference to the pilgrimage to forbidden Riyadh.

I still think it was the better choice, but Twitchell may prove to have been right in the long view, and for an obvious reason. Arabia is a prime source of what has been an important American export, but which may become one of our most indispensable imports. Beneath these sterile sands are the richest undeveloped oil reserves that Americans hold anywhere abroad. And the permanence of that holding depends on the continued goodwill and understanding of the Arabs and their ruler, Ibn Saud. As the only really independent leader in the Arab world, he is a puissant spokes-

man for 50,000,000 people who are today nearer cooperation than they have been for centuries.

Fortunately, my invitation from the King amounted to the only "lifetime visa" I ever received. "In the name of the all-merciful God," Ibn Saud wrote to me on May 21, 1942, "we thank you for your noble feelings toward our country and at the same time we welcome your visit at any time you may desire." So I was able to hitch myself onto a Congressional party that flew into Riyadh, in 1945, for reasons not exactly clear to itself.

Like Mecca, Riyadh is a holy city out of bounds to infidels, and it is even more isolated. It's a six-day camel ride inland from the Persian Gulf, but an hour's ride by plane. Foreign diplomats visit the capital only at the King's summons, and the rest of the time reside in the commercial town of Jidda, on the Red Sea. Ours was the first Congressional party ever to go to Riyadh and in the King's life it was an event, too, and an extension of his education. The Emir of Dhahran, and His Majesty's representative, Emir Khalid Es Sudairi, had been waiting four days for us encamped near the airport, we learned when our C-47 came down on the mainland opposite Bahrein.

Flying in across the Euphrates and the Tigris, and over Sinbad-the-Sailor's home near Basra, we had landed in the center of the great Dhahran oil concession which fringes the Persian Gulf. Once very much out of the way, this was soon to become a routine call on the main route of global air lines. Americans have been granted exclusive rights to operate the modern Dhahran airport where we arrived. Near by stood another ship, twin of our own, waiting to carry us into Riyadh. It was Ibn Saud's one-plane air force, a gift from President Roosevelt, and flown now by Americans on loan from the U.S. Army.

Over at the settlement we found that Main Street had moved to Dhahran, too. Here about 450 Americans, including several dozen American wives, were comfortably installed in Arabia's most modern community, complete with California-type bungalows, air conditioning, electric refrigerators, a swimming pool, playgrounds for the kiddies, and

homeside American hospitality. This star-spangled oasis has a twin at Qatif, also on the Gulf, where more than a thousand Americans live and work for oil. Company employees in the whole district include 2,700 Italians, Indians, Iranians, Iraqis and Somalis, and about 10,000 Arabs.

Here the word "company" refers to a patriarchal state within a state, the Arabian-American Oil Company, a fifty-fifty partnership of Standard Oil of California and the Texas Company. Together they hold a concession, good till 1997, for the black gold inside 400,000 square miles of Saudi Arabia. Thus far only the Dhahran district, a few hundred square miles, is producing, but here alone known reserves of oil, proved after a decade of work, exceed 5,000,000,000 barrels.

How Americans came into Saudi Arabia through the guard which the British set up in the Middle East against outsiders is another story of mistaken judgment. Most American oil contractors had, by agreement with British oil monopolists, excluded themselves from seeking direct concessions in Arabia. Gulf Oil acquired an equal partnership in the British Government controlled Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Kuwait, but under such restrictions that Gulf has been unable to take out any of the 9,000,000,000 barrels of reserves in that area. Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony Vacuum were also working with the British oil monopolists in Iraq, Qatar, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Transjordan and British protectorates in Lower Arabia. But in return for a minority partnership the Americans had promised not to carry out any independent operations. When Standard Oil of California came prospecting in the Middle East, they found everything sewed up, except some stretches of the Saudi Arabian coast, which British geologists had already surveyed and confidently reported quite worthless.

Unsatisfied with this report, the American team took up the concession where the British had left off, and struck oil at Dhahran, only fifty miles from the wells on Bahrein Island. Since then, many other districts have been investigated, with exciting results. Enough is known now to make

Floyd Ohliger, manager of the Arabian-American Oil Company, flatly declare that "Saudi Arabia has the richest undeveloped oil resources left in the world."

Not only is uncounted wealth hidden here but future history potentially full of international dynamite sleeps beside it. Before that history is fully written Americans are likely to become as familiar with the map of Arabia as with one of their own states, and Arabs will drop their veil of seclusion, to be assimilated by the industrialized world, for better or for worse. Today proud nomads are still its sovereign lords and their ancient knightly civilization is innocent of the ways of the machines which hunger for their oil.

But not entirely "innocent," as we discovered when we came down on the desert near Riyadh in the King's plane. Here a fleet of a dozen American cars swept in out of a storm of dust and frightened camels, to carry us to the palace. They were Fords, all Fords—and there's a reason. At the field we were met by most of the King's cabinet, headed by Prince Faisal, Foreign Minister and Viceroy of the Hejaz and Mecca, and accompanied by Brigadier Said Gaudet, chief of staff of the army of Arabia. Behind them stood a guard of Bedouin riflemen. Black tents had been thrown up beside the landing strip, and inside were the ubiquitous coffee bearers. Skirted guards, armed with ancient long-barrelled pistols slung at the hip, ceremoniously poured the condiment-spiced brew into tiny china cups which they flicked in and out of their fingers with magic dexterity. Then they passed round a bowl of glowing sandalwood.

"They seldom smell anything sweet on the desert," said Clarence McIntosh, our vice-consul with the Company. "The King puts attar of roses on your hands, as a special mark of favor."

All the desert is a road as well as an airfield, and the Arab boys who drove us to the town spread apart on a mile-long front, racing one another to the palace. Although ~~primitive~~ made, the palace is impressive. The long, low, two-story buildings, with whitewashed walls of native mud brick, seem part of the desert. The many rooms cover a large area, and

the main living quarters are lavishly furnished, with rich Turkish and Persian carpets flooding every inch of the floors and halls.

Inside the gates we drew up in a square and entered halls lined with members of the King's court, dressed in formal robes magnificently topped off with burnouses, the unique Arab hood and cloak. King Abdul-Aziz Ibn Abdur-Rahman Al-Faisal Al Saud, "Servant of Allah," was waiting for us in the main audience chamber, a large L-shaped room divided by a row of pillars made of the trunks of date palms, and crudely decorated with colored Arab designs. In the heel of the L was a raised throne and back of it the walls were hung with fine brocades and dazzling cloth of gold. Ibn Saud is a big man, six feet, four inches tall, who towered loftily as he stood up to shake hands. Above his thick beard his gaze seemed focussed majestically on some remote point, an illusion doubtless enhanced by a cast in his left eye. His bearded courtiers, their long swords dangling in bejeweled scabbards, ranged themselves round the room.

No Arab woman was present, and we saw none at all in the palace. What females we encountered in the dusty lanes were hooded in black, and only their dark mocking eyes peered out at us through slits in their heavy veils. We were expressly asked not to look at them.

But the King is no woman hater; just the contrary. His success in that quarter is attested by his thirty-nine sons, most of them grown men, tall and handsome as their father, but ranging down to a youngest son, aged three. He now also has over sixty grandsons.

A pious Moslem is not permitted more than four wives at a time, but practice sanctions divorce as often as a man finds it convenient, and Ibn Saud has made the most of it. Usually the harem consists of only three wives, one of whom is divorced after the King takes a virgin as Number Four. Ibn Saud is said to have married over 200 women during his half century of virility, which would mean an average of about four divorces a year. But divorce carries no stigma in this situation. As most of his marriages have yielded progeny, Ibn Saud has united himself by firm family ties with all

the important tribal chieftains of Arabia, who present him with his brides.

There is an indeterminate number of royal daughters, but females are not mentioned by Arabs when counting up offspring. Ibn Saud illustrates this point with a story on himself. One day a young woman came into the harem with his sister and warmly embraced him. Annoyed by this demonstration from a supposed stranger, as soon as she had left the King asked who she was.

"What, you don't know your own child?"

"Sure enough," chuckles the patriarch as he concludes the story, "she was one of my younger daughters. I had married her off some years ago and forgotten all about her."

The old Bedouin's achievements as a family man are more remarkable when you remember that the greater part of his life was devoted to a struggle for power. Ibn Saud zestfully recalled for us how he had taken Riyadh with only forty men, "twenty of whom deserted before the fight was over." Starting there, nearly fifty years ago, this son of the Wahabis restored their power over a unified, independent Arabia when, in 1926, Ibn Saud, then Sultan of the Nejd, conquered Mecca and the Hejaz, and had himself proclaimed king. At that time he overthrew King Hussein, who enjoyed the backing of the Allies in World War I, and whose descendants still rule in Transjordan and the Kingdom of Iraq.

Including neighboring Yemen, which is semi-autonomous but recognizes his overlordship, his realm now covers 700,000 square miles, about one fourth the area of the United States.

Today the most significant thing about Ibn Saud's politics is the strength of his sympathy for ideas he holds in common with other member states of the Arab League: Egypt, Iraq, Syria, Lebanon and Transjordan. For all Arab countries he demands early independence and equality of treatment. The King expressed those views vigorously enough to our congressmen, and again in a private interview with me after the royal banquet on the royal roof.

Soon after sunset and evening prayers, which is midnight by Arab time, we went to the main palace from detached

quarters where we were staying near the Crown Prince's bathing pool and seraglio. Probably warned in advance about congressmen by friendly natives, the women kept strictly behind their purdah.

It was a gorgeous, starry night and under a bright Southern Cross a great table supported enough food to founder the entire House of Representatives. Twenty tender lambs, roasted whole, sat above twenty mounds of rice pilaff, piled high in twenty separate bowls the size of small bathtubs. Encircling the lambs were scores of smaller dishes filled with fowl, fish, vegetables, fruits and flat unleavened bread thoughtfully baked with a handle on one end. There was no wine and no tobacco, which are both abjured by the puritanical Wahabis.

Arab etiquette is to dip in with your fist, and the King served himself first, breaking off a leg which he proffered to the nearest guest. But in courteous deference to foreign prejudice, knives and forks were provided also. Around us stood the King's silent guard, sabers gleaming in the moonlight and appetites waiting for a feast on the leftovers, which would follow our departure. From this scene of plenty we were led to another large carpet-strewn roof where a court was set up with the chairs in a giant square round the throne.

Chief Coffee Pourer Abdullah Ibn Abdul Wahid, in appearance definitely the second most impressive figure in the realm, entered with a great flourish. A tall, lithe, bearded fellow in a beautiful robe of embroidered kashmir wool, he wore a jewel-encrusted dagger on one side of his slender waist while a long-spouted brass coffee pot dangled from the other. Behind him came the royal incense bearer, followed by the perfume bearer. Then Abdul Rahman Wahid carried in the King's own bowl of water from Mecca, and a huge silver buttermilk bowl brought up the rear.

Abdullah came at you with his coffee cups in a way that wouldn't take no. Before you knew what had happened, you had tossed down three ponies of spiced coffee in rapid succession, smelled the sandalwood thrice, and washed your hands in rose water. Each time you returned a cup, Abdullah disdainfully threw the dregs on the rich Oriental rugs. But

we were spared the fraternal buttermilk bowl (praise Allah!) which appeared to be reserved for the faithful. First after the King to receive the loving cup was Harry St. J. B. Philby, the Englishman turned Moslem who is the only foreigner living in the King's palace. He happens to be the greatest contemporary European authority on Saudi Arabia.

"My son also," said Ibn Saud as he sent the buttermilk across to Philby, who sat next to me. Dressed in his Arab costume, he looked the part, too, but his age is nearer Ibn Saud's than one of the King's sons.

During the audience Philby briefed me on the King's views (which he fully shares) and his opposition to the present distribution of colonies and mandates. If the promises of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms had any meaning, this whole system must soon be abolished, the King insists. Egypt needed and demanded complete independence; so did Syria, Iraq and Iran. It was preposterous to talk of turning Italian colonies such as Libya into new pastures of imperialism under the fancy name of "trusteeships," and to call this fulfillment of pledges of freedom and self-determination, when the Arab populations were not even consulted. Why not make trusteeships also out of France, Belgium, Rumania, Poland and other nations liberated from the Axis?

"As an Englishman, I must admit first of all our own guilt in the matter," said Philby, "but all the Big Four are guilty in so far as they sanction imperialism."

Through such statements Philby verbally identifies himself completely with the Arab cause, and some British patriots have suggested he should be deprived of his passport. Evidently the Foreign Office thinks otherwise; on his last visit to England he was received with honors. His influence in Arab affairs undoubtedly exceeds anything ever achieved by T. E. Lawrence, but less is known about him.

Now in his late fifties, Philby has spent over three decades with these desert people and is accepted as one of them. A practicing Moslem, he has been to Mecca and kissed the Kaaba stone and he prays five times a day, usually with Ibn Saud. He speaks fluent Arabic, lives and dresses as the Bedouins do, and is said to have an Arab family. As a favor-

ite of the King he is the exclusive authorized automobile distributor in Arabia and handles only Ford products, "because Ford makes the one car that can carry the extra-wide super-balloon tires needed on the desert," he says.

To save himself steps, the King had a ramp built up the side of his palace, so that now he can drive his Ford right to the roof. Despite Arabia's abundance of oil, only the royal household and a few desert sheiks travel by car. The Wahabis readily accepted the automobile, but the telegraph was at first hotly resented. Ibn Saud told his followers that if it offended Allah then surely He would not permit holy words from the Koran to be transmitted to Mecca over it. The test was made, the words were duly received as sent, and nothing happened to the operators. When later the King introduced the radio, his subjects took it as a matter of course. Now in his palace he gets the world's news "every hour on the hour."

Through daring, courage, guile and subtle understanding of the psychology of his own people, Ibn Saud has brought more Arabs under a single ruler than any man since the days of Mohammed. Philby attributes the old King's success to a simple strategy which he adopted early in his reign, and perhaps on Philby's advice. Arab history, he noted, shows that the tribes have had their moments of cohesion and power only under the urge of a strong religious revival and faith in a leader-prophet. Ibn Saud, insisting on the fundamentalist code of the Wahabis, deliberately played that role.

Secondly, he understood that long-term unity could be maintained only by increasing the agrarian communities and thus giving some of his immobilized nomads a permanent stake in law and order. Extending irrigation, introducing some scientific agricultural aids and modern communications, utilizing the stabilizing influence of the oil-well settlements on the coast, and with the British as his military allies, Ibn Saud tamed the turbulence of the desert with only a small armed force. He has led the Arab in a transition from tribal loyalty toward a new sense of Arab nationalism, meanwhile maintaining a workable balance between the old and the new. Still an absolute autocrat, his word is final and his

justice swift. Thieves have their hands cut off; murderers are beheaded. But the poorest Bedouin still has the right of final appeal over the loss of a few sheep, if he feels justice has been denied him. The King spends several hours every day reviewing such cases.

Old Ibn Saud, one of the world's few despots, spoke to us in warm praise of democracy and our "common sense in the War"—in which he himself contrived to remain neutral. He denounced "fascism," "nazism" and "communism," all of them creeds, he explained, which "have nothing in common with us democracies." His meeting with Roosevelt on a cruiser in the Red Sea in 1944 made a deep impression on him. On receiving news of the President's death he put the palace in mourning, and ordered F.D.R.'s autographed picture turned face to the wall; he said looking at it made him weep. It was clear he regarded our party as somehow attached to the Court of the new President.

Now, at last, under the desert starlight above his palace chambers, we discovered why the King had been so anxious for the congressmen to visit him. He began to talk about the economic situation and it seemed that things here, as everywhere, were getting tough. Arabia's chief sources of revenue are taxes, fees and donations collected from the pilgrims to Mecca, and royalties on oil production. During the war, pilgrimages almost ceased, and oil revenues were disappointing. Imports of cloth and food had fallen, and merchants who controlled this trade were profiteering, at scandalous prices, and OPA was unheard of here. The King was having difficulty feeding even his own retainers and his army.

Ibn Saud explained to us how inflation worked. He took hold of his own gold-embroidered burnoose, and displayed it to us. "We used to buy one of these for forty rials," said he, "now it costs nearer a hundred." He fingered his long embroidered muslin robe. "Before the war the Indian merchants charged us 150 rials for a robe like this. Today it costs as much as 400 or 500 rials."

As the King presents all his visitors and relatives with wardrobes, you understood why he was feeling the pinch. Each of our own party had that day received Arab costumes,

gold watches and jewelled swords, and now we shifted uneasily in our gilded chairs. State gifts account for a big part of the royal budget. When Ibn Saud visited an American destroyer before the Roosevelt interview he gave forty dollars to each member of the crew (he was under the impression the black mess boys were our slaves), sixty dollars to each petty officer, and gold headdresses and long gowns to each officer.

He didn't need money for luxuries or nonsense, he now emphasized, but to feed and clothe his people. Meat and rice had trebled in price. Every day he fed over 2,000 impoverished Bedouins at his palace doors alone, he claimed; no one was ever turned away hungry. We could talk with his minister of the exchequer, see the books for ourselves. "If you don't believe me, please send three men over here to investigate. We will show them everything. I will personally give them all the facts.

"I'm in an embarrassing position," he went on. "We have plenty of wealth, we're really a rich country, but it's all in oil and still in the ground. The oil companies pay me a royalty on the oil they take out, but production is small. We need the money today, not tomorrow."

"We democracies must work together," and what Arabia needed, it appeared, was a loan from the U.S. Government. Could the congressmen grant him a certain sum? Not a great deal, evidently; the British had recently advanced him ten million pounds and he seemed gratified. We lost some face when our people's delegates humbly admitted that they didn't have the power to make loans, and offered only the cold comfort that a request through the State Department would receive earnest attention.*

As we filed out, I was the last to wish the King good night. His secretary-interpreter stood beside him, and this was Ali Alireza, recently back from the University of California with a new bride—the first American girl to wed a Saudi Arabian. At the moment Mme. Ali Alireza was off in the desert, 700 miles away, getting acquainted with her mother-in-law.

* Which later on it did. A loan (\$6,000,000) was granted in 1946.

Ali took my arm. "The King will talk to you now," he announced, and motioned me to a chair next to the sovereign. I sat down and I heard an impressive rustle and rattle as more than a hundred retainers, lining the walls, sat them down with their arms. The King took my hand in his and held it all through our talk.

I've had the State Department and the congressmen guessing about what the King told me, ever since. I explained that I was sorry, but Ibn Saud had said it was "strictly confidential," between himself and my readers. Now it can be told that he merely confirmed what Philby had already said of Arab grievances, and he spoke warmly of the Arab federation, which was seeking to redress them. All Arabs, it was clear, are in favor of: (1) recognition and implementation of complete independence of all Arab states, and including colonies and mandates these exceed 4,000,000 square miles of territory; (2) the safeguarding of their political and economic interests on a basis of complete equality; (3) final disposal of the Palestine problem on the basis of the British White Paper.

Palestine, Ibn Saud told me, concerns not only Arabs but all Moslems all over the world, 250,000,000 strong, for Jerusalem is holy to them also. "Any disorder or conflict between Jews and Arabs is bound to disturb peace and stability everywhere," he said. He insisted that no solution was possible if immigration of Jews continued, with or without support of the United Nations, in violation of the White Paper. He fully backed the Arab League in its demands that immigration and land alienation cease, that a representative independent government be organized in Palestine, and that the whole problem of Jewish immigration be shifted to the United Nations Organization. The Arabs, he said, would accept any solution jointly worked out to spread responsibility among all the powers, but would fight any further unilateral decisions imposed from without.

"If the Arabs aren't consulted this time, there will be bloodshed, not only over the Palestine question but over disposal of Italian colonies and mandates."

Whether Arab unity will prove as strong in practice as in

theory is another question. Many issues and quarrels persist between the chief Arab states which make a fighting alliance unfeasible; and their armed strength is negligible.

But the one weapon they all possess in common is a mighty one, which could be used very persuasively. Responsible engineers believe that the total remaining oil reserves in the United States are less than half the probably ultimate resources of the Arab countries of the Middle East. Iran, Arabia and all Iraq may hold the key to our fate as an oil-burning civilization. If anything were to threaten existing agreements, the United States might be compelled to take measures deemed necessary to protect American oil interests.

Native nationalist movements and our own inept statesmanship, combined with the clumsy methods of some private oil companies, have already thrown Anglo-American oil enterprise out of Mexico and Bolivia, and brought exclusion in Argentina and Brazil and serious restrictions elsewhere. Three different times in this century Americans held oil concessions in Iran—and let them lapse. Now the Russians, alert and suspicious, are successfully keeping Americans from acquiring new oil rights in northern Iran, and the British are none too secure with their Anglo-Iranian concessions in the Gulf. At present the Russians do not share in the pattern of imperial controls in the Arab world and no one knows how they might throw their support in the event of large-scale Arab revolt. If Arab leaders were to become as aggressive and uncompromising as the Mexican nationalists who expropriated and drove out foreign petroleum interests, America's main hope of a major means of replenishing her reserves, so prodigally poured out during the war, might be placed in peril.

In Britain, where colonial oil interests are directly owned by the government, dangers underlying the Palestine and related questions are fully understood, and hence the Labor regime moves toward solutions with the same discretion as the conservatives. In America, the Government has not yet assumed full responsibility and control over activities of private oil companies abroad. But coming events may quicken recognition of what is now a fact: "That Arabia is, until a

substitute for oil is found," to employ State Department language, "such an important economic factor that it assumes the character of a national interest."

King Ibn Saud himself understands it well enough. "Other nations are my friends," he told us before we departed. "Americans are my partners." Whether he continues to feel that way may depend upon what Congress does with his bid for future "loans"—and how his "partners" dispose of the immigration question in Palestine.

GEROLD FRANK

AUTHOR, magazine writer and lecturer, Gerold Frank, who here describes his bizarre adventure in Lebanon, has spent most of the last three years wandering about that corner of the world known as the Middle East. His arrest in Lebanon was followed a few weeks later by an equally fantastic experience in Palestine where he found himself blindfolded and held incommunicado by extremists who had invited him to interview Nathan Friedman-Yellen, leader of the dreaded Stern Group, and wanted to make sure that Mr. Frank would not, advertently or inadvertently, tip anyone off as to Mr. Friedman-Yellen's whereabouts. Himself the mildest of men, Mr. Frank was born in Cleveland, graduated from Ohio State and Western Reserve Universities, and began his newspaper career on the *Cleveland News* in 1933. He came to New York in 1937, after more than a year abroad during which time he swung across Europe interviewing leading statesmen from London to Moscow. From 1937 to 1943 he was on the staff of the *New York Journal-American*. In 1944 and 1945 he was a war correspondent accredited to the United States Army Forces, Middle East, with headquarters in Cairo; and in 1946 he accompanied the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine from Washington through the Displaced Persons camps of Europe, and into Palestine and the Arab states. His work has appeared in *Life*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Reader's Digest*, *The New Yorker*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *Harper's*, and a score of other magazines, and has been reprinted in *Headlining America: Best News Stories of the Year*, and *100 Best True Stories of World War II*, which appeared in 1945. Mr. Frank is the co-author of two war books, *Out in the Boondocks*, published in 1943, and *U.S.S. Seawolf*, published in 1945.

ADVENTURE IN LEBANON

By GEROLD FRANK

THERE LIES somewhat north of troubled Palestine, a vague and highly improbable little country called Lebanon. It has a population just over one million, made up of Sunnites, Shiites, Alawites, Milkites, Druzes, Kurds, Circassians, Armenians and sundry other peoples, all known as Lebanese. Its capital is Beirut, a lovely city nestling on the Mediterranean, its languages are Arabic and French, but its greatest possession is its secret police, the *Sûreté Nationale*, founded by the French and carrying on in the French tradition. The *Sûreté Nationale* is something out of E. Phillips Oppenheim with improvements by Eric Ambler: it combines the most fantastic cloak-and-dagger features of the OSS and the FBI. In the Lebanon your waiter may turn out to be a man of the *Sûreté Nationale*, as ready to whip out a dossier on you, complete to photograph and fingerprints, as a menu; and members of the *Sûreté Nationale* pop out of doorways and hide in shadows in the best Hollywood fashion. The *Sûreté Nationale* has one other special characteristic. It is highly allergic to freedom of the press and to foreign newspapermen.

In the early days of March, 1946, the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry, which I had accompanied from Washington through Europe, arrived in Palestine on the last lap of its investigation into the Palestine problem and the question of the displaced Jews of Europe. In the course of gathering facts a sub-committee of three members of the twelve-man Committee accepted an invitation to visit Syria and Lebanon in order to learn at firsthand the attitude of the Arab states.

Now, Lebanon is a member of the Arab League, but it differs from other Arab states in that the majority of the Lebanese are Christian, and not Moslem. The largest Chris-

tian group are the Maronites, whose accepted representatives in religious and civil affairs are His Beatitude, the Patriarch Arida, and His Eminence, Monseigneur Moubarak, Archbishop of Beirut.

When the Committee arrived in the Middle East, the principal concern of the Arab League was to present a united front of Arab testimony against further Jewish immigration into Palestine. No difficulties had arisen on this score in Cairo, nor in Jerusalem, Bagdad, Riyadh, or Damascus, capitals respectively of Egypt, Palestine, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and Syria. Each Arab witness had attacked the Zionists and urged immediate establishment of Palestine as an Arab state. Lebanon, however, presented a delicate problem. The Patriarch and his good right hand, the Archbishop, the country's outstanding Christian leaders and the recognized spokesmen of the majority of the Lebanese, were suspected of sympathy toward the Jews in Palestine.

This, in the eyes of the current Lebanese Government, was heresy. It could not be brought into the light of day. Certainly, if possible, the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry must not be informed of it. The Government met this issue by a simple stratagem: it failed to include the Patriarch and the Archbishop among the Lebanese notables invited to give testimony before the Committee on the Palestine question.

This was the situation when I arrived in Beirut at noon on March 16, 1946, to cover the hearings. The sub-committee—Judge Joseph Hutcheson and Dr. James G. McDonald, American, and Lord Morrison, British—were scheduled to stay at the Hotel Normandie, overlooking the Bay of Beirut. They had not yet arrived, although they were on their way by automobile from Damascus, sixty miles distant, where I had left them earlier in the day. (Later I learned they had been forced to drive at a fifteen-mile-an-hour pace because the Lebanese authorities, on the grounds of security, insisted upon having a military tank rumble ahead of the Committee's automobile.)

Although I had cabled from Damascus for a room, the clerk behind the desk shook his head when I asked for one.

The hotel was full. Apparently every celebrity in Lebanon had flocked to Beirut for the occasion.

"But I must have a room," I said. "This is going to be the Committee's headquarters."

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

At this point a lean and worried-looking young man who had been hovering nervously just within sound of our voices, came over and introduced himself. He was Yehuda Hellman, aged twenty-three, Beirut correspondent of the *Palestine Post*, the English-language daily published in Jerusalem. I recalled having heard his name in Palestine.

"Of course," I said. "I was told to look you up if I got to Beirut. Can you do any good in getting me a room here?"

"Ah," interrupted the clerk. "You know Mr. Hellman? Excellent. He has a room here. You are both journalists. If he has no objection and it is all right with you, I will move another bed into his room and you can stay with him."

That was how I found myself joint tenant with Yehuda Hellman of Room 214, which later was to figure prominently in the Arab press under such headlines as "What Is the Mystery of Room 214?" Hellman, it developed, knew there was an important story, of high political significance, in the Government's conspiracy to keep the Patriarch and Archbishop from testifying. He definitely wanted to get it out.

"It's a peculiar setup," he explained. "The Archbishop is really the key figure, because the Patriarch is very old—in his late 80's—and the Archbishop represents him in Beirut. Well, here you have practically the most important man in Lebanon virtually muzzled. No local paper would send a man to interview him because they know he's not afraid of the Government and would speak his mind. And after all, he *is* the Archbishop of Beirut. It wouldn't be protocol for him to call uninvited upon the Committee: the Committee must call on him. And the Government has arranged a program so crowded with luncheons and teas that the Committee is scarcely going to have time to change shirts. The only solution," added Hellman, gloomily, "is to get a statement from the Archbishop—but then the Government would suppress it, anyway. Only a few months ago the Patri-

arch was interviewed by twelve foreign correspondents and the Government killed every one of their stories. The problem," said Hellman, "is how to get this whole thing out into the open."

He sat on the bed, brooding. There was a knock on the door, and a middle-aged man, wearing silver spectacles, entered. He looked at Hellman and then at me. "Mr. Frank?" I nodded. "Let me introduce myself," he said formally, and produced a calling card: *Monsieur E. B. R—*. *Licencié ès Lettres*. "Mr. Hellman has probably heard my name in Lebanon and knows that you can have confidence in me."

We all sat down, and Hellman and I looked at him expectantly.

Monsieur R. did everything but peer under the bed before he spoke. Then he came to the point.

"Sir," he said, "it is most unfair if the true voice of the Christians of Lebanon, as expressed by His Eminence, the Archbishop, is not permitted to reach the Anglo-American Committee. The Government has invited only people who will testify as the Government wishes them to testify." He paused. "Is that just? Is that what you Americans call freedom of speech? If the Committee leaves without seeing the Archbishop it will not know what is in the minds and hearts of the people of Lebanon."

"Well—" I began.

"Good," said Monsieur R., brightening. "You are acquainted with the members of the Committee. When they arrive, will you introduce me to them? I will tell them about the Archbishop and how necessary it is for them to hear what he has to say."

Hellman, who had begun to pace the floor, thinking hard, stopped. "Let's go down to the bar and wait for the Committee there," he said impatiently. "They ought to be here any minute." But Monsieur R. suggested that it would be wiser for him to keep under cover. Hellman and I agreed that Monsieur R. should remain in our room. When the Committee showed up, Hellman would notify him on the house telephone and I would see what could be done about

arranging an inconspicuous meeting between Monsieur R. and the Committee.

When we reached the lobby, a number of persons I hadn't seen earlier were lounging in the deep armchairs. We wandered into the bar, which was off the lobby. It was deserted save for a single bartender polishing glasses before a huge mirror. We took a table near the wall and ordered two bourbons and sodas.

Hellman bobbed the ice in his drink up and down with his finger. "This country gives me the jitters," he said, suddenly. "But take Monsieur R. There's a real man. He's known to be a friend of the Archbishop. The police probably have their eye on him now."

Two tall, thin men sauntered into the bar. I was seated facing the mirror, my back to the lobby. As they walked by us, they turned and stared hard. They were dark-faced, with sharp black eyes, and they wore black hats pulled down at the brim.

"Do you suppose—" I began. But Hellman wasn't listening. He was watching two more newcomers. They were tall, and lean, and saturnine, and dark-complexioned like the others, and they walked slowly, looking at us, their heads pivoting slowly on their necks as they kept their eyes on us, and they finally found seats at a table near the front of the room. In the course of the next ten minutes—as deliberately as though they were Hollywood extras timing their entrance, and the entire scene done in slow motion—the bar filled up with men who arrived in twos and threes, and who by their walk, their appearance, and their manner, would be instantly recognizable by any movie patron. By 2:30 P.M. there were at least twenty young men in the room, some seated at tables, and others at the bar, but all intently watching us over their drinks, either openly or through the mirror.

"Sûreté Nationale?" I murmured. Hellman nodded.

Quite unexpectedly Monsieur R. appeared and slipped into a chair at our table. "The Committee isn't here yet, is it?" he asked. "Why did you send for me?"

Hellman sucked in his breath. "We didn't send for you," I said.

Monsieur R. went white. He looked from left to right and from right to left under his eyebrows. He spoke rapidly. "A boy came up to the room and said, 'Your two friends wish you to come down. They are waiting for you in the bar.'"

We looked at each other. Monsieur R. rose. "I shall leave now," he said, and left.

"Maybe we had better go, too," I said. We rose and walked out of the room, feeling two dozen pairs of black eyes boring into our backs. We sat down on the lounge in the lobby.

There was a commotion outside the hotel. I was so tense I found myself on my feet. A motorcade of cars squealed to a stop. A score of Lebanese soldiers seemed to be swarming about the entrance. Then I saw they were lining up in two rows facing each other. Someone barked a sharp order in Arabic. The soldiers snapped to present arms; and between the two rows, covered with the dust of the road, wearing rumpled business suits and carrying their luggage, came, single file, the three members of the Committee, undoubtedly feeling as ludicrous amidst all this pomp as they appeared.

I walked to the desk and greeted the Committee members. "Lord, we're tired," said Dr. McDonald. "Had to follow a tank all the way into town. A long trip."

They were given their rooms—rooms 208, 210 and 216.

I went down the street to Radio Oriente, on the third floor of an ancient building near by, and sent off a story.

It was 3:35 P.M.

At 5 P.M. I was alone in Room 214, scanning the local French newspaper. Hellman, who maintained that our wires were tapped, had gone out twenty minutes earlier to make a telephone call. The door of our room was slightly ajar. I heard a noise, and looked up to see a black-gloved fist appear and pound softly on the door.

"Come in," I said. "It's open."

The door was pushed further ajar. Two stocky men, wearing narrow black coats tight about the hips, and black hats

pulled down at the brim, entered. The first one, who was shorter than the other, smiled by showing his teeth.

"A routine matter, if you please," he said in French. "Your card of identity?"

For no special reason, I felt a pricking of my scalp.

"Who are you?" I asked coldly, knowing very well who they were.

Both men, like a twin vaudeville act, simultaneously dug their right hands into their right-hand coat pockets, and brought them out simultaneously with two identical small leather cardcases fitted into their palms, opened to show a card with a photograph and the words, "Sûreté Nationale."

"I am an American journalist here to cover the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry," I said formally. "Here is my passport."

The short man took it. Both examined its pages gravely, apparently studying even the watermarks. The short man looked up. "Where is your friend?" he said.

"He went out a little while ago," I said. "He'll be back any minute."

The two conferred briefly in Arabic. The short man spoke. "If you please, is it possible for you to speak with my superior? He is to be found downstairs. Would you come with us?"

"Sure," I said. I followed them down the three flights to the lobby. I walked with them through the lobby and out of the hotel. "It is immediately around the corner," said the short man, apologetically. I walked around the corner with them. "It is immediately in this doorway and up these stairs," he said. I entered a doorway, above which hung a small green light, and climbed the stairs with them. On the second landing we reached a long hall, and finally I was in a little anteroom at the end of the hall. I gathered that this was the headquarters of the Sûreté Nationale, but I wasn't sure.

"Please to sit down," said the short man. He had been carrying my passport, and now he vanished with it into another room. His companion sat down near me, carefully pulled a single cigarette from a vest pocket, produced a single match from another pocket, and lit his cigarette.

Suddenly the door was flung open and what at first appeared to be Primo Carnera, wearing shiny riding boots with spurs, and swinging a thick leather riding crop, strode out. He took three steps down the hall, wheeled round, and shouted, "You! Come weeth me!" punctuating his words by smacking the riding crop sharply down on his open palm.

I didn't get it at first.

His eyes opened wide, showing the whites all around. He brought the riding crop down on his palm again, making a loud report. "You!" he roared, and he *was* looking at me. "*Come weeth me!*" Smack! went the leather whip again. His voice was deep and guttural. "Come!"

I rose and walked toward him. He grabbed me by the elbow and half propelled me down the hall. A door opened onto a little room and there, in a far corner, guarded by a soldier with a rifle, sat young Hellman, his tie awry and a resigned look in his eyes. "Go een!" ordered my guide. "Now, wait a minute—" I protested. I tried violently to shake myself loose. "Go een!" he roared, and pushed me, hard, inside "You seet down there!" He pointed with the riding crop to a chair in the opposite corner. Then he pointed it at Hellman and back at me. "You two don't talk, you understand?" Smack! went the whip again. "No talk!"

The door slammed behind him, leaving Hellman and me seated there with the guard glowering at us.

"Did they get you on the street?" I asked Hellman swiftly.

The guard gestured ominously with his rifle. "No talk!" he said darkly. "No talk!"

We sat silently for about three minutes, when a smiling young man, my passport in his hand, entered and approached me. He bent down to whisper in my ear. He was as suave as Primo was rough, and his voice carried authority. "Mr. Frank, my name is M. Saury," he said. "Your passport is in order and everything will be all right. But we are obliged to investigate this other man further. Will you please come back to the hotel with me?"

We proceeded down the stairs, M. Saury and I in front, Hellman behind, between Primo and the guard.

"We welcome all Western peoples to Lebanon," M. Saury

said, as we walked through the darkness. "But we have much trouble from the people of a neighboring country, and we must do everything to protect the members of the Committee."

I was about to add, "Even against hearing what you don't want them to hear," but thought better of it.

Back in the Normandie lobby again, M. Saury asked me to sit down in one of the easy chairs. "We wish you only to stay here until we take this man upstairs and search his baggage," he said. I sat down, and discovered Primo smiling sheepishly, his riding crop still dangling from his wrist, taking the chair next to me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw M. Saury escorting Hellman upstairs. Primo leaned over to me, confidingly. "Why you here?" he asked. I looked at him. "I am writing about the Anglo-American Committee," I said. Primo said, "Yes. You are American?"

"You saw my passport, didn't you?" I said.

Primo smiled blandly. "Maybe they find gun upstairs," he said. "Your friend very dangerous man. We watch heem for many days."

"Oh, I don't think so," I said. "He's only a newspaperman."

Primo put his hand into a back pocket and brought out the same kind of small leather case I'd seen earlier in the hands of his two colleagues. He opened it, flipping by the top card reading "Sûreté Nationale" and exhibited a second card. This, too, carried his photograph and, in addition, the word, "Presse."

"I am newspaperman also," he said. "So I go everywhere." He grinned. "Very good," he said, and replaced it. He swung his riding crop thoughtfully. "You know, I wish to write for American newspapers, too. I have much news. I tell them I work for Government, too."

I said I didn't think that would help him to be the Beirut correspondent of American newspapers.

"But why?" he asked. "In the Government I learn much."

We had no chance to delve further into the subject, for M. Saury was back, alone. "We are finished," he said, smiling. "You may go up to your room now. I regret that you

have been inconvenienced." We shook hands. Primo extended a huge hand, almost bashfully, and I shook it, too.

Inside Room 214, Hellman, apparently none the worse, was kneeling on the floor rearranging his ruffled belongings. "They took my passport, my press collect card, and all my credentials," he said, bitterly. Two agents of the Sûreté Nationale had arrested him outside the Normandie ten minutes before I appeared at headquarters. They had asked him many questions about me. Where did he meet "your friend who calls himself an American?" they had demanded repeatedly. Why were we together in Room 214? "They may think I'm here to assassinate the Committee and you're the finger man to point them out," Hellman said.

We had dinner together and then descended to the lobby. Seated in one of the deep chairs, engrossed in a newspaper, was a familiar figure: the short, squat agent who had taken me to headquarters.

I pointed him out to Hellman. "He's the one who wanted to know where you were," I said. Hellman grinned mirthlessly. "He's the one who arrested me," he said. "Let's go out and get some air. Maybe we can find Monsieur R. if the police haven't got him yet."

We walked toward the doors and, as we did so, the short man rose, put his paper to one side, and managed to reach the doors a step ahead of us. He planted himself in front of us. "If you please," he said, in French. "No, please."

"We are going out," I said. "I wish to send a story about the Committee, and Mr. Hellman is accompanying me."

The short man closed his eyes for a moment, and shook his head.

"You are free to go," he said to me. "But it is better for your friend to stay here."

We turned around and walked back into the lobby. "I'm under house arrest," said Hellman. "They won't let me send any stories out." He snapped his fingers. "I'm going to try something." He hurried to the telephone operator, who was sitting at her switchboard in a little cubicle near the stairs.

"I want to call the *Palestine Post*, Jerusalem," Hellman said.

The telephone operator smiled pleasantly, but made no move.

"I regret," she said. "All the lines to Jerusalem are unfortunately busy."

No charges had been lodged against Hellman, but he was under house arrest and incommunicado. I sent off a dispatch to Palestine and the States on our arrest, my release, and Hellman's predicament. Later I learned that after my story appeared, the *Palestine Post* repeatedly attempted to reach us by telephone and cable. As to the first, the Hotel Normandie operator invariably reported that we were "out in the town"; as to the second, no cable was ever delivered to us.

At 8:30 P.M. that night, I was rearranging my notes in Room 214. Hellman was lying on his bed, staring at the ceiling.

There was a knock on the door, and it was pushed open by an excited stranger. "Mr. Hellman," he said breathlessly, "I am the manager of the hotel. Please, the Prime Minister has invited you to have dinner with him at the Foreign Ministry. He has sent his car for you. Please come at once."

Hellman said, "Are you sure you want Yehuda Hellman?"

The manager nodded impatiently. "Yes, yes. The reporter of the *Palestine Post*. Please hurry, if you will."

Hellman dressed, grinned at me, and was gone.

When he returned two hours later, he was subdued.

"I don't understand," he said. "I got there and they gave me a great welcome. I saw the Committee there. The Chef de Protocol met me and said, 'Delighted to see you,' and he introduced me to Terence Shone, the British Minister, who told me it was all a mistake, and they introduced me to the Chief of the Sûreté Nationale, no less, who presented me to the Prime Minister, and everyone drank a toast to my health. Well, naturally, I felt wonderful.

"I ate, I drank. Then I said good-bye all around and left." Hellman paused. "I walked here from the Ministry and hap-

pened to turn around, *and there was our short friend, trailing me again!*"

I almost heard the scenes being shifted in this latest bit of Levantine stage managing. Obviously Hellman had been produced at the Ministry to allay any suspicions on the part of the Committee members, who might have heard of our arrest, that freedom of speech was being abridged in Lebanon.

"Let's call their bluff," I said. "Try to walk out with me."

We descended to the lobby again, walked toward the doors, and as inevitable as a character in a play, the short man materialized from nowhere and was there before us, shaking his head.

"Do you mean I can't go out?" demanded Hellman. "Why, I've just returned from the Ministry. You know it. You followed me. You know I was the guest of the Prime Minister!"

The short man sighed. "If you please, it is better that you do not leave the hotel."

Hellman, furious, turned away. I tapped the short man on the chest.

"Look," I said. "Just for the record. Is Mr. Hellman under arrest or is he not?"

The short man lifted his eyebrows and made an immemorial French gesture with his hand, turning the palm slowly up, then down, and said, "*Comme ça, comme ça.*"

While Hellman moped in his room, I attended the hearings at the Foreign Ministry the following afternoon. The Archbishop of Beirut was not present. Each witness attacked the Zionists and called for the establishment of Palestine as an Arab state. It was nearly 8 P.M. when I finished cabling my story at the Radio Oriente offices.

As I was descending the stairs in half darkness, I heard a whispered "Mr. Frank!" Out of the shadows came Monsieur R. He wrung my hand. "I have been waiting here for three hours," he said. "I knew sooner or later you must come here." He had been trying to reach me by telephone since the afternoon before. "But it was no use," he said. "They are watching the wires. Each time I asked for you

there was a small click in the receiver, and I knew they were listening." He wanted to know how Hellman was bearing up. I told him. He stood there for a minute, holding my hand, then said, "Mr. Frank, you can do a good deed for the people of Lebanon. It is a question of permitting the truth to be known to the world. Would you be willing to interview His Eminence, the Archbishop of Beirut, and tell the story to the world, if it is made possible for you to see him?"

I gave that some thought. The Committee was to leave Lebanon to return to Palestine in the morning, and I must accompany them. "Sure," I said, "but from what I've heard I don't know whether I'll be able to get the story out of the country. And I'd have to see him tonight."

Monsieur R. made an exclamation.

"I do not know if it is possible," he said, "but tonight would be excellent. No one would dream that you would attempt anything like this at such a late hour."

We went to a bar. Monsieur R. made a number of telephone calls. He returned, jubilant. We took a taxicab to a private home on the outskirts of Beirut. Here, in a room with shades drawn, I was introduced to a Lebanese attorney described to me as an intimate of His Eminence. In their company I was driven in a private car through circuitous back streets to the palace of the Archbishop. Inside, we passed numerous priests, and were finally ushered into the chambers of His Eminence, Monseigneur Ignace Moubarak, Archbishop of Beirut. The Archbishop turned out to be a paternal-looking priest in his sixties, who resembled Falstaff: big, hearty, and full of good humor.

"Ah, an American journalist," he said. "And you want to know how we feel about the events of today?" He chuckled. "Yes, take down what I say. I am ready to tell you." With that, he proceeded to speak with startling frankness. He charged that the Lebanese President had "not given his real views on Zionism" to the Anglo-American Committee. "I told him so myself," said the Archbishop. "I said to him the other day, 'Mr. President, you know you feel differently from what you will say to the Committee. It is because you are afraid

and say what the Arab League tells you to say.'” The Archbishop toyed with a large silver cross on his habit. The situation of the Lebanese Christians, he went on, was similar to that of the Jews in Palestine: and “as the last Christian country in Asia, and the ancient bearers of culture in the Middle East, we realize that the Jews are bringing civilization to Palestine and the entire Middle East; I am very much in favor of Zionism because I have the good of Palestine at heart.” The Moslem Arabs, he asserted, wanted to return Palestine to the backward condition in which it existed under the Ottoman Sultans. The Archbishop pointed a finger at me. “Write this down,” he said. “You can be sure that in this country the great majority of Christians are against the reactionary Arab opinion and support the Jews. When we Lebanese Christians must choose between retrogression and civilization, we choose civilization.”

In view of what Arab League spokesmen had been asserting was the temper of their people, this was, of course, a statement full of political dynamite. I said, “Your Eminence, would you be good enough to sign this so that if any question arises, there will be no doubt as to its authenticity?”

The Archbishop nodded vigorously.

“Of course,” he said, and taking my notebook, wrote his name in bold letters. “These are my views,” he said, “and I am not afraid to state them.”

Monsieur R., all smiles, drove me to the edge of Beirut, and told me where to walk to find a cab stand. I took a cab to the Normandie. Hellman was in Room 214. I showed him the interview. He whistled. “Wonderful!” he exclaimed. “The Archbishop is a brave man. But how are you going to get the story out? Don’t try to send it from here. It’ll be stopped.” He looked at me. “You’ll have to take your chances at the border.”

I left Lebanon early the next morning as one of five passengers in a regularly chartered taxicab which daily makes the trip between the two capitals. I crossed the Lebanese-Palestine border at 10 A.M., the Archbishop’s signed statement folded and refolded inside the lining of my tie.

The interview was filed from Jerusalem, and resulted in a

rash of angry stories in the Arab press, ranging from denials to charges that the entire interview was faked.

As for the Archbishop's signed statement—if anyone is still interested—it probably still reposes where I left it, in a safe on the fourth floor of the *Palestine Post* building in Jerusalem. And there it remains for the record.

HENRY J. TAYLOR

HENRY J. TAYLOR of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers has been a regular commuter to Europe and an on-the-spot observer of world affairs since 1923.

Mr. Taylor was in Germany at the outbreak of the war in 1939 and for the next six years reported from thirty-two countries abroad, travelling 150,000 miles in his assignments overseas, including an assignment around the world.

In addition to his Scripps-Howard writings he is known to the public through his magazine articles in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Reader's Digest*, *Life*, etc., and on the radio and lecture platform. He is the author of four books dealing with events and personalities abroad: *The Economy of Coercion*, *Time Runs Out*, *Men in Motion* and *Men and Power*.

Mr. Taylor's journalistic work has featured interviews with leading figures everywhere, and during the war he lived and travelled with General George Patton during many of the most critical phases of the General's campaigns.

Unquestionably, the Patton slapping affair was one of the war's most famous and controversial incidents involving a member of the Armed Forces.

In a remarkable piece of straight reporting, Henry J. Taylor gives here the first documented and detailed report of the facts ever to have been published.

GENERAL PATTON'S VERSION OF THE SICILIAN SLAPPING INCIDENTS

By HENRY J. TAYLOR

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH ARMY

A.P.O. #758, U.S. ARMY

29th August, 1943

My dear General Eisenhower:

Replying to your letter of August 17, 1943, I want to commence by thanking you for this additional illustration of your fairness and generous consideration in making the communication personal.

I am at a loss to find words with which to express my chagrin and grief at having given you, a man to whom I owe everything and for whom I would gladly lay down my life, cause for displeasure with me.

I assure you that I had no intention of being either harsh or cruel in my treatment of the two soldiers in question. My sole purpose was to try and restore in them a just appreciation of their obligation as men and soldiers.

In World War I, I had a dear friend and former schoolmate who lost his nerve in an exactly analogous manner, and who, after years of mental anguish, committed suicide.

Both my friend and the medical men with whom I discussed his case assured me that had he been roundly checked at the time of his first misbehavior, he would have been restored to a normal state.

Naturally, this memory actuated me when I inaptly tried to apply the remedies suggested. After each incident I stated to officers with me that I felt I had probably saved an immortal soul. . . .

Very respectfully,

(signed) G. S. PATTON, JR.

Lieut. General, U.S. Army

General D. D. Eisenhower
Headquarters AFHQ
APO #512—U.S. Army

WHEN General Patton gave me a copy of this letter he lay back on the bed in his field-trailer and said, "What does that sound like to you?"

"It sounds to me like only half of the story," I said.

So, first, let's see what actually happened.

Private Charles H. Kuhl (in civilian life a carpet layer from South Bend, Indiana), ASN 35536908, L Company, 26th Infantry, 1st Division, was admitted to the 3rd Battalion, 26th Infantry aid station in Sicily on August 2, 1943, at 2:10 P.M.

He had been in the Army eight months and with the 1st Division about thirty days.

A diagnosis of "Exhaustion" was made at the station by Lieutenant H. L. Sanger, Medical Corps, and Kuhl was evacuated to C Company, 1st Medical Battalion, well to the rear of the fighting.

There a note was made on his medical tag stating that he had been admitted to this place three times during the Sicilian campaign.

He was evacuated to the clearing company by Captain J. D. Broom, M.C., put in "quarters" and given sodium amytal, one capsule night and morning, on the prescription of Captain N. S. Nedell, M.C.

On August 3rd the following remark appears on Kuhl's Emergency Medical Tag: "Psychoneuroses anxiety state—moderately severe. Soldier has been twice before in hospital within ten days. He can't take it at front evidently. He is repeatedly returned." (signed) Capt. T. P. Covington, Medical Corps.

By this route and in this way Private Kuhl arrived in the receiving tent of the 15th Evacuation Hospital, where the blow was struck that was heard round the world.

"I came into the tent," explains General Patton, "with the commanding officer of the outfit and other medical officers.

"I spoke to the various patients, especially commending the wounded men. I just get sick inside myself when I see a fellow torn apart, and some of the wounded were in terrible, ghastly shape. Then I came to this man and asked him what was the matter.

The soldier replied, "I guess I can't take it."

"Looking at the others in the tent, so many of them badly beaten up, I simply flew off the handle."

Patton squared off in front of the soldier.

He called the man every kind of a loathsome coward and then slapped him across the face with his gloves.

The soldier fell back. Patton grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him out of the tent.

Kuhl was immediately picked up by corpsmen and taken to a ward.*

Returning to his headquarters Patton issued the following memorandum to Corps, Division and Separate Brigade Commanders two days later:

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH ARMY

APO #758 U.S. ARMY

5 August, 1943

It has come to my attention that a very small number of soldiers are going to the hospital on the pretext that they are nervously incapable of combat.

Such men are cowards, and bring discredit on the Army and disgrace to their comrades whom they heartlessly leave to endure the danger of a battle while they themselves use the hospital as a means of escaping.

You will take measures to see that such cases are not sent to the hospital, but are dealt with in their units.

Those who are not willing to fight will be tried by Court-Martial for cowardice in the face of the enemy.

(Signed) G. S. PATTON, JR.,
Lieut. General, U.S. Army,
Commanding

Five days later General Patton, not a medical man, again took matters into his own hands.

He slapped another soldier.

* There Kuhl was found to have a temperature of 102.2 degrees F., gave a history of chronic diarrhea for the past month, and was shown by a blood test to have malaria.

Private Paul G. Bennett, ASN 70000001, C Battery, Field Artillery, was admitted to the 93rd Evacuation Hospital on August 10th at 2:20 P.M.

Bennett, still only twenty-one, had served four years in the Regular Army. He had an excellent record. His unit had been attached to the II Corps since March and he had never had any difficulties until four days earlier when his best friend in the outfit, fighting near by, was wounded in action.

Bennett could not sleep that night and felt nervous. The shells going over "bothered" him. "I keep thinking they're going to land right on me," he said. The next day he became increasingly nervous about the firing and about his buddy's recovery.

A battery aid man sent him to the rear echelon, where a medical officer gave him some medicine which made him sleep. But he was still nervous, badly disturbed.

On August 10th the medical officer ordered him to the 93rd Evacuation Hospital, although Bennett begged not to be evacuated because he did not want to leave his unit.

General Patton arrived at the hospital that day.

Bennett was sitting in the receiving tent, huddled up and shivering.

Patton spoke to all the injured men. He was solicitous, kind and inspiring. But when he and Major Charles B. Etter, the receiving officer in charge, reached Bennett and Patton asked the soldier what his trouble was, the soldier replied, "It's my nerves," and began to sob.

Patton turned on him like a tiger, screaming at him:

"What did you say?"

"It's my nerves," sobbed Bennett. "I can't take the shelling any more."

In this moment Patton lost control of himself completely. Without any investigation of the man's case whatever, he rushed close to Bennett and shouted: "Your nerves, hell. You are just a . . . coward, you yellow b—."

Then he slapped the soldier hard across the face.

"Shut up that . . . crying," he yelled. "I won't have these brave men here who have been shot seeing a yellow b— sitting here crying."

Patton struck at the man again. He knocked his helmet liner off his head into the next tent. Then he turned to Major Etter and yelled, "Don't admit this yellow b—, there's nothing the matter with him. I won't have the hospitals cluttered up with these SOB's who haven't got the guts to fight."

Patton himself began to sob. He wheeled around to Colonel Donald E. Currier, the 93rd's commanding Medical Officer. "I can't help it," he said. "It makes me break down to see brave boys and to think of a yellow b— being babied."

But this was not all. In his blind fury, Patton turned on Bennett again. The soldier now was managing to sit at attention, although shaking all over.

"You're going back to the front lines," Patton shouted. "You may get shot and killed, but you're going to fight. If you don't, I'll stand you up against a wall and have a firing squad kill you on purpose."

"In fact," he said, reaching for his revolver, "I ought to shoot you myself, you — whimpering coward."

As he left the tent Patton was still yelling back at the receiving officer to "send that yellow SOB back to the front line."

Nurses and patients, attracted by the shouting and cursing, came from the adjoining tent and witnessed this disturbance.

Patton made no initial report of these affairs to his superior, General Eisenhower, who was then in his Headquarters at Tunis on the North African mainland.

"I felt ashamed of myself," General Patton told me, "and I hoped the whole thing would die out."

But an official report by Lieut. Colonel Perrin H. Long, Medical Corps consulting physician, was already on the way to Allied Headquarters through Medical Corps channels.

"The deleterious effects of such incidents upon the well-being of patients, upon the professional morale of hospital staffs and upon the relationship of patient to physician are incalculable," reported Lieut. Colonel Long. "It is imperative that immediate steps be taken to prevent a recurrence of such incidents."

General Eisenhower received this report on August 17th. His communication to General Patton was sent off that night.

In his message, which Patton showed me, the Commanding General told Patton of the allegations, told him that he could not describe in official language his revulsion, informed Patton that he must make, on his own initiative, proper amends to the soldiers involved and take steps to make amends before his whole army.

"This all happened practically on the eve of a new attack in which I had been written in for a large part in the plans, already issued," Patton explained, "and General Eisenhower stated therefore that he would temporarily reserve decision regarding my relief of command until he could determine the effect of my own corrective measures.

"Then Eisenhower did four things: He sent Maj. General John Porter Lucas to Sicily to make an investigation of the charges, sent the Theatre's Inspector General to investigate command relationships in my entire army, sent another general officer to interview the two soldiers and made a trip to Sicily himself to determine how much resentment against me existed in the army.

"Eisenhower's problem was whether what I had done was sufficiently damaging to compel my relief on the eve of attack, thus losing what he described as my unquestioned military value, or whether less drastic measures would be appropriate.

"I went to see both Kuhl and Bennett," Patton continued, "explained my motives and apologized for my actions.

"In each case I stated that I should like to shake hands with them; that I was sincerely sorry. In each case they accepted my offer.

"I called together all the doctors, nurses and enlisted men who were present when the slappings occurred. I apologized and expressed my humiliation over my impulsive actions.

"Finally, I addressed all divisions of the 7th Army in a series of assemblies, the last of which was an address before the 3rd Division on August 30th.

"I praised them as soldiers, expressed regret for any occa-

sions when I harshly treated individuals and offered my apologies as their Commanding General for doing anything unfair or un-American.

“Beyond that, except to leave the Army and get out of the war, I do not know what I could have done.”

GORDON WATERFIELD

GORDON WATERFIELD, born 1903, has been a journalist for the last twenty-one years, except for a period in the British Army during the war. After leaving Oxford he went to Egypt to learn the cotton trade and became a journalist instead, working there from 1925 to 1931 for various newspapers, including *The Times* of London and *The Christian Science Monitor*. He joined Reuter's in London and remained with them for nine years, during which time he was correspondent in Rome, Paris and Lisbon.

After the fall of France, where he had been Reuter's war correspondent, he was commissioned in the British Army and saw active service in Somaliland with an irregular Arab-Somali force. Following the defeat of the Italians in Ethiopia, he became Information Officer in Addis Ababa in charge of a radio station and three newspapers. He returned to Reuter's as a war correspondent and went to China, India, Burma and Turkey. He spent the last two years of the war working as a major on the Joint Staff in the War Cabinet Offices in London. On demobilization in February, 1946, he joined the foreign staff of Kemsley Newspapers and came to New York as their Chief Correspondent for the United States.

John Murray has published three books of his: a biography, *Lucie Duff Gordon* (1937), *What Happened to France* (1940), and *Morning Will Come* (1944).

CHANGING BRITAIN

By GORDON WATERFIELD

THERE ARE AMERICANS and others who believe that, since the advent of the Labor Government in Britain and the increase in communist strength in France, freedom of the individual is upheld only in the United States and Canada. They have built up a new picture of Britain: John Bull is no longer vigorous enough to fight for his liberties and is allowing himself to be dragooned and regimented. They fear that he will wake up one day to find himself immobilized in red tape, tied by thousands of rather pink, Lilliputian civil servants. They fear, too, that when he is allowed to get on his feet again he may have changed his character, if he has not done so already. "The old song has it that Britons never, never shall be slaves, but we are beginning to wonder," said a New York newspaper editorial at the end of 1946.

It is possible to imagine such things from 3,000 miles away. There are nightmare dreams about Russia launching an offensive with fleets of bombers across the Northern Ice-Cap. There are fears about Britain becoming a totalitarian state and all Europe going communist, leaving the United States, and perhaps Canada, as the only islands of freedom in a wicked world. I, too, find that I have a new and queer perspective of Europe as I look across the Atlantic from the eastern seaboard of America. I am apprehensive as I see Britain, a very small island, perched beneath Iceland and the Arctic Circle with the vast spaces of Russia beyond.

It is time that I revisited Britain to find out how things are going with her. Once across the Atlantic my horizon is narrowed down to a view of England with her intricate, winding, hedged-in roads, her factories and sprawling towns, her people waiting in queues. Having been brought up in the smaller horizons of Europe, it is rather a relief to be there. I

feel reassurance in the fact that the people know where they are going, which gives them a resilience and a courage which they would not otherwise have, for they are all very tired and badly need a change of diet and environment. Britons today know that they have to export more than they ever did before the war in order to regain their position. It is a steady climb uphill and people grumble at the acute shortage of housing accommodation, at the lack of heating in a country where coal has been the main wealth for more than a century, at the fact that food rations are back to what they were at the worst period of the Battle of the Atlantic, and bread is rationed for the first time. They grumble, but they know that they have to put up with it, and that all manner of things have to be controlled.

Only those who have lived in Britain for several years realize how drab life can be. There were Americans who thought that they were experiencing the same difficulties as the British housewife when they stood in line for meat during the fall of 1946. But that lasted for only a few weeks, instead of years; if there was no steak, there was often ham or chicken or turkey or fish. To the British housewife there is no alternative to the weekly twenty-five cents' worth of meat, excepting the almost meatless sausages and hour-long waits for frozen codfish. It is easier to be heroically austere during a war when bombs are falling, than it is to continue this drab life in peacetime with no excitement to light up the vista of indefinite monotony. "Britain Can Take It," the motto born in the Blitz, is still the motto today, but it has lost much of its gallant savor. There is another theme song, "Britain Can Make It," and so she can—for export. Crowds flocked to see the industrial exhibition held in London in the fall of 1946, dreaming of the day when they would themselves be able to own some of the products displayed and not see them being exported. It is certainly disheartening to know that things in short supply, like fountain pens, radios, typewriters, automobiles, woolen clothing, china, glassware and cotton goods are being shipped abroad; almost more gloomy than a Scottish Sunday is a day in Glasgow when a

shipload of good "Scotch" is sailing out of the Clyde to the United States. There was pride at the departure of the *Queen Elizabeth* on her maiden voyage to New York; but there were also members of the public who read with despondency the well-published accounts of all the good food and wine which were to be had on board and which were sailing away. The Conservatives argue that much of this austerity is unnecessary and that some of the controls should be lifted; the Socialists reply that without the existing controls there would be chaos.

In America, the Republicans have been returned with a majority in the House of Representatives and in the Senate, which means that the people are against controls and want a free economy. It is a repudiation of Roosevelt's New Deal and is totally at variance with the planned economy which the Labor Government of Britain is carrying out. Why are the two Western democracies pursuing entirely different policies?

Let us go back to Churchill and the defeat of the Conservatives in the 1945 elections just before the end of the war against Japan. Churchill had been a supreme wartime leader, perhaps the greatest leader that Britain has ever had. He had inspired, galvanized and dominated a National Government, whose Conservative, Socialist and Liberal members kept together through nearly five years of warfare. When Germany had been defeated, however, there was unrest within the War Cabinet and the National Government began to break apart. There were underlying differences of policy and a clash of personalities. Churchill, for instance, disliked Herbert Morrison with a strength of feeling which surprised many when he let his views be known during the elections; since then there have been several bitter exchanges on the floor of the House of Commons, for Morrison, now Lord President of the Council and Deputy Prime Minister, is as aggressive a debater as the former Prime Minister. Churchill had many criticisms of his former colleagues; perhaps the most biting was of Attlee, the new Prime Minister, whom he described as "a sheep in wolf's clothing." Ernest Bevin, the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, was

perhaps the nearest to his own make-up; they were certainly of a size. The story is told of Churchill being carried upstairs in his sedan chair after a late meeting of the War Cabinet in the underground offices off Whitehall; on one occasion the stalwart marine who was taking the Prime Minister's weight behind gave a grunt of exhaustion. "Don't start complaining," said Churchill, "you may have to carry Ernie Bevin up here after the elections!"

Churchill, however, never expected to be defeated in the elections and he was bitterly disappointed at the results. He and many other Conservatives felt that he had been let down by a public which came as near to idolizing him as they had any prime minister in history. But with the ending of the war against Germany tension was relaxed and there were many who thought that Churchill might continue in peacetime to be something of a dictator, as Lloyd George had been after the previous war. The electorate remembered the failure of the Conservatives to deal with unemployment in the thirties and how ineptly they had handled Japan, Mussolini and Hitler. They felt that the Conservatives had been there too long and they believed the Socialists would pay more attention to the home front; they wanted a change of government and they conveniently forgot the part played by the Socialists between the wars. There was an interesting speech made by Sir Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons in 1935 which is worth recalling. Replying to Attlee's criticism of the new rearmament policy of the Conservative government, he said:

"We can none of us guarantee peace by fine phrases. If war breaks out, if we become the victims of aggression or become involved in a struggle, and if the Hon. member for Limehouse (Mr. Attlee) and his friends be sitting on the government bench while London is bombed, do you think that he will hold the language that he held today? If he does, he will be one of the first victims of the war, for he will be strung up by an angry, and justifiably angry, populace to the nearest lamppost."

When war came the Socialists were, of course, as strongly in favor of arms production, as they had been against it before.

When it came to taking over the government after the war, Labor was as concerned about the safety of Britain as any of their predecessors; Bevin was as bluff and forthright on foreign policy as Churchill had been.

It is the planned economy and the nationalization of industry, however, which most worries the Conservatives. The case for nationalization and a planned economy on one side, and a free economy with fewer controls on the other, was put clearly to the electorate; they chose the former, as clearly and definitely as the American electorate a little over a year later chose the latter. The reason for this difference is clear if one considers the make-up of the two countries.

The wealth of Britain had depended to a great extent on her export trade, on interest from private investments abroad and on the profits from her vast carrying trade. It was difficult for many to realize the importance of the last two, the invisible exports, until the war gave a devastatingly clear object lesson in economics. Investments were sold and the merchant fleet was decimated; the invisible exports became nonexistent and Britain emerged temporarily as a poor country. She still needed to import food, gas and raw materials to keep her population alive and her factories running. It is for that reason that the American loan was so important and that the people of Britain today have to live under a regime which is as austere as it was in wartime.

In the rich continent of America there is every variety of food, raw material and manufacture, all of which is produced and exchanged for the one national currency, the dollar. It is an empire on its own under one government. Apart from the loan, Britain can obtain dollars only by selling goods to America, either directly or indirectly; it will be a long time before she will be able to release goods for the home market which are now going abroad. Controls may have to stay for several years. They regulate the flow of coal and imported raw materials throughout the big manufacturing towns. While the domestic cupboard is kept bare in London, the factory chimneys of Britain belch smoke and the machines thunder night and day. But the overhanging fear is always: will there

be enough coal and enough raw materials to keep them working at high pressure?

In the spring of 1946 I made my first tour of Britain; previously I had always travelled south from London to Paris, Rome, the Near and Far East. The manufacturing towns of Britain were as exciting as any visit to the mountains of Ethiopia or the rugged headland of Chungking, and I would like to make the tour again in this article. Just as no one can understand France by living in Paris or America by living in New York City, so Britain is an unknown quantity to the stay-at-home Londoner.

Manchester itself was as gloomy as it is reputed to be. Half the Cotton Exchange had been gutted by fire following a bombing raid, and business is done in only one half. This was considered to be symbolic, as it was expected that there would be only about half the original trade. All the brokers were complaining about control. They argued that government agencies buying in bulk would never be able to produce the specialized requirements of all the spinners. The activity in the mills around Manchester, however, was much more encouraging. They were working at high pressure but could have worked at higher pressure if they had had more raw materials. At the beginning of every conversation manufacturers would complain about controls; but after some time they generally admitted that they were necessary, given the conditions, and that there might be chaos without them. It is the conditions that these cotton kings do not like. They had been accustomed to having cotton pouring in from Egypt, the South Sea Islands, America and elsewhere, and to seeing their cloth going out to India, Africa and all over the world. There were plenty of younger men in the business who had come out of the Forces and were eager to experiment with new machinery; they were particularly watching developments in the United States. In London I had been given the impression that the cotton magnates were all die-hard reactionaries, unwilling to try new methods.

In Glasgow the shipyards were working at full pressure rebuilding Britain's merchant fleet, making river boats for

the Irrawaddy to replace damage done in the Japanese war, and planning to make river boats for South America. I went down the Clyde in a police launch, past John Brown's yard where the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* were built. There was little activity to be seen, but when the whistle blew for dinner, thousands of people suddenly appeared from the interiors of skeleton ships. The police launch had a visitors' book full of well-known names, including many Americans, such as Ernie Pyle and Edward G. Robinson. At the Lord Provost's there was another book, of which he was very proud; it contained the names of 2,000 Americans who had visited the Red Cross in Glasgow during the war. People were very conscious here of the link with Canada and the United States, for a great many Scotsmen and Scotswomen had emigrated to the American continent in the last 250 years. There are thirty-nine streets in Glasgow having names connected with America, many of them recalling the tobacco trade, which was one of the first links. There are good prospects of work for everyone in the industrial belt of southern Scotland. Light industry is being developed as much as possible so as to have a variety of employment and to guard against slumps in shipbuilding such as occurred after the last war. There are 160 new factories planned, to give work to 100,000 people, and several American firms are setting up factories in the Glasgow area.

Across on the east coast there was also great activity in places like Dundee, which is within the industrial belt. Aberdeen, further north, is outside the belt, and has retained its beauty. It is famous, too, for its hospitality. I dealt with more whisky there in three nights than I had seen in London during several months. Industry is very specialized and many of its products are exported to America—kippers, overcoats, gloves and fine woolen textiles. The textile factories were dividing their time between orders for utility clothes for Britain and specialized cloth for the United States: they could not fill all the orders that they were receiving.

I came South again to Newcastle, with its ancient churches and its coal mines stretching for hundreds of miles under the earth. I went along the Tyne River; even Jarrow,

which suffered such terrible unemployment after the last war, was active. The ship designers were particularly busy. I talked to Mr. Harold Hudson, who was one of the men who were sent by the British Government to the United States in December, 1940, to try to persuade Americans to build ships for us. They had little success until they met Henry Kaiser and got into touch with the management of the Bath Iron Works. Then began that remarkable Anglo-American partnership which launched so many merchant ships and helped to win the Battle of the Atlantic.

I wanted to see what the conditions were like in the mines. To the visitor there is adventure in putting on a miner's steel hat, overalls and kneepads and taking up a stick and a lamp which gives warning if there is too much coal gas about. I signed a paper to say that it was at my own risk, and went down a quarter of a mile or so in the earth in a clanging lift. In America much of the coal is near the earth's surface and can be extracted very much more easily. We travelled along vast passages which were longer and more intricate than the catacombs of Rome. After visiting the pit ponies, which looked remarkably healthy in their underground stalls, I began to get an idea of how unpleasant life could be underground. We walked, bent double, for about half a mile and then had to lie down and worm our way on our stomachs to the pit face. The sweat poured in runnels down the coal dust on my face and I wished that I had had leather pads on my elbows as well as on my knees. I began to realize that it was not surprising that miners' sons did not follow in their fathers' footsteps. The ones I spoke to wanted to move to other employment. Yet I would rather work in a mine alongside these tough, stalwart men than in the huge chocolate and candy factory which I visited later in another town, where conditions were considered excellent; there was a sickly smell of burnt sugar in the air, and equally sickly music blared out in every room. In spite of their life underground, the miners have extremely fine physiques, except those in an area where there is silicosis; and they are the best dancers in the country. But I am told that the young belles prefer the pale-faced bank clerks to husbands who come

home with dirty faces and clothes. The problem of making coal mining attractive is a major one for the Labor Government and for any subsequent government. Britain has begun to design Diesel engines for the railways, and perhaps in the distant future there will be atomic energy instead of coal. Until that time, however, there will be a crisis in Britain. Instead of being able to export vast quantities of coal, as she did before the war, she has to import more fuel oil. Besides the growing difficulty of recruiting enough labor for the mines, they are getting more and more difficult to operate. The mine I visited was one of the best, and it was dry; in many, you have to wade through water and lie in it at the pit face. In the coal-mining industry, also, I found that management was very much alive to any new device for cutting coal and that they followed closely any developments in America.

Another race of men who are impressive to watch at work are the men in the steel industry. The tall chimneys of war-battered Sheffield were alive with smoke at a time when I had been told we were so short of coal that many works were about to shut down. In the huge factories, their twilight suddenly lit up by the white glare of opening furnaces, we saw forty-five-ton white-hot ingots being taken out and swung by cranes under an electrically driven press which was said to be the biggest in the world. Here at English Corporation Steel, which had previously been Vickers Armstrong, they had produced forty per cent of the guns used by the British during the war. In March, 1943, came a telephoned call from Whitehall. Could they produce a new-type eight-inch gun in a hurry, for the Western Desert? They began production in a week and the guns were flown out to Libya. They also produced Churchill and Cromwell tanks. Now they were making boilers for Australia and Russia, and automobile and airplane parts.

There was, too, much activity at Middlesbrough, a city which started only about a hundred years ago and is spreading rapidly to house the huge firms of Dorman Long, the bridge builders, and of Imperial Chemicals, which covers 1,200 acres and employs 13,000 people. They are building a

plant which will produce 5,000 tons a year of nylon, and are now making 1,700 tons of chemical fertilizer for British agriculture. At Stockton an American firm was setting up a factory to build bulldozers. I crossed England to Cardiff and found a most attractive city built around the castle, with a civic centre which is the envy of many towns in England. We motored through the lovely Welsh valleys. Unemployment here, too, was low, for the population is largely made up of miners, who are needed. Here, too, light industries are being built up to guard against unemployment in the coal mines.

After that month's tour, I realized that the Labor Government had not quite such a difficult task before them as I had at first imagined. The people of Britain were back at work in the cotton mills, the shipyards, the coal mines and the steel factories. There would be no unemployment on anything like the same scale as in the early thirties in Britain for a long time to come, provided that the coal continued to be brought up in sufficient quantities to keep the factories working. It was only by production and more production that the island could survive. Agents of the business houses are travelling abroad once more to see that the right goods are being produced in the way of printed cottons for Africans and white cotton for Indians. Textile exports are spreading to areas where previously Japanese competition was too strong. Bicycles and motorcars are going abroad, and British automobile manufacturers are benefiting from the fact that America is concerned first of all with her home market; serious competition in the foreign markets will come later. When I arrived in America in the summer of 1946, I found that it was easier to buy English flannel trousers in Chicago than it had been in England, and they were made by a well-known London shop where I had failed to find trousers before I left. In the same way you can find British fountain pens in Switzerland, British bicycles in Africa and British motorcars in Europe, while the British people have to do without. They resent it, but I think they are prepared to go on putting up with this austerity because they know that it is necessary. They also know that it is not the rich in Britain

who are benefiting, but the country as a whole. Because food and clothing are controlled, they remain low and stable in price. That is very important to households of small means. People know where they stand and can budget ahead without unpleasant surprises.

There is a bitter fight on in Parliament between the Socialists and the Conservatives, but there is little class hatred. There are not the extremes such as are to be found in Europe, where the black market exacerbates feeling, since the rich are known to live well while the poor go without. Communism has achieved considerable influence on the Continent, but it has been repudiated in Britain.

While the majority of Conservatives regretted the turn of the tide against them, there are many who are thankful that the Labor Party came to power during the difficult period. Some consider that any party in power now will lose the confidence of the voters by the next elections, and are glad that it is the Labor Party; other Conservatives confess honestly that they do not believe that their party would have had the influence over labor to set them to work, and that had the Conservatives been kept in power there would have been serious strikes.

In opposition, the Conservatives carry out a vigorous campaign. Every now and again they get under the Socialist skin, as they did when they tried their best to prevent the Labor Government from carrying out its bread-rationing scheme. The measure was so unpopular that no government would have adopted it unless it felt assured of its necessity. It has been part of the Conservative policy to attack any form of control, except during the war when control was obviously essential. During the debate in October, 1946, on the Socialist motion that there should be a Royal Commission to inquire into the monopolistic tendencies of the Press, the Conservatives argued that the only reason for the demand was that the Socialists feared criticism and wanted to muzzle the Press. They saw in this another attempt by Labor to increase its control as it had done over other industries. They feel that they are on a crusade against nationalization and controls, which in their eyes are very similar to the

totalitarianism which the Nazis imposed on Germany and much of Europe. On the other hand, the Labor Party prides itself on the fact that it is working out a new form of planned economy while retaining all the essentials of democratic government. It argues that no other system was possible in view of Britain's situation after the war and that the Conservatives would have had to carry out a similar policy had they been in power; only by a planned economy could Britain regain her prosperity. When Britain has reestablished her export trade and is in a position to obtain raw materials and food freely, then controls can be removed. The Conservatives do not believe that controls will ever be removed while the Socialists remain in power; they believe rather that they will be extended.

The fact remains that there is a new economy being established in England; once you nationalize an industry you cannot denationalize it again. It is a different economy from those practiced in the United States and in Russia, and it is probable that the governments of Europe will develop their economy more and more on the lines of the British, because of prevailing conditions. That means that there are three systems to be incorporated under any form of international trade organization. It will take considerable ingenuity to work out a plan under which American free enterprise, British semi-controlled economy and the Russian controlled economy can satisfactorily cooperate.

How well the Labor Government can succeed in Britain depends upon its administrative ability; it is, admittedly, not yet on the general level of its more practiced opponents. It can be said that the present government has proved itself to be much more efficient than the last Socialist government of 1935, and it has the advantage of having a large majority in the House of Commons. There are many more young and able professional men in Parliament under the banner of Socialism than there were before. Prime Minister Attlee believes in advancing young men to positions of authority, and there are many examples, like Hector MacNeill, Minister of State; John Strachey, Minister of Food; Ivor Thomas, Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and Aneurin Bevan, Minister of

Health. The present Prime Minister expressed the same point of view about the advancement of the young in a debate in the House of Commons in 1923 with regard to the Army. He said he wanted a young army, arguing that many of the troubles during the first World War had been the result of old men being in authority. He wanted all the old men who said: "Ah, my boy, if only I were twenty years younger, how glad I would be to have your chance," to be sent to the front immediately. "Those people," he said, "after they reach their grand climacteric should descend into an elderly front line, which should be the first in the event of any war."

So far there have been only occasional outbursts of public resentment against the regime of austerity, such as the outcry about bread rationing and the squatters' invasion of empty houses. The reaction in America to the squatters' protest was interesting. One American, who had been unable to find an apartment for his family after being a year out of the army, said to me: "The British have at last shown that they are an independent people and have taken the law into their own hands. That's what our G.I.'s did in Tennessee when they found the elections were phony." But the squatters' movement was not popular in Britain. The shopkeepers and artisans of Notting Hill Gate and other London suburbs were very critical. Many people were on the lists for accommodation held by the local town halls, and they saw no reason why these interlopers should get in at the head of the queue. The British do not like queues, but they consider the system the fairest under the circumstances. The fact that they do not all take the law into their own hands, like the squatters or the G.I.'s of Tennessee, does not necessarily mean that they have lost their individuality.

It will be interesting to watch the effect on Britain of the Republican landslide in the United States. If the lifting of controls does not lead to a big increase in prices and inflation followed by a series of strikes, the British people may become more restless and demand a lifting of controls. To counteract that, the Labor Government will have to spread more propaganda to emphasize that the position of Britain

is different from that of the United States. If the Republican victory is followed by economic confusion and serious strikes hampering production, the British public will be all the more prepared to put up with the present regime. There is a further question as to whether the Republicans, disliking as they do any form of socialism, will not do what they can to help the Conservative Party to forward their policy, while discouraging the Labor Government. In the international field they could do much to discourage a foreign or economic policy which smacked of socialism.

There is one line of policy being pursued by the Labor Government which is more in tune with American thought than was the policy of Winston Churchill, and that is its attitude towards the British Empire. The Socialists have long felt that it was time to come to terms with the peoples of such countries as India and Egypt. They have gone further on the road to quit India during the period that they have been in power than any previous government. They are considering the evacuation of all British troops from Egypt in a space of three years, and are planning bases further south in Nigeria and Kenya, with communications across Africa. The chief line of defence may come to be the wide sweep which includes the British Commonwealth of Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Every square mile in the Middle East is a source of expense and frustration, and in any future war the Mediterranean would be even less valuable as a means of communication than it was in the last.

The Englishman today is not imperialistic, and he is bewildered when he finds himself attacked in America for views that he abandoned a long time ago. He is especially surprised by criticism when he sees America planning what seems to him a new empire with islands in the Pacific as strategic bases. America seems to be doing today very much what Britain did in the past when she felt responsible for keeping the peace of the world. She is lending money generously to Britain, and Europe and China. In spite of her dislike for "dollar diplomacy," it is against human nature that she will not be concerned as to how that money is used, or as to whether or not there will be sufficient stability to

enable the interest to be paid. The Englishman is puzzled by the fact that Americans regard empire as something evil, when they have taken over a continent in order to establish an empire themselves and are now spreading further afield. He is puzzled because he knows very little of American history. He has forgotten 1776 and all that, whereas every school history book in the United States continues to keep alive the story of the War of Independence with its references to British tyranny. The American remembers the narrow-minded George III and what he represented more vividly than he does Burke's conciliatory speeches. These expressed the ideas of liberty and respect for the individual which continue to be the important link between Americans and British today. The theory of government as set forth by the British philosopher, John Locke, influenced the liberal ideas set forth in the American Declaration of Independence; his theory that political authority is held in trust for the benefit of the people is the basis of the British political system today.

We have taken two trends in British policy today, economic planning and self-government for subject races. There remains the question as to whether the Labor Government wants to impose a form of state socialism which would amount to a dictatorship. Is there any justification for the fears expressed by Churchill and some Conservatives at the elections that the Socialists want to suppress the liberties of the British people and establish a Gestapo?

It is true that once there is big-scale planning from the centre, there is a tendency to think it necessary to administer everything from the centre. General policy should be decided at the seat of government and the administration of that policy should be carried out through the various main sub-centres of the nation. The success of the Labor Government in Britain will depend to a great extent upon its willingness to decentralize and delegate power, which is not always an easy thing to do. The vitality and efficiency of municipal and local industrial organizations throughout Britain should make this a simple matter. If the attempt is made to administer everything from Whitehall, there will be failure and resentment. The Labor Party has its theorists, like Pro-

fessor Harold Laski, but the British people do not care much for rigorous theory and paper constitutions.

There is in Britain today free speech, a free Press and a strong opposition. The Labor Government, even if it wished to, is not in a position to condition or bludgeon the people into denying themselves their liberties. If it tried to do so, it would be forced to resign from office and the Conservatives would win the ensuing election with a big majority on the platform of individual liberty. John Bull has agreed to be bound with a certain amount of red tape, but if the bureaucracy of Whitehall grows too much for his patience and he no longer considers that controls are helping him to regain his strength, then it is an easy matter for him to step out of his self-imposed bonds.

Life is certainly more standardised in Britain than it used to be, but that is also true of life in America. You can have a population with standardised ideas and habits in a mass-producing, free-enterprise country, just as easily as you can have such a population in a socialist state. In Britain high taxation is levelling out incomes, so that soon it should be possible to tell whether, under socialism, the satisfactions to be obtained from practising a craft or a profession or rendering a social service are sufficient incentives; or whether there will be a Mayfair sailing of Capitalist Pilgrims seeking new worlds to conquer in countries where people achieve progress and happiness by producing ever bigger and better machines in a state of constant restlessness.

J. P. McEVoy

"I HAVE BEEN writing for a living for thirty-five years, starting as cub reporter on the *South Bend News*," says J. P. McEvoy. "Since then I have written for the *Chicago Tribune* Syndicate, Bell Syndicate, King Features, and the McNaught Syndicate, which has been running my comic strip, *Dixie Dugan*, for some fifteen years now.

"I dramatized my newspaper feature, *The Potters*, and have written nine other New York productions, including three Editions of *Ziegfeld Follies*, and three Editions of my own revue, *Americana*.

"I have served time in Hollywood studios—Paramount, Goldwyn and 20th Century-Fox—and won their highest award: one stomach ulcer each.

"In one of my earlier incarnations I was a greeting-card writer, editor for a children's book publisher, and wrote a radio feature called *Daddy and Rollo*. I have authored the novels *Show Girl*, *Hollywood Girl*, *Society Girl*, and *Mr. Noodle, Are You Listening?*, several books of short stories, and countless magazine articles over the last twenty-five years for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, *American*, *Cosmopolitan*, and *The Reader's Digest*.

"I have made several trips to the Far East, to Europe, and around the world as special correspondent for *The Saturday Evening Post*; and for the past seven years have been special correspondent and Roving Editor for *The Reader's Digest*. I am now headquartered in Havana, Cuba.

"The De Valera article was written in the fall of 1946 after a visit to Ireland on a roving assignment through Europe, including the Peace Conference and the Nuremberg Trials."

HURROO FOR WHO?

By J. P. McEVOY

EAMON DE VALERA has remained in power longer than any head of state in Europe or the Americas, if not in the world. He has been the leader of government in Ireland for fourteen years. Before that, for five years, from 1917 to 1922, he was head of the revolutionary movement and government, and from 1922 to 1932 was second only to President Cosgrave. In other words, he has been on top, or No. 2, for twenty-nine years—and this in a nation of passionate individualists and born politicians—through a revolutionary uprising, a bloody civil war, two world wars, an economic war with England, and the present atomic peace. Perhaps the clue can be found in Lloyd George's exasperated remark that dealing with De Valera was "trying to pick up mercury with a fork." (When told this, "Dev" smiled and said, "Why doesn't he try using a spoon?")

Dev was born in Brooklyn sixty-four years ago. His father was Spanish, his mother Irish. His father died when he was two years old, and he was taken to Ireland and raised there by his grandmother. A brilliant student, he won his education through scholarships all the way up to where he could earn his schooling by teaching Latin, Greek and mathematics.

When the Irish rose against the English on Easter Monday, 1916, De Valera was one of the commanders of the revolutionary forces that seized Dublin. Only a short time before he was teaching higher mathematics in the cloisters of Maynooth, the great Irish school for educating priests.

Today De Valera is still that tall, gaunt schoolteacher in rusty black—a kind of Irish Abraham Lincoln, if you can imagine Abe with a classical education and a genius for higher mathematics. Like Abe, he has humor combined with great dignity, and like Abe he is one of the most adroit poli-

ticians of his generation. I like one of the stories they tell you in Dublin by way of illustrating how his mind works. It seems he was strolling around Government House one day and came across some of the lads playing poker. They asked him to join, and when he explained he didn't know anything about poker, one of them generously offered to teach him if he would sit in. No, he said, he wouldn't sit in, but they could explain it anyway, and he'd take notes. So they told him how many cards were in the deck, and how many in a hand, and the relative importance and value of each hand, and De Valera methodically took it all down, then walked away wrapped in thought.

Several months later he returned and announced he had calculated all the mathematical permutations and probabilities and had satisfied himself this was a scientific game in which a scientifically trained mind was bound to do well, and now would they move over and deal him in. Well, the lads gleefully moved over to make room; but as the first hand was dealt, one of them said casually, "By the way, Mr. De Valera, we forgot to tell you that there is one more factor in poker. . . ."—"And what is that?" inquired De Valera. "Bluffing."—"Oh," replied De Valera, "that is something I have always included in my calculations."

I remembered this yarn later when one puzzled official in Dublin—he wasn't Irish either—said, "Ireland is probably the most helpless little country in the world, but it always plays its diplomatic hand as though it held four aces."

One more clue to Dev's many-sided character has to do with his part in the Easter uprising. All the leaders, including Dev, took over the principal public buildings in Dublin and raised the Irish flag over their headquarters. When the British moved in and started to bombard in earnest, the first places they levelled at were all these headquarters with the brave flags flying, and great damage was done. But not to Dev. He had raised his flag over an empty house and then set up secret working headquarters in a remote spot where he flaunted no flag but got on with the job.

In Ireland you seldom hear the name De Valera. What you hear on all sides is "Dev," or his official title, An Taoi-

seach (pronounced On Thee-shuck), which is Gaelic for The Leader, or perhaps more literally, The Chieftain of the Clan. His friends tell you he is stubborn. His enemies call him fanatic. All agree that he is a bit mystical, which would be Irish, and a bit grand, gloomy, and peculiar, which the Irish tell you is the Spanish part of him. (Isn't it an odd thing entirely that the strongest man in Ireland today is half-Spanish; that the strongest man in Russia is a Georgian; that the German "Superman" was an Austrian; and that the most dynamic leader France ever had was a Corsican!)

Dev is a bit gun-shy about being interviewed these days, but it's easy enough to see him and hear him in action, for he's all over the place—and Ireland is a small country—making political speeches, laying cornerstones, sitting up on reviewing stands surrounded by bishops and archbishops, and looking more clerical and canonical than any of them. You can even see him in the Dáil (rhymes with Moll), which is the Irish House of Representatives—a kind of upholstered cockpit where the opposition speakers taunt and bait him while he broods in solitary grandeur, methodically making notes and encouraging his opponents to become exuberant and inaccurate. Then he slowly rises, and unfolds telescopically in sections, until he towers over his tormentors like something out of the Old Testament. (When one speaker announced with great bravado that he was going outside to examine his conscience, Dev flashed, "He left his conscience outside.")

When you interview Dev you are solemnly warned before you go in that he is not to be quoted, everything is off the record, and besides it would be a good idea if you forgot the whole thing. But that's not so easy, for it isn't often you go into the office of the head of a government, to find him relaxing from the cares of state by doodling an abstruse problem in quaternions, a branch of higher mathematics that makes calculus look like your retarded brother-in-law counting on his fingers. Also, you can't forget that Dev reads Latin and Greek the way most of us read detective stories, and that many of his most astute political moves come right out of the age-old, time-tested wisdom of the ancients.

In this connection, he was interested in a story I told him about General George Patton—how I had gone to visit Patton in Germany last fall, principally to ask him if it was true that he had insisted that a certain French river crossing be captured and held because that was where Caesar crossed. Patton replied, "Of course. Why not? The Romans fought over every foot of that country, and the country itself hasn't changed since. The hills, the valleys, the rivers, are all in the same places. And what was strategically important about the terrain in those days is just as true today. I would look at my battle map and then at my Caesar's *Commentaries*, and say, 'Boys, we'll go this way! What was good enough for Caesar is good enough for Patton.' And it worked."

Later I learned that De Valera, too, carries his Caesar, and Plutarch, and a lot of the others—but in his head. And he always approaches the new problems of Ireland with the profound realization that they are the old problems, that the ports of Ireland, for example, always provided the first toe in the door for the invader, whether he was Dane, or Norman, or English, and that Ireland could never be a free nation unless she controlled her own ports. The Irish tell you, "It took us hundreds of years to clear foreign troops out of our ports. Can't you understand the passion with which we are determined to keep them out?"

A significant word, "passion"—one that also helps to explain what would otherwise be just downright classical cussedness. A favorite story told by those who don't know the Irish very well is the one about the two men fighting, and the cartoon Irishman coming up, peeling off his coat, and inquiring hopefully, "Is this a private fight, or can anybody get in?" You are told this proves the Irish are incurably pugnacious—the same Irish, mind you, who all through the war were reproached for being incurably peace loving. The truth is, if the Irish are incurably anything—which is doubtful—they are incurably passionate. They will fight to the death for a cause—and the more hopeless the better. But it must be *their* cause. The real Irishman would say, "Is this a private fight? If it is, you can have it!"

Right or wrong, the majority of Irish passionately believe

that any war in which England is involved is England's private war—and England can have it. That, of course, didn't stop more than 150,000 Irishmen from enlisting voluntarily and fighting on the Allied side. But the nation as a whole backed up De Valera solidly in staying neutral. Every one of the major parties went to the polls and claimed support on the ground that they alone were responsible for keeping Ireland out of the war. Should you be tempted, as I was, to inquire, "Now that you mention it, why *did* you stay out of the war?" the Irish bounce back with, "For the same reason your country stayed out of it—before Pearl Harbor. We were waiting to be attacked."

But that is almost too logical to be Irish. I prefer to believe that the Irish answer is tucked away somewhere in the story they tell you over there by way of explaining Irish goings-on to the visitor, and giving him some idea of how the principal industry of the Irish is politics (or maybe it's fairy tales about themselves), and the most valuable export from Ireland is the generations of young politicians predestined to grow up and run Jersey City, Boston, New York, Chicago, and points west. . . . An Irishman was walking home from a turbulent political meeting down in County Kerry. Suddenly a wild figure leaped out from the hedge, brandished a fist in the face of the homeward traveler, and roared this challenge: "Hurroo for *who*?"

At first I was puzzled by this story, but after I had wandered around Ireland for several weeks and talked to a lot of people, I discovered this was a kind of test—a leg-puller. If you didn't get it, you just didn't get the Irish. But if the combination of passion and paradox and moonlit madness made a kind of wild sense, then most everything else you saw or heard fell into a pattern, illuminated—as are most things in Ireland today—by Celtic twilight from the dear, heroic past, and hydro-electric juice from the ultra-modern Shannon Scheme.

Speaking of "Schemes," you are constantly running into this word. The Turf Scheme you find is not a racing racket, but the Government plan to cut and market turf for fuel. Since no coal was imported during the war the turf bogs be-

came a major national resource. In fact, a character in a current Dublin play comments plaintively on the Turf Scheme: "God help poor Ireland! They're burning up the whole country, sod by sod."

The Shannon Scheme is the big dam and hydro-electric project which has launched the industrialization of Ireland and rural electrification. If Dev has his way, that "tumble-down shack in Athlone" will soon have electric lights and a washing machine—and Mother Machree's brow will be furrowed and wrinkled with worrying about fuses and short circuits and how to stop that demon meter from running up those bills in the basement.

Remember how *The Wearing of the Green* went: "And how is poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?" The answer today is that she is "the least distressful country that ever you have seen"—if not the strongest in the world for her size. Ireland's assets in England alone total more than six times its national debt, and its annual national income is more than three times its national debt. Many of the old fights and the abuses of the past are meaningless to the present generation. Landlordism has been liquidated—there are nearly 400,000 farms for some three million population in the twenty-six counties of Free Ireland. De Valera's government has made Ireland self-sufficient in wheat, from a low of 20,000 acres in 1921 up to 660,000 acres in 1945. There is no sugar shortage in Ireland now, nor was there during the war, for Ireland plants more than 80,000 acres in sugar beets and has four huge factories to process them. Some of this agricultural enlightenment came out of Schoolmaster Dev's books; but human nature being what it is, the most substantial gains can be attributed to Schoolmaster Dev's birch rod in the form of compulsory tillage laws, which compel the farmers to plant forty per cent of their holdings, as planned in the government's Agricultural Scheme.

There is also the Tourist Scheme, which the Irish are counting on to make them rich. Right now they are worried where to put all these American tourists when they come, because there are only 40,000 beds available on the island and every one of them at this writing has two English tour-

ists in it. For a year now this latest English invasion of Ireland has been on in full swing, with the famished English coming over to gorge on eggs, bacon, chops, steaks, and then going home again after a short holiday to stand in dreary food queues and sing mournfully of "The grill I left behind me." Dublin wits call this latest cross-channel invasion Operation Overload.

But not only are the English eating the Irish out of house—they are buying them out of home. For generations the Irish were busy chasing the English landlords out of Ireland. All over the country the "big houses" mouldered into slow decay, where they weren't violently pulled down and used rock by rock to speed the parting host. But time passes, and the lords and ladies who fled to England to escape an irate peasantry are fleeing back to Ireland to get away from their own militant Labor in power. They are buying up the old country seats again, re-roofing the hunting and fishing lodges that dot the lovely Irish landscape and nestle beside world-famous salmon streams. The salmon is a strong lure, to be sure, but even stronger are plentiful servants and cheaper wages, lower income taxes and lashin's and lavin's of luscious Irish ham and bacon and the roast beef formerly of old England, but now to be found only in new Ireland.

The English you meet there brush over these items with well-bred nonchalance, but mutter rebelliously about "those bounders back home who are throwing the Empire away bit by bit and destroying with their Socialist idiocies a nation that was built by their betters." The Irish are more quizzical about these new exiles to Erin. "Isn't it a queer thing entirely for the English to be after doing?" they say. "Coming over here in droves and living with us after their dour threats of boycotting us for staying out of their war."

But the peace plane has done what the war plane could not do—catapulted this island, isolated for centuries, smack into the quarrelsome family of European nations. I had tea in Dublin and dined in Paris—a three-hour flight. I had cocktails in New York's Stork Club, and lunched the next day "by Killarney's lakes and fells." For better or worse, Ireland is out in the big world now, and you get the impact of a new

nation filling its lungs with fresh air and making a chest at the universe.

Even so, as you sit in the modern airport of Shannon you are hardly prepared for the outlandish sounds that come out of the loud-speaker. You ask what's that, and you are told that's Gaelic. And then you notice that all the signs are in English and another language you never saw before. Then you are told there are two official languages in Free Ireland today—English and Irish; that the timetables are in both languages, and so are the plane announcements! And if you think it is rather odd that something as new as a four-motored Constellation should be announced in a tongue as old as Gaelic—and that in an English-speaking country—you are only beginning to experience the most striking thing about Ireland today, namely, that a modern nation has gone back to school to re-learn its ancient language.

This revival of an old culture is going on side by side with the newest techniques of agricultural and industrial development. This twin drive is spearheaded by the most complex and contradictory character at the head of any government in the world today—a leader who is at the same time a passionate student of Ireland's poetic past, and a stern school-master for Ireland's practical future.

Today in the twenty-six counties of Free Ireland every child must learn to speak the ancient Irish tongue, and every official must pass an examination in spoken and written Irish before he can get on the public payroll. This is De Valera the teacher at one end, and De Valera the politician at the other. Both are in the Irish tradition, but both are not equally loved and admired. Again it is a question of "Hurroo for Who?"

I would venture to say that most of the Hurroos would be for the teacher, for there is a specially warm spot in the hearts and memories of the Irish for their teachers and scholars who through the centuries kept alive the spark of resistance to persecution and oppression. For many generations it was a penal offense, punishable by imprisonment and even death, to teach the great majority of the children of Ireland. The schools were closed to them, but not schooling, for the

teachers fled to the countryside and gathered the children together under the hedges. There these Hedge Teachers, as they were called, taught so well that it is reported that an English official who came to Ireland to investigate the great famine of 1847 found little children roaming the country roads of Ireland "ragged and starving, but spouting Latin and Greek."

Again for a long period in Irish history it was forbidden for the children to speak anything in the schools but English, the language of the conquerors. They would go to school with wooden tablets around their necks, to be scored with a notch for every word of Irish spoken, and beaten according to the number of notches. Hand in hand with this, the political and economic pressure on the oldsters to give up their own language and adopt the invader's was practically irresistible, with the result that Irish has survived as the living tongue of the people only in the poor or western parts of Ireland, now known as the Gaeltacht, where even to this day a peasant woman will come out of her cottage to warn you against the dog with a nugget of seventeenth-century history embalmed in her Gaelic proverb: "Look out! He's as treacherous as Queen Elizabeth!"

Less than 100 years ago the native language was spoken by the majority of Irish, but decay had already set in. Ireland was governed from Westminster, and English was the language of the rulers and the rich. With every passing year the Irish language became more and more identified with the poor, the dispossessed, and the rebels on the run. It was not only uneconomic to speak Irish, but definitely "unsound." Then when the Great Famine swept over Ireland in 1847-48, it was the poorer Irish-speaking inhabitants who were hit the hardest, not only by the loss of life at home, but by the loss of emigrants who fled to America and other countries.

As the years passed, the principal export of Ireland was her sons and daughters, and it became more important that they should speak English so as to make good in America where most of them were going, than to speak Irish, only to stay home and starve. In short, for centuries the suppression

of the Irish language went hand in hand with the suppression of Irish independence.

The Irish-language revival of the 1890's, led by Dr. Douglas Hyde, was not only the beginning of a literary renaissance that gave birth to the Abbey Theatre of Yeats and Synge, but was the political school in which the revolutionary leaders of the Easter Rebellion, including De Valera himself, were taught—first to talk Irish and later to shoot English.

Today in Free Ireland there are some 5,000 national schools. In all of them Irish is taught at some level. In 600 of them all subjects are taught “through Irish”—as they put it. In all of them the children are taught to repeat the words of one of their great national heroes, Thomas Davis, who wrote a century ago: “A nation should guard its language more than its territories or boundaries. . . . It is mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their thoughts in the most natural and efficient way. . . . To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation. . . . A people without a language of its own is only half a nation.”

Is the revival of the Irish language a success, a failure, or another of those mystical mixtures, like De Valera who is himself a fusion of legend, logic and logarithm? I asked politicians and priests, and teachers and pupils. I visited city schools and country schools. I talked to turf cutters in Connemara and fishermen in Galway. I asked grandmothers in Mayo cottages and young men in Dublin pubs, and their many different opinions boiled down to something like this: “Sure, learning Irish is a waste of time, since English will always be the language of our most important customer, England.”

The official answer to that is: “English is the language of Denmark’s most important customer, too, but the Danes go right on talking Danish, and go right on selling butter to the English. Likewise, the French do all right in world commerce, and they don’t talk English. And it would be pretty hard to prove that their products which are desired because

they *are* so French would continue to be typically French if the French gave up their language and favored English."

"Most of the people in Ireland speak English now, and the English language is more than adequate for any imaginable purpose."

The Gaelic revivalists reply: "The German language is more than adequate for any imaginable purpose, too. But what would the English say if they were conquered by the Germans and compelled to give up English, and after a certain number of generations they would have no access to Chaucer, or Milton, or Shakespeare except through German?"

"The government is making a mistake in trying to force a 'comatose language' on the people as the official language of the country."

The government replies, in effect, that political pressure and patronage are both necessary in this early, difficult phase. Further, the prestige of position rewards the oldsters today, and is a powerful incentive for the youngsters who would be leaders tomorrow.

How do the teachers feel? One unusually keen teacher in a Kerry country school, speaking for most of them, said, "I think we teachers would be more successful if we knew exactly what the point was. Some tell us Irish must become the everyday language of the country. Others say it is merely to be a kind of cultural adjunct, like learning to paint or play a musical instrument. Myself, I think it is more of the latter than the former. I don't see how the Irish language can ultimately win out as the everyday speech of the people, situated as we are between the British market and Hollywood movies. But when I get despondent I reread that poignant short story of Daudet's where the teacher is giving the children their last lesson in French before the Germans take over the school, and I take hope as I read again: 'When a nation becomes enslaved, as long as the people keep their language, it is like holding the key to their prison.'"

Meanwhile, critics or no critics, all the young children of Free Ireland are learning to speak and read and write Irish. Their parents for the most part do not know the language,

so what the children learn in school is partially forgotten at home. Dev agrees that this is discouraging, but he says that the children who are in school now will grow up, and their children will come home from school and talk Irish in homes where Irish is understood. And *their* children in turn will hear Irish in school, at home, and in the office, and Irish once again will be the living tongue of the people—as French is for the French, or Swedish for the Swedes. Dev himself learned Irish after he grew up, and he must have liked it, because he married his teacher; and now all of his children speak Irish, and he himself makes speeches in Irish—and so do his political opponents who differ with him on many issues, but the revival of the Irish language is not one of them.

It is generally agreed that Dev is the greatest popular leader Ireland has seen since the days of Parnell, and Daniel O'Connell before him. But friend and foe will tell you in a puzzled way that unlike the great popular leaders of Ireland's history, Dev is a poor speaker. When you hear him you are forced to agree, for here is no orator with the traditional Irish wit and eloquence that charms little birds off trees; here is no demagogue with hypnotic power over the mass audience. It is more like listening to a professor who is lecturing a class—logical, unemotional, patient, expounding rather than orating. It is a professor of history who is saying, "Don't get excited, children; all this has happened before. Let us examine this problem of the present in the light of the solutions our fathers found in the past." It is the professor of mathematics, to whom both sides of the equation are equally important, saying, "You cannot find the correct solution of your problem if you juggle the figures on one side or the other to make the answer come out your way."

After nearly thirty years of leadership Dev still stands head and shoulders above the pack. If you ask who is his logical successor, you are told in effect that, modestly—present company excepted—there isn't anyone in sight. You are also told that when Jim Farley stopped off in Ireland for a visit last spring, it was less a courtesy call than a pilgrimage to this font of political wisdom. Farley was told that perhaps

he could learn something about party unity from a party leader who in fourteen years has been voted against only once on a party measure by a party member.

According to his opponents, Dev is a dictator, and through his long years of office has built up a political machine that is firmly entrenched in power and pulls no punches in staying there. They tell you he never calls an election unless the result is a foregone conclusion—a statement difficult for the casual visitor to check. I can only report that when I was in Ireland there was an election in the second largest city, Cork, where the government party won hands down, and this in spite of the fact that a high official was on public trial for scandalous misuse of office.

Also, only a short time before, a hunger striker imprisoned by Dev's government died in jail, creating a tremendous public scandal and setting off gigantic parades and demonstrations of protest. You are told that Dev could have easily yielded to the hunger striker, with an election coming up. And he could, if he wished, have conveniently suppressed the scandal in his official family until after the election. Instead he did neither. Which proves, according to his friends, that Dev is not a dictator who suppresses the democratic processes; and which also proves, according to his opponents, that Dev is a dictator who has built up a political machine which can win in spite of anything.

The Free Irish have complete adult suffrage for all men and women when they have reached the age of twenty-one. Elections are normally held every five years and a parliament is elected which in turn, at its first meeting, elects the head of government, or the Taoiseach, corresponding somewhat to the British Prime Minister. Any member of any of the parties forming the Parliament can be a candidate. When elected, the Taoiseach adjourns the House, goes to the President, is formally appointed by him, and then selects his Ministry. He submits this Ministry to the Parliament which may reject or accept it. If it is accepted, it and the Taoiseach are the Government. The Government is responsible to the House; it must defend its actions in public debate, and may

at any time be dismissed by the House, and either a new government installed or another election held.

While the British did not have a general election from 1935 to 1945, De Valera's government has held five general elections—in 1933, 1937, 1938, 1943 and 1944. Dev's friends say this proves that he is not a dictator. His foes say something in Gaelic which could be, "Oh, yeah?" As for me, after a month of stuffing facts, figures, and flights of fancy, I feel about Irish politics the way six-year-old Gerard Darrow, the famous Quiz Kid naturalist, felt about a huge book he was given to review: "This book," wrote little Gerard, "contains more about penguins than I care to know."

Ireland is a small country about the size of Maine. It is a partitioned country with six counties in the north, split off by and completely under British control. The remaining twenty-six counties constitute the Free State of Ireland, or Eire. When asked in the Dáil by one of the deputies if Eire was a republic and was it a member state of the British Commonwealth, Dev replied that it was a republic and quoted encyclopaedia and dictionary definitions to prove it. "As to whether we are or are not a member of the British Commonwealth, that is a question for which the material necessary for a conclusive answer is not fully available." After you have chewed that, try this: "The British Commonwealth," continued Dev, "claims to be a developing elastic organism, and the statesmen of the Commonwealth have, I think, adopted the view of Joseph de Maistre that 'In all political systems there are relationships which it is wiser to leave undefined.'"

In other words, it would seem that the relationship is what the British say it is, and what the Irish say it is not. Meanwhile, the Irish Free State has adopted the Constitution of a "Sovereign, independent, Democratic State." It ignores any treaty with Great Britain. The word King does not occur in it, but the President is elected by the direct vote of the people. It may choose to associate itself with Great Britain in international affairs, but reserves the right to revoke that association at any time by Act of the Irish Parliament.

The Dev who has peacefully maneuvered these concessions is the same Dev who in his younger days was a fiery revolutionary, an armed rebel captured and sentenced to be executed. His life was spared, not because he was born in the United States as the popular version goes, but because the execution of his fellow leaders by twos and threes as a measure of terror so enraged the American people that England's Ambassador in Washington privately warned his Government there would be no possible chance of getting the United States into the first World War as an ally if this wasn't stopped. De Valera wasn't singled out as a special case. In fact, he was so obscure he was completely unknown in this country and hardly known in Ireland. It just happened that he was spared because his name came up first on the list after the order to stop the executions went out. Actually, De Valera had been taken out of his cell and was on his way to be shot when he was told in the corridor that his sentence had been changed to life imprisonment.

His subsequent adventures have been retold many times—how he became a national hero in jail—how he was freed in the general amnesty and immediately elected President of the Sinn Fein (for ourselves alone) Party, which set up an elective home-rule government in Dublin and ruled the nation despite the presence of a parallel British Government—how he was jailed again, and spent his time there mastering the Einstein theory, and then made a spectacular and ingenious escape from Lincoln prison. Later he slipped back into Ireland in a sack of potatoes, shipped as a stoker to the U.S., where he lectured and raised funds for the Irish cause, while the British police were still hunting for him all over England and Ireland.

It is hard to believe, when you talk to the calm, scholarly, dignified Dev of today, that he was one of the leaders in the bloody Civil War that tore Ireland apart for years. It is easier to see the adroit and complex politician who manipulated the economic war with England, eliminated the payment of land-purchase annuities, persuaded the English to take their troops out of the Irish ports, and gained a degree of self-sufficiency and freedom undreamed of through cen-

turies of struggle. Dev's program calls for the freedom of all Ireland, and that means the elimination of the Partition, bringing back into Free Ireland the six counties which geographically and economically are an integral part of the island. Curiously enough, the old enmities based on religious and political differences are fading, while a new economic situation is developing which may knit all Ireland together sooner than even Dev could hope for. This situation is the result of the English Labor Government's program, which the businessmen of Northern Ireland strongly oppose and greatly fear. Today they look longingly across the border and envy Free Ireland's freedom from the Socialist planning of Mother England.

Dev is satisfied to leave to the verdict of history the part he played in giving voice and leadership to the people of Free Ireland in their expressed desire to stay out of the war. On the record are his statesmanlike speeches, including his calm, logical reply to Churchill's unfortunate outburst; the substantial, economic aid of enormous food shipments to England; the supply of an army of men and women war workers for English farms and factories; not to mention the 150,000 Irish volunteers in the Allied armed services. And, of course, Dev will say nothing about all the airmen, forced down on Free Irish soil, who mysteriously (and illegally) found themselves transported back to Allied headquarters in Northern Ireland.

If Dev was a conscientious objector to the last war, he is an even more conscientious objector to the present peace. He has said publicly that he doesn't think the new United Nations is as good as the old League of Nations—and that, alas, was not good enough. He should know, for this is the same De Valera who was President of the Council of the League in 1932, and who three years later, on September 16, 1935, arose in the Assembly and stirred the world with this prophetic warning: "Why cannot the Peace Conference which will meet in Europe when the next conflict has decimated the nations, and disaster and exhaustion have tamed some of them into temporary submission—why cannot this Conference be convened now, when calm reason might have

a chance to bring the nations into friendly cooperation and a lasting association of mutual help? . . . Why cannot the nations put into the enterprises of peace the energy they are prepared to squander in the futility and frightfulness of war? Yesterday there were no finances to give the workless the opportunity of earning their bread; tomorrow, money unlimited will be found to provide for the manufacture of instruments of destruction."

It has been said that the difference between a politician and a statesman is that a statesman thinks of the next generation, while a politician thinks of the next election. De Valera is that rare combination who qualifies on both counts. As a statesman, De Valera has few equals in the world arena. As a politician, he has none. Friend and foe alike are mystified by the subtlety of his maneuvers, with which year after year he wins point after point, and advances the status of Eire step by step.

I asked a man who fought with Dev in the uprising and all through the trouble, was in and out of jail with him, and close to him ever since, "How does he do it?" Dev's friend replied with a story, as the Irish usually do: "A Dominican and a Jesuit wanted to smoke while walking in the garden. They agreed that each would ask their Superior for permission. The Dominican returned to find the Jesuit smoking, and complained indignantly, 'I was refused!'—'What did you ask?' inquired the Jesuit.—'I asked if I could smoke while meditating.'—'Oh,' said the Jesuit, blowing a reflective smoke ring, 'I asked if I could meditate while smoking.'"

Dev's friend blew a smoke ring of his own and winked through it. "Sure, and that's Dev!"

RUTH COWAN

"THE TEACHING PROFESSION lost me to journalism," Ruth Cowan writes, "when I discovered that a friend in my home town on the San Antonio, Texas, *Evening News* got passes to shows. Somehow I convinced the managing editor I would make a good movie critic. I left history teaching in Main Avenue High School to someone else for a job as a reporter. Before long, to add to my reporter's pay check, I was free-lancing under the name of 'Baldwin Cowan'—the 'Baldwin' being my middle name; it helped that sight-unseen editors thought me a man. I got a job with the United Press and was sent to Austin, Texas—where I had graduated from the University of Texas—to help cover the State Legislature. I lasted until one day I answered the telephone and an important out-of-town UP executive learned that his woman-shy outfit had hired a girl. At the close of the legislative session, I wrote the Associated Press in New York that the UP had made a mistake and had fired me and I believed the AP should add me to its staff of a few women. It did. That was in 1929. I was assigned to Chicago. In 1940 I was transferred to Washington. I went to North Africa in January, 1943, with the first overseas contingent of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Three months later I was sent to England where I stayed until the Normandy invasion. I returned to the United States in May, 1945."

COLORING: BLONDE

By RUTH COWAN

WHY ANY WOMAN who is dependent upon an expert beauty parlor to keep her blonde hair looking "so natural"—or even blonde at all—should want to go to war of her own accord is something I'll never understand.

But go to war I did, and I stayed in it two years and four months to come out of it on the Eve of the Last Shot in Berlin—still a blonde. But they should have had some place on a hospital casualty list to record: "Vanity."

That there might be something amiss in going into a combat zone where beauty parlors get bombed out along with ammunition dumps came to me when I was filling out a War Department application for accreditation as a war correspondent.

It was a sort of undefined apprehension—more a feeling of personal puzzlement.

I had to describe myself. Eyes—blue. Height—5 feet 5. Weight—116. Coloring—blonde.

"H—hem," I wondered rather academically, "I wonder what color my hair really is by now." It had been truly blonde—long years ago. That it no longer was I knew from the beating my pay check took at the beauty parlor every few weeks.

But I wasn't much concerned at the time. There were too many other complications usual to going off to war—getting "shots" for typhoid and such, trying to cut the luggage down to the limited amount, making peace with the landlord.

As I went about such domestic details as remembering to stop the milk delivery and pay the newsboy, I was aware of a strange feeling that all was not quite right, but I put it down to a natural reaction. After all, people get hurt in a war. Sure, I was scared. Who wasn't?

Then came the day in late December, 1942, when the War

Department informed me I was to check in at a Port of Embarkation within 72 hours. Like all women who are going someplace important I had left until the last minute the ordeal of getting prettied up at a beauty parlor.

I promptly made a date at a beauty parlor to which I had been going for months "for the works"—bleach, shampoo, hair-set, manicure—for the next day. I wanted to confront the enemy with my very best face.

On the eve of getting glamorized I was dressing in a rush to go out to dinner—my last dinner in Washington, D.C. I paused before a mirror for a final appraisal.

"I certainly do need to get my hair 'done,'" I thought as the mirror reflected the fact that if anyone had pulled out my blonde locks it would have been by their dark roots.

Then as I stood, comb in hand, it came to me, the reason for that gnawing apprehension.

"How am I going to stay blonde in a war?"

What should I do? Could I go to the War Department, to the Associated Press, and say:

"So very, very sorry. But I can't go to war. You see—my hair——"

Would strong men understand? Could a woman's vanity take that?

Grimly, in a few awful seconds I faced an "over-the-top" from a feminine point of view.

Yes, I had to go on. I would have to learn how to apply the bleach myself. I might even have to get the help of another woman in applying it—might have to admit that I did more than "just touched it up a bit to bring out the lights, you know."

I had to match my military credentials. Suppose I got captured and Uncle Sam said to Jerry:

"You say you've got Ruth Cowan. Is she a blonde?" and Jerry replied:

"*Nein.*" Might not Uncle Sam say:

"That is not our Ruthie. You just keep what you've got."

I didn't enjoy dinner that night.

The next day several patrons at the beauty shop were late for their appointments while I got a quick lesson in how to

self-apply bleach. I left with twelve bottles—a year's supply—of the stuff.

I was assigned to go overseas with the First Feminine American Expeditionary Force—that pioneering unit of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

We were staged at Camp Kilmer, N.J. At the last minute we were told to pack our musette bags so we could live out of them for three weeks to a month. What we put in them was up to us, but we were advised to remember we packed them on our backs.

New to that war-going business, I gladly accepted the help of a WAAC officer to pack mine. Along with three clean shirts, a couple of pairs of pants, extra lipstick, powder, cold cream in a tin tube, some anti-gas attack salve, I tucked in two small bottles.

"What is that?" asked the WAAC.

"My courage," I replied firmly as I flipped the pack closed. Mentally, I thought "nosy."

For a second I was tempted to explain. I glanced at the WAAC. No, those women soldiers were of stern stuff.

We landed in North Africa on January 27, 1943.

And no sooner had those Ladies in Khaki unpacked their barracks bags than some of the hardy souls began scouting Algiers for a beauty parlor—just as a man looks for a bar.

The reconnaissance scouts brought back reports that a good job was done at Antoine's. I inspected the evidence and it certainly passed muster. The brave volunteers returned looking as though they had had an engagement on New York's Fifth Avenue.

The matter had become very important to me. I set out for Antoine's. But having your hair shampooed and having it bleached are two very different things. I stilled my apprehension by reasoning that "Antoine" was a well-known name in the beauty business. And wasn't Algiers in a land frequented in peacetime by the French. Of course, a branch of Antoine of Paris!

I found the little shop. War had had its effects. Its show cases were bare except for a few items such as boxes of powder labeled "Antoine." It had that expensive look even

so. And the receptionist who booked for me an appointment did it with an air of doing me a favor. And she was!

At the appointed time I went with a bar of soap in my hand.

"No, no, Madame," said a small, volatile Frenchman. In Europe every woman is "Madame," implying she has captured a man, as opposed to the American psychology of "Miss," implying she is still young enough to do so.

He waved his hands in a gesture of professional disgust. Soapless shampoo is better for bleached hair. I knew that. But I saw how his eyes devoured that soap. A glance at his apron, and I handed it to him.

And that really put me in.

"Would Madame please be seated," he said.

Several girl attendants came forward. I was swathed in an apron and towels, or rather what was left of towels that had been washed and rewashed in such soap as could be had. The Frenchman busied himself with mixtures. I gathered from comments that mine was a case requiring much work. With a wry mental grin, I agreed as an application of this and that went onto my head.

The Frenchman's deft fingers and his air of assurance gave me confidence. In lame college French I asked:

"Is this shop connected with Antoine's in Paris?" The reaction was immediate.

The Frenchman drew himself up to his full four feet six. His back became straight as a ramrod. He paused, hands in the air, and in one of them the swab with which he was applying the bleach. In a deep voice he intoned:

"*Je suis Antoine.*" And while I wondered if this was the Paris artist in person and a refugee, the Frenchman told me that his shop had no connection with Paris. In fact, he had never been to Paris, I gathered.

I saw I had touched the quick of professional pride and honor. There might be an Antoine of Paris, but there was also an Antoine of Algiers.

"A million pardons," I said, and had I been a man I would have arisen and bowed from the waist. But that is a bit difficult when you are neck-deep in towels and your head is topped with something that looks like whipped cream.

I limped out in French the choicest compliments of which I could think. Anyway, you are rather helpless when mid-way in a bleach.

I was forgiven that I had not heard of Antoine of Algiers, and I came out of the session a job that Antoine of Paris—of New York—of London—of Denver, Col.—of Cannes on the Riviera—could be proud of.

Then, after three months in North Africa, I went on to London—and to Antoine's and Phyllis Earle's in Dover Street. When Jerry came over I ducked my head, but it was still blonde.

Then came the Normandy Invasion in June, 1944. Into my luggage went four bottles of bleach. Eight weeks to Paris for me, I figured.

I made it in nine—and on one bottle.

I was encamped with the 5th General Hospital in a cow pasture outside Carentan when I very definitely passed the give-away stage. Regardless of the fact that this hospital had been originally the Harvard hospital unit, where the emphasis is on what is inside the head, not outside, something had to be done.

Beauty parlors in the small near-by town had been war casualties along with pillboxes and enemy strongholds. The order of the day was that everyone should wear his helmet. But no MP had to remind me:

"Look, helmets are to be worn—not carried."

Finally, I came to it. I enlisted the aid of Lois Duncan of Detroit, Mich., and New York, an American Red Cross social worker stationed at the hospital. Lois could inspire confidence in a Russian.

I got out a bottle of bleach. We filled our helmets and several others we borrowed from night-shift nurses who were sleeping. We filled the helmets with water heated over logs in those galvanized GI cans that some mess sergeants used for garbage and others as soup tureens.

We set up operations in our tents. There was no privacy from passing cows, nurses, doctors, GI's, or German prisoners. After reading directions, Lois applied the contents of

a vial to my hair with my only tooth brush. Such is the price of vanity!

Having your hair done in a discreetly shaded shop in Chicago, Washington or London is very different from the brilliance of a sunny day outdoors in France.

Suddenly Lois became tense. "I hope nothing is wrong," she said. "Maybe you had better take a look." She held a GI shaving mirror up for me to see.

The stuff on my hair had turned purple!

Had something gone wrong? I had had the bleach more than a year and a half. Had time affected it? Could salt water have affected it?

I "sweated out" the prescribed time with the same grimness as when crouching in a shell hole during a raid. And I was just about as afraid. I had heard of people being scared gray-headed, but how was I going to explain purple hair?

As soon as time allowed I dunked my head in my helmet. Lois and I soaped and scrubbed. Then I risked a second look in the mirror. It looked as wet bleached hair usually looked, except that it was a bit streaked. The purple hue was gone. Whew!

A sympathetic GI cook had given me some lemon crystals—the kind that is used to make overseas army lemonade. That cut the soap. I "set" my hair, very content to be reasonably blonde—and a match for my military credentials.

When my hair dried, I left my helmet off and went to mess. I promptly attracted one, then two, then a small swarm of bees. I fled back to the tent. I had forgotten that those lemon crystals were pre-sweetened. A nurse, I found out later, had likewise used those crystals. She woke up in the morning with her head covered with ants.

I wore a knitted GI cap the next few days and swatted bees. That increased my determination to get to Paris. Surely there I could get my hair done properly.

I found out that the 203rd General Hospital, which was commanded by Colonel James H. Turner, of Sacramento, Calif., and encamped near Cherbourg, was scheduled to move to Paris. I schemed to get myself transferred to it.

With an advance unit of this American military hospital, I

reached Clichy, a Paris suburb, to find that it had been assigned to the Raymond Poincaré Hospital, one of the finest in France and only just evacuated by the Germans.

This hospital was very modern. It had an array of baths—tubs and showers—that rivaled a hot springs resort. With military foresight, the hospital planners had included in the sterilizing setup a delouser big enough to drive a jeep into.

Surely, I thought, such a place would have a beauty parlor. So while I tagged along with Colonel Turner and others in the inspection party, and exclaimed over the blue-tiled operating rooms and the many wards, I kept an eye open for my personal interest.

I found it, knee-deep in trash—dirty discarded German uniforms, upturned boxes of odds and ends, and the usual array of empty wine bottles. If the retreating Germans drank even one tenth of the contents of the bottles they left behind, they must have staggered into Berlin.

Ripping X-ray machines out of a French hospital, stripping the dental clinic of chairs and littering up a beauty shop is truly total warfare!

There was a barber shop adjacent to the beauty parlor. Word got about that Americans had taken over the hospital. Charles, who ran the barber shop, and his wife, Henriette, who had had the beauty salon, came back.

They found me, cake of soap in hand, on the doorstep. I didn't even wait for them to get the German helmets out. Henriette shook her head sadly over my hair. I didn't comment. I knew that to a professional it looked awful.

She disappeared and then came back with a small box of bottles. With ceremony she explained they had been hidden from *les Boches*. As she stirred and mixed, she chatted. I gathered she hadn't liked the German nurses.

"Bad figures," Charles commented.

As the two of them struggled to undo the damage of six weeks in the field, I tried not to worry. Finally, after this and that had been applied, Charles washed my hair. He used but one tea kettle of water.

Henriette set it. The dryer was a frightening affair of many prongs—like an octopus.

The performance took three hours. At the end of that time I not only matched my passport and credentials, but I had my courage and glamor restored.

My hair troubles were something the French understood. The French women fought the invader with fashion. They wore with a flair hats they knew German women would copy but which were not becoming.

"If a Frenchwoman had not remained chic, *les Boches* would have known they had broken her spirit," one of them said.

THOMAS B. MORGAN

THOMAS B. MORGAN has been a foreign correspondent for twenty-five years. His latest overseas assignment has been in Rome, where he worked even before Mussolini came to power. He witnessed the rise and fall of Fascism and knew the inside workings of the Fascist regime. Along with his assignment as a political reporter on Italian affairs, it was his responsibility to cover the Vatican also. He stayed on under the pontificates of three Popes, all of whom he knew on a conversational basis.

Mr. Morgan has written four books on Italian and Vatican affairs: *A Reporter at the Papal Court*, *Spurs on the Boot*, *The Listening Post*, and *Speaking of Cardinals*. He has been a contributor to *Collier's*, *Liberty*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Time* and *Life*.

His home town is Steubenville, Ohio, though his newspaper training was obtained on the dailies of Pittsburgh, Pa. In 1918, he joined the Associated Press and was assigned to Paris. In 1919, he was transferred to Rome. Five years later, he was appointed manager for the United Press covering Italy, Albania and North Africa. This year, he accompanied the four American archbishops to Rome when they were made cardinals. This assignment was fulfilled for the International News Service. He is presently working on a new book covering his experiences in the political sore spots of the Mediterranean.

FLASH BULBS IN THE VATICAN

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

TRUE, tragedy may have its comic side, though we were not reporting a tragedy. Neither did we have to ascend to the sublime to descend to the ridiculous. But we were saturated with solemnity and dignity and that way of being put behind somebody else which is called protocol. It all seemed so ponderous, but we did have our laughs.

On Monday, February 11, 1946, a whole aerial caravan of us, a full score of reporters, cameramen, movie men and radio men, started our flight out of LaGuardia Field, New York, accompanying like sea gulls escorting a ship, Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis, Archbishop Spellman of New York and Archbishop Tien of China, to Rome where each of them was to receive a red hat. Bishops and Monsignors were with us, too. Newsmen and churchmen mixed it up, not perhaps for the first time in history but certainly for the first time in a transatlantic flight or for any flight at all. They being by divine right of the first estate, and we being by satanic design of the fourth estate, as a professional exception we did recognize, albeit with solemn condescension, their precedence in rank.

We started out in different planes but on some of the jumps they rode with us. It was a good thing they did. While Glennon kept us convulsed by a running spurt of humor which improved our moods, Spellman, who had been over the route before, kept us informed on where we were, which was some assurance since, traditionally, newsmen renounce spiritual comfort, though they do need navigational if not vocational guidance. As it turned out, the distinguished prelates, though not our sky pilots, were certainly our sky guides, and this helped.

Aeronautically as well as touristically, Ireland is a convenient stop on the way to Rome. Our stop was embellished

with the trappings of official welcome. The government of Eire took charge of our living with the evident purpose of making it pleasant, for we had everything in abundance—delicacies, automobiles, guides and bowing officials. The Hon. Sean Gallagher, Irish Minister of Information, was appointed to tell us things we did not know, which kept him quite busy all the time. While we were curious though ignorant, he was effusive and erudite, both on Irish affairs and hospitality. De Valera was on hand to welcome the cardinals. He welcomed us, too, though his smile was not as broad nor was his handshake as cordial as for the prelates.

Our schedules included a trip to Killarney. For our archiepiscopal prestige, De Valera provided the selfsame train which Queen Victoria used on her more or less turbulent journeys through the Emerald Isle. As I passed down the platform to take my place in the first-class carriage assigned to the newsmen, I could not but regale in the reflected joy that the occupants of her regal salon car were displaying. They were prelates and the loftier laymen who had come with us from America. They were all descendants of Irish who had fought the Queen—Spellman, James A. Farley, George MacDonald, James V. McKee, Mike Morrissey and Frank Walker. De Valera stood there, hand shaking and heart warming, as if there were an unexpressed understanding that they had skillfully and decisively put the Queen away and were all enjoying the purified and even ecstatic air which her absence had created. In the tufted, rich upholstery of royal blue she once reclined in, they reclined now, and they were luxuriating in it, too.

Archbishop Spellman had officiated at Mass in the cathedral of Limerick that morning and so had fasted. Unequivocally, this gave him an absolute priority to get into the dining car first. And while none of us had performed an act of pious devotion which required such self-denial of the body, we had not eaten since 7 A.M., and now it was two. Allowing the Archbishop a whole hour would make it three. Eight hours without food and very little drink was silently regarded as asking too much of working newsmen. Though

no one audibly grumbled, every one silently grouched. And then suppose the Archbishop took an hour and a half?

It was Gallagher's heavy and even bounden duty to keep us all in a good humor so that we would see Ireland and learn about Ireland through pink organdy. Gallagher realized that this was impossible on an empty stomach and feared lest we might see Ireland through drab sackcloth, with not even a touch of green. He knew that the wait would be long and if our grouches were mere frustrations at first, they would develop to apoplectic crises by the end of the first hour.

But he was a man of rare strategic ingenuity who could improvise and adjust with the agility of a squirrel in the spring. If he could not appease our hunger with food, he would lift our spirits with drink. Accordingly, he rushed to the steward of the dining car and ordered that a case of whiskey be delivered immediately to the newsmen's car. As soon as it arrived, he personally handed out the bottles. The case was distributed at the rate of a bottle every five seconds. And without waiting for glasses, for ice or for soda, the newsmen nipped off the bottle tops and poured the 100-proof libation down their throats, with the unexpressed hope that, though hunger would not be satisfied, at least their downcast humors would be raised.

But, with stomachs so empty that they had all felt an abdominal collapse, the result was more gratifying than hope had dared forecast. Quickly, and as if an elixir had been administered, grouch changed to wryness, to complacency, to pleasure, to joy, and finally to gayety. With gayety came the boisterous acclaim of strength. Loud talk replaced silent sobriety. Raucous laughter superseded the murmurings of disgruntlement.

Ominously, however, the newsmen's car as the minutes rushed along was just barely beginning to show signs of lese majesty in the vice-regal surroundings. Gallagher was not worried about the memory of the departed Queen. He was concerned about respect for the prelates and his boss, De Valera. It was something for Gallagher to contemplate.

While the newsmen had at first lacked in zest, they now overflowed in revelry. He would have to curb their effervescence. Again his strategic resourcefulness was summoned. He hit on something that would sober them up and bring them to their senses. He would go from compartment to compartment and diplomatically call their attention to the danger of their uncontrolled bacchanalia.

"Gentlemen," he announced with pleading suavity to the newsmen of the first compartment, "I want to warn you. Irish whiskey is not much to the taste but it is ver-ry str-rong in the effect."

They listened as if an oracle had come from heaven. He passed to the next compartment. He had barely reached the second when those of the first, recovering their unsteady composure, burst out with "Not much to the taste but strong in the effect. Well, give us the effect."

They lifted their bottles as if to test anew what they had amply demonstrated in fact. The whole car took up the battle cry. "Not much to the taste but strong in the effect." No one thought of the vice-regal dining car and its prelatical occupants. The revelry continued and Gallagher could only hope that everything which had transpired would remain as a confidential episode between a government official and the fourth estate.

Finally, at ten minutes past three, word came that the dining car was now ready for us. Boisterously we groped our swaying ways through the train's corridors. Some offered to share their bottles with the waiters. We were very gay and very loud. Gallagher was worried though he had no need to be. The result was most successful, for, when one piece of River Shannon salmon was served, each of us saw two, and where there was one filet mignon of pure Irish steer, we could see three.

Food had a balancing effect. By the time we reached Killarney at four-ten, raucousness had given way to a purposeful dignity, albeit somewhat unsteady. A civic demonstration awaited us. It was fortunate that the way was led by the prelates. It was fortunate, too, that the local officials dressed in morning coats, striped trousers and top hats con-

centrated their warmth on the churchmen, who could easily be identified, whereas they were never sure whether we laymen were worthy or unworthy of their hospitality.

And it was in this lack of distinction that I had a slight rebuff from the chief of police of Killarney, Major John Mulligan. He was dressed after the fashion of Nelson Eddy in *The Chocolate Soldier*. His uniform was a light gray. Gold epaulets rested heavily on his shoulders. Gold braid stretched across his chest, already embellished with a score of shining brass buttons and a row of medals. His hat was embroidered with "scrambled eggs" of gold in the manner of an American admiral. With rigid police authority, he had compelled the crowd to stand back behind an improvised line of his own drawing. They thus framed an open but irregular space between the station and the hotel across the square. In the open space the ceremonies of welcoming the archbishops officially took place.

Everything was proceeding according to preconceived plan until the mayor began his speech. The crowd surged forward. Here it was that Major Mulligan came forth in all his finery and, with upraised arms, ordered them back.

"I've told ye," he said, "that ye can't all uv ye be in the fr-ront line. Get back! Get back! Make yohrselves wor-rthy of the visit of Their-r Gr-races."

But hardly had he controlled the line on the north side of the open space, when he heard a flurry from the south side. There the line was swaying inwards almost to engulf the archiepiscopal party. He left the northern side with the exhortation for them to know their places when the honor of Killarney's welcome was at stake.

"Back up! Back up!" he commanded as he charged the swaying southern line. "Ye can't all uv ye be in the fr-ront line. Get back! Get back! What doo ye think Their-r Gr-races will think uv ye?"

He had barely finished his formula when a third break was made, this time from the eastern end of the square. Away he charged to stem the tide or roll back the wave. One wondered, nevertheless, why he chose to battle singlehandedly with the crowd since he was keeping a whole platoon of

smartly uniformed police standing rigidly at attention on the western end.

The mayor, having finished his speech of welcome, noticed the ubiquitous defensive play of Major Mulligan. He reflected that he was more disturbing than the crowd and was running away with the show. The mayor detailed his secretary to carry word to the major to use the cordon of police to keep the crowd back instead of tramping all over the square "as if he were a Galway colt."

"What!" screeched Mulligan as he received the order. "My police are dr-rawn up ther-re as a guar-rd of honor-r to Their-r Gr-races and De Valer-ra. Ther-re they stay. Killar-mey has its guar-rd of honor-r even if its mayor wants to add his chaos to my confusion."

Major and secretary argued and gesticulated. Mulligan kept it up just long enough to outlast the official speeches. Honor was saved. The archbishops were accorded their guards, unimpaired, with a Nelson Eddy thrown in, albeit in a bass voice instead of a tenor.

The program from there on included a visit to the famous lakes. Everybody scrambled from the square as best they could. It was quite natural for Mulligan to superintend the departures. Then he traveled with the prelatial motorcade. The cars arrived on a bluff overlooking the lakes where the return journey was to begin. By the luck of the turnabout, I was seated alongside the chief for the trip back to town.

"You've done a good job today," I ventured to say to the harassed major who found great difficulty in squaring his finery with the arduous chores of keeping "ever-rybody in or-rder-r."

"I'd left ever-rybody take the fr-ront line," he said in labored breath. "But once ye gi' them an inch, yer-r lost. My job is to keep or-rder-r and or-rder-r I keep. And though I have four-r squads of handsome men on the for-rce, I preferred to let them stand up as a guar-rd of honor-r to Their-r Gr-races than be stuck ar-round like scar-recr-rows in a potato field. This was all dignified."

I changed the subject and inquired why it was that everybody in Ireland with whom I spoke talked English while I

had heard it was the law that everybody should speak Gaelic.

"Sir-r," he said brashly, "don't talk to me about that. Talk to De Valer-ra. He made the law. All I do is enfor-rce it in the best Ir-rish way."

"What's that, Major?" I inquired.

"Ye said, didn't ye, that the law was that we should speak Gaelic? Instead we speak English. But don't talk to me. I didn't make the law. Per-rhaps those lawmaker-rs will never-r lear-n. Ye know that in R-russia it's the r-rule that ever-rything is for-rbidden that is not expr-ressly allowed. In England, they say, ever-rything is allowed that is not ex-pr-ressly for-rbidden. But in Ir-reland, in Ir-reland, ever-rything that is for-rbidden is always the ver-ry thing that the Ir-rishman takes as being allowed. The tr-rouble with that law is that it said nobody should talk English. What's the r-result—ever-rybody talks English. If it had said nobody could talk Gaelic, then ever-rybody would be talking Gaelic."

And then he turned to me with true official obeisance. He eyed me less with police surveillance than hospitable deference. Since only the prelates could be distinguished amongst our party, there was no way of telling whether I was a former postmaster general, like Mr. Farley, an ex-mayor of New York, like James V. McKee, or a papal marquis, like George MacDonald. No doubt his hopes rested on my being the papal marquis.

"And sir-r," he said with a gentleness quite affected but unusual in one in his corrective calling, "may I inquir-re whom I have the honor-r of meeting?"

"I am a reporter," I retorted with a cocksure twist of the head.

"A r-repor-ter-r, eh?" he gruffly bemoaned, changing his affable manner to a glowering frown. "Just to think I should be alongside Their-r Gr-races. I thought at least ye might be a papal chamber-rlain. And you'r-re just a common r-repor-ter-r. Get away with ye."

He was visibly disgruntled at the bad break he had had in picking what he thought was a papal aristocrat. When we entered the town, he got out to superintend the parade of

the prelates through the streets. It was not to be the last I should see of him, the lowly calling notwithstanding.

We stayed in Killarney that night amidst its damp sheets and piercing air. Some had to get bed warmers to restore their circulation. Next morning, we left by train for Limerick. The chief of police was at the station to see that Their Graces boarded the vice-regal train without mishap. As I passed on to the newsmen's coach, Mulligan was standing alongside the salon car of Queen Victoria where the prelates were being feted. He saw me. He hesitated whether to speak or not. He spoke.

"Wr-rite some nice things about Ir-reland," he quipped deferentially as if he were putting on an act for the prelates and De Valera.

"I certainly will," I returned.

"Ho-ho!" he added with a newly discovered smile. "And I would not mind it at all, if ye said a nice wor-rd about me."

"I will," I said.

He saluted. I was sure that he saluted the nice word I was to write.

The train pulled out. By afternoon, we were on the plane headed for Paris. We stayed overnight there and went on to Rome the next day, flying directly over the Alps. This is one of the greatest thrills in all flying. Seen from the valley, the peaks present an awesome sight. Here we know that we cannot encompass the Infinite.

We reached Rome on Thursday evening. I had been a Rome correspondent for two decades and had witnessed the coming of popes, the rise and fall of Fascism, periodic earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, so characteristic of Italy. We were seldom more than a handful of American correspondents then—eight or ten. On this assignment, not only had a score or more landed from the United States, but a whole corps had swept in from all parts of Europe. Sixty-five American correspondents were there to cover the consistory of the bestowal of red hats. Besides Glennon and Spellman, red hats were to be placed on the heads of Archbishop Mooney of Detroit and Archbishop Stritch of Chicago. Altogether, thirty-two prelates from all over the world were to be

created cardinals, the greatest number in history at one time.

The solemn and measured pace of Vatican business had often been quickened by the influence of American ecclesiastics in the Vatican palaces. Spellman had been an attaché in the secretariat of state there. While he was there, typewriters were introduced, telegraph instruments could be heard clicking and the radio was born. He was the first priest of any nationality to translate the Pope's speech over the air. The Vatican was motorized. Fleets of American motor cars replaced the picturesque though outdated papal blacks which constituted the horse and buggy era of the papacy. An entirely new telephone system was installed by the International Telephone and Telegraph Company, an American concern, which replaced old and outworn instruments with modern receivers and put in the dial system.

Besides, American prelates had reached positions of influential authority. Archbishop Mooney had been the Vatican's representative in India and then in Japan. Bishop Hurley of St. Augustine, Fla., had been appointed papal nuncio to Belgrade and still occupies that post. Spellman had performed missions all over the world. Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia was papal legate to the World's Eucharistic Congress in Manila. Archbishop Paschal Robinson was nuncio to Eire. Americans were appointed to posts in the Vatican Chancellery and the various congregations. They held key posts in the mission field in China, Japan and South America. The appointment of four new cardinals at this consistory signified the greater role which the Pontiff recognized the United States deserved. Little wonder that the press of America had sent sixty-five correspondents to cover the event.

Not without reason, the Vatican had always feared to embrace the secular press with any fraternal fellow feeling. What was problematical in this case was how sixty-five aggressive, fighting, competing American newsmen could charge into the staid, impenetrable walls of the Vatican and get all their news, pictures and movie shots. Besides, there were two hundred other newsmen from various parts of the world to cover their cardinals.

The prelates in charge of the ceremonies have always been wary of newsmen as disturbers of the pageantry anyway. They were even afraid of the stodgy academic journalist of thirty or forty years ago, with his morning coat and striped trousers. What a nightmare to them to think of winding movie cameras, microphones, flashlights, candid photographers and play-by-play reporters rushing back and forth to telephones. How could such men and contrivances ever blend with the rich vestments of the clergy, the damasks, tapestries, frescoes and murals of the Vatican halls and the basilica of St. Peter's?

But it was done, not, however, without a casualty or two.

The first ceremony for the Americans took place in a huge Renaissance hall. The walls were covered with murals by classic artists. The hall itself was denuded of all furniture except the four thrones on which the four American archbishops sat to receive their notification that they were elevated as cardinals. Everybody else stood. Members of the American colony came and, of course, the sixty-five American newsmen with tripods, bulbs, klieg-lights, microphones, movie machines and candid cameras. They occupied the entire west wall of the hall and centered their shots right at the four thrones. The scene was reminiscent of a studio, but our four new cardinals endured it, finding consolation in the thought that though dignity bowed to modernity, this was democracy.

But where the elevation of the fourth estate to the status of the second estate was brought out in dramatic relief was in the presence of the Pope himself in the Hall of Benediction. This lavish hall is located above the façade of St. Peter's and ordinarily is used by the Pope as a stopping place when he bestows the papal benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's. Here, there being thirty-two cardinals to be created, it was used as the scene of the semi-public consistory.

In size it runs to about the dimensions of the ballroom of a big city hotel. At the far end there is a dais about twenty-five feet square just three steps above the floor. From the dais seven steps lead to a smaller platform on which the Pope's throne stands, usually in crimson and gold. On either

side of the dais are the royal boxes, which, from the long experience of the papal ceremonialists in placing emperors, empresses, kings, queens and other royal personages in them—with their suites—have been found to seat each twelve persons comfortably.

Now, precariously unenlightened on what the two hundred and sixty-five newsmen were going to do and how they would do it, the Vatican ceremonialists undertook the anxious task of getting them in somehow. Since there were no emperors, empresses, kings or queens about, the royal boxes would be available for some favored personages. What! *No!* It could not be. Yes. The royal boxes were assigned to the press. Where royal and imperial majesties once sat was to be the dignified station of reporters, movie men, radio men and photographers.

The ceremonialists had calculated the honor as a worthy condescension. But worthy as it was as to location, it was inadequate as to breadth and length. The point was: how could one distribute the capacity of the two boxes—twenty-four seats—amongst two hundred and sixty-five newsmen of all nationalities? While honor was saved, justice was lost. The reporters, movie men, radio men and photographers appealed to Spellman. Spellman agreed to try to solve the quantitative enigma.

Accordingly, the newsmen and Spellman wrestled with the impossible arithmetic. They finally decided that the press associations like AP, UP, INS, and Reuter's with some movie men, radio men and photographers should occupy the box on the right. The box on the left was assigned outright to the Catholic press. For the rest of the journalistic multitude, it was decided that they should occupy places along the walls around the entire hall—and stand. They were satisfied. The impossible had been made possible even though it seemed to require that a newsman should be asked to stand.

But a look at the royal box on the right and then again on the left emphasized that a revolution had taken place in Vatican ceremonies. In the grandeur of the damasks, tapestries and murals, gawky tripods protruded into the air like miniature scaffolding. Perched on high stools were two or

three photographers. Besides, more of the craft dodged in and out waiting to snap their candid shots. Stores of bulbs indicated that sooner or later we were to be visited with popping flashes and indiscriminate explosions. This had replaced staid regality, the rich uniforms of kings and the dignified lace gowns of the royal ladies. This was the revolution.

In this particular ceremony, the Pope was scheduled to place the red biretta, the three-cornered headpiece of a prelate, on each of the thirty-two new cardinals. Of the thirty-two, two did not come to Rome and one was ill in Rome so that twenty-nine of them were present. All of the invited guests were already in their places—bishops, archbishops, statesmen and the real Roman aristocracy of centuries-long tradition. The Pope, borne aloft on the *sedia genstatoria*, wearing a golden miter, a red velvet cape bordered with ermine and a white rochet, entered in a procession of the papal court. He took his place on the throne and the ceremony began.

One by one the new cardinals, escorted by purple-clad members of the Pope's household, marched slowly down the aisle and approached the throne. The name of each was announced at the foot of the dais. Each ascended the dais, genuflected once, advanced to the center of the dais, genuflected a second time and then, at the foot of the throne, knelt. Each in turn kissed the slippered foot of the Holy Father, then kissed his ring, and finally embraced him to kneel again and wait. At that moment, the Pontiff placed the red biretta on the new cardinal's head, reciting the formula of bestowing this mark of cardinalitial rank. The ritual was solemn and impressive.

Then it was the turn of the senior of the new cardinals to make an address to the Pope thanking him for the honors bestowed. This duty fell to Cardinal Agagianian, Patriarch of Armenia. His black beard, olive skin, turban-like headpiece and flowing purple robes made him look like an Arabian. His voice was strong. He had hardly begun to speak when the bulbs began to pop. They did not give out their usual muffled flash. These were explosions which punc-

tuated, without regard for rhetoric or grammatical justice, the high-sounding phrases of the Oriental prelate.

Charley Ridder, editor of the *Catholic News* of New York, stood up in the left-hand box. His appearance was always arresting. That morning he had been taken for an ambassador and though somewhat betrayed by being mingled with tripods and microphones he could have passed for an ambassador that afternoon. His white locks, though not abundant, were sufficient to give the appearance of mature diplomacy. He was not a little perplexed by the *pop-pop* of the flash-lights. But suddenly a photographer behind him, while getting a sight over his shoulder, dropped the bulb squarely on his head while closing the circuit. The explosion reverberated through the vaulting.

I looked over at Charley. He was dazed.

His hair—what he still possessed—stood up straight as if in violent protest against the terrifying melee. Smoke abounded, and whatever else was done it was only the dignity of the prelates which overcame the photographic assault.

It was enough. From then on, pictures were off. But more had already been taken in that short space than ever before in the long history of the papacy. It was a photographer's fete day.

This was the first time in history that the newsmen had ever been invited to the royal box. There may be a second, but it will not be without reservations and some qualms.

TEMPLE FIELDING

"WRITING seems to be pretty much of a family tradition," Temple Fielding says. "Henry Fielding started it with *Tom Jones*; my late grandfather, Dr. William T. Hornaday, founder and first Director of the New York Zoological Park, turned out twenty-six books during his lifetime; my sister, Loraine, has become the youngest senior writer on the MGM lot in Hollywood.

"As for me, I'm thirty-three, and a New Yorker by birth. Neither Carl Crow, Chiang Kai-shek, nor any of Nancy Parker's authors showed my foresight or business acumen. I married her to save the ten per cent literary agency commission, but now she uses *my* ninety per cent in bringing up our husky young son.

"At Princeton I scribbled for the *Tiger* and *Lit*, graduated *cum laude*, and did the usual things in an entirely undistinguished way. In 1940, the wolf scratching at the door, I dashed off my first full article and, in masterful ignorance, sent it to *The Reader's Digest*. The Providence which takes care of drunks, fools, and children was with me, and they bought it.

"In January, 1941, I reported to Fort Bragg to make little artillerymen into big ones. Nine service schools and ten posts later, I was selected by OSS for black propaganda work and shipped to North Africa, Italy, and the Balkans. As a charter member of the Independent American Military Mission to Tito, I spent several rather active months at the Red Marshal's headquarters behind German lines in Yugoslavia.

"During this period I wrote night after night in mountain caves, on stable floors, sitting on parachutes in airplanes—superb training for later work as a roving correspondent. Since 1940 *The Reader's Digest* has accepted seven articles; more have appeared in *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *American*, *Coronet*, *Liberty*, *Mademoiselle*, *Town and Country*, two anthologies, and eight other magazines.

"On this latest junket through twenty-two countries in Europe and Africa, I wore out ten airlines, twelve railroads, innumerable private conveyances, and two extra-calloused size-9 feet. My main assignments were for *The Reader's Digest* and the publish-

ing house of Farrar, Straus & Co.; articles will also appear in *Cosmopolitan* and others. *Fielding's Air Guide to Europe*, a sort of streamlined Baedeker for the postwar traveller, is scheduled for release next July."

LAUGHTER ON THE LAM

By TEMPLE FIELDING

IN SPITE of widespread suffering and misery, postwar Europe is full of laughs.

I hopped, skipped, and jumped through twenty-two countries in the spring and summer of 1946, and the contrast to liberation times is amazing. The mass fear, the mass reticence is dissolving like snow in the sunlight. The Little People are beginning to grin again.

My companions on my odyssey were Marjory Collins, one of America's most dramatic photographers, and Eugene P. Warner, brilliant Public Relations Director for the International Division of TWA. Nothing seems to work on the Continent: windows stick, trains get lost, plumbing overflows, food is tainted. Hundreds of cockeyed trivialities befall every traveller, and these were the catalysts which kept up our spirits and brought us home friends.

In Dublin they have salt shakers twelve inches high, massive silver gadgets the size of a milk bottle. At breakfast one day I tried to use one over my poached eggs; it was empty. The waitress, a pink-cheeked, painfully shy Irish lass, hovered over me with unnecessary nervousness when she brought it back from the pantry. When I raised it over my plate, it was too much for her to bear.

"But, sir!" she gasped. "But, sir!! *Sugar* on those lovely poached eggs?"

"Why not?" I replied nonchalantly, dusting them over lightly. "Delicious! A gourmet's delight!"

She stood there and gawked. I couldn't scrape it off until she was out of sight, and I was particularly hungry. How to get rid of her.

"May I have a glass of water, please?" I asked politely.

"Certainly, sir," she said, automatically. Then she remembered who I was, looked at me pityingly, and scratched her head.

"Cold water, sir—or would you like it hot?" she asked.

Denmark has its domestic problems, too. On a Thursday afternoon I was riding through the countryside with Mogens Lichtenberg, Minister of Tourism. Mogens is a viking of a man, handsome, distinguished, with the droll deadpan humor so dear to Danish and American hearts.

We passed a column of young girl hikers, who, despite hobnailed boots and thirty-pound packs, were shouting a lusty song. Rivers of perspiration poured down their faces.

"Why in God's name do they *have* hiking clubs?" I asked. "Why should any girl in her senses *want* to belong?"

"They don't," said Mogens shortly. "It's for maids."

"Maids?" I asked, startled.

"Sure," said Mogens, his blue eyes twinkling. "Take my own case—it's typical.

"Ten years ago we had a maid. We trained her, got her settled in, got attached to her—and bang! she got pregnant. Eight years ago we had a second maid. We trained her, got her settled in, got attached to her—and bang! she got pregnant. Six years ago we had a third maid—and bang! *she* got pregnant. After four of these pathetic cases, I made up my mind."

"About what?" I asked slyly, but the slander was lost.

"Well, I went to a village way out in the country and found a fine, strong young girl. I said 'You can have the job at so-and-so per month'—a fortune to her—*if* you'll join the

hiking club. You *must* join the hiking club.' . . . She's been with us for five years now," he added reflectively.

"But what's that got to do with it?" I asked.

"Look," he said. "She gets one day off a week. She walks twenty-five miles, she carries a pack that would break a stevedore's back, she builds campfires, she sings her lungs out. After fourteen hours of this goddam business, how could she *possibly* get pregnant?"

Illicit love doesn't stop with Denmark. En route from Cairo to Ethiopia, we stopped in the little country of Eritrea, at the foot of the Red Sea. Asmara, the capital, was an emergency base for the U.S. Air Transport Command during the war. A few lucky Americans lived here; because army facilities were completely lacking, each officer was given a \$7.00 "per diem" (per day), to pay for his food and shelter.

When we stepped out of the plane, a crowd of gamins surrounded us with loud demands of "Baksheesh! Baksheesh!" They were nothing but little racketeers, so we brushed them aside. One sun-kissed lad, smaller and more ragged than the rest, stood directly in our path. Grimy little hand outstretched, he made an enthusiastic bid.

"Mister Americans, pleeeze, baksheesh? Pleeeze, Mister Americans, *good* baksheesh?"

"The kid speaks English," said Warner. "Must have picked up a word or two from the A.T.C. boys."

We swept on, ignoring him. He ran around to the front of us and planted himself squarely in the doorway to the terminus. There was a glint of determination in his stuffed-olive eyes.

"Mister Americans, listen to my story!"

We stopped.

"Frankly, me little bastard."

We jumped.

"Got no mama, no papa, no whiskey, no soda, not a *penny* of per diem!"

We emptied our pockets, reverent at the diffusion of American Culture.

If the American way sometimes baffles our British cousins, they carry things off with extraordinary aplomb. When we arrived at Southport, England, on a picture assignment, the hotel situation was so bad that Gene decided to wire his TWA manager in London to make sure of our rooms at the Ritz. Together we strolled down to the sleepy little telegraph office, where he dashed off his message and signed it "E. P. Warner."

"Maybe I'd better identify myself to this London fellow," said Gene as an afterthought. "I'll make sure he knows that I'm with the company."

After his signature he added the letters "TW" and "AIR," the cable code designation for Trans World Airline all over the globe.

The clerk, an impeccable young man with pince-nez, hard collar, and no-nonsense manner, read the message without comment. He glanced at the "E. P. Warner, TW-AIR" without a single blink. Quickly he counted the number of words.

"How much?" asked Gene.

"Four bob, Mr. Twair, *if* you please," said the clerk briskly.

Despite thousands of TWA transatlantic flights, millions of successful TWA air miles, millions of printed words about TWA, there are still a few people who break poor Warner's heart.

We were flying from Rineanna to Dublin on Aer Lingus (Irish Air Line), and a gnarled old porter was checking our baggage. Out on the field a Constellation warmed its motors; a scarlet "Trans World Airline" was blazed on its fuselage in twenty-four-inch capitals.

"Yez have no excess weight," said the old man, squinting at the scale. "Now where did yez say we could reach yez?"

"Gresham Hotel," said I.

"The Gresham, izzit?" said he. He painfully printed "GRES" in wavering letters on my tag.

"TWA-Dublin is mine," said Gene.

This brought him up short.

"TWA, sor? Faith, and wot is that?"

Gene was nettled at such crass ignorance. Rival companies or not, the man should know better.

"Why, Trans World Airline, of course!" the Public Relations Director sputtered. "Look there! See that mighty Constellation?"

The Irishman squinted his rheumy blue eyes out the window and studied the giant insigne. Wearily, he turned back and picked up his pencil.

"Oh, *that*," he said.

On Gene's tag he laboriously scrawled the word "TRANCE."

In most foreign countries, customs officials are kind to Americans. The immigration men of Denmark, Greece, Sweden, and Norway are exceptionally friendly to the U.S. traveller; the Swiss, Portuguese, Luxembourgers, and British are wonderfully courteous. But for my money, the Land of the Pharaohs is a glaring exception.

We arrived at Payne Field, Cairo, in the middle of the night. In my bag were thirty-six ball-point pens, gifts for dignitaries and heads of state from one end of Europe to the other. The terminus was swarming with swarthy gentlemen in fezzes, but there seemed to be a remarkable lack of order. We stood for three hours at the counter, awaiting our turn.

Finally two burly inspectors proceeded to tear our luggage apart. Grimy fingers pawed over our clothing; grimy fingers held up handkerchiefs and private documents to the light. When they pulled out the pens, they went wild.

"You pay fine for not declaring!" they thundered.

I showed them a letter written by the pen manufacturers precisely for this emergency.

"These are gifts," I explained. "Not for sale!"

They looked at me as if I'd lost my senses.

"Not for sale—forty dollars each, black market?"

We argued for twenty minutes; I was ordered to leave them in bond at the customs.

"Can't I just take *one*, for King Farouk?"

"Impossible."

A box was procured and the pens were dumped inside.

Heavy customs seals were affixed to the string. The receipt, illegible to me, was in Arabic.

One month later, en route to Athens, I called at the counter.

"Thirty-six pens," I told the same inspectors.

The box had dust on its top. The customs seals were intact. Thank God, it hadn't been touched.

"You tried to cheat us!" blustered the fat one. "Why did you not declare these, in the first place?"

"The three dozen pens are gifts!" I said stubbornly, opening the package.

Inside was a neat stack of twenty-four pens.

A woman photographer has her troubles in Europe, particularly if she happens to be attractive. When we got to Rome, Margie Collins went on a shopping spree. She picked up two dresses of gorgeous Milan silk, six pairs of hose, three pairs of shoes, and a bag. Radiant from head to foot in the latest Italian mode, she struck out for the Associated Press office and her cocktail date.

Two American G.I.'s were lounging at the corner. As she hove in sight, a vision in her new outfit, they gave her the eye. Then they whistled.

"Not bad," said one in English.

"I like it," said the other.

"Let me handle this," said the first. "I talk her lingo better than you."

As she came to the curb, he leaned forward, leered invitingly, and asked,

"*Quanta costa* (how much), baby?"

Margie grinned sweetly. For a long, long second she was demure and disarming. Then she spat, in unmistakable Park Avenue accents,

"Just ten million bucks more than *you* got, bud!"—and flounced down the street.

The black-market operators in Holland who would shout "Wanna sell your coat and pants?" were sinister characters. The maids who sat placidly in the men's rooms in Paris gave

us the willies. The girl on the Madrid express who held a séance with her father nearly drove me out of the compartment. But oddest of all was the Norwegian student of philosophy.

I was sitting in the lounge of the Grand Hotel in Oslo, sipping beer and writing a letter. Now and then I would glance up to see the eyes of my neighbor intent upon my face. They were red, burning eyes that peered unblinkingly through horn-rimmed goggles. I tried to ignore the scrutiny; it was difficult and uncomfortable.

After sixty minutes of staring, he seemed to come to a decision. Carefully he took out a pad, scribbled something on it, and stood up. He was fat, short, with massive head, flowing hair, jug ears, and string necktie; there was an absurd dignity about him.

Straight to my table he came. He dropped the folded message in the ashtray, turned on his heel, and waddled back to his chair. Not a word had been spoken.

I picked up the note. In big black letters was the single pencilled word:

K O E L B L E R

Mistaken identity? A secret signal?

I rose and walked to his table.

"Beg your pardon," I said, brandishing the note. "This for me?"

He ignored my question.

"You are American," he said flatly.

"Sure, but. . ."

"Do not interrupt! You are a writer, also."

"Certainly," I said, "but what is this 'Koelbler'?"

"Child! Imbecile! Oaf!" The little man was blazing. "I want a pledge from you! The first *moment* you are in New York, you *must* go to your Public Library!"

He leaned forward solemnly. His index finger emphasized each word of the pronouncement.

"Koebler — is — the — *greatest* — living — Russian — philosopher!"

"Okay," I said meekly. "I'll try him."

No further words were exchanged. The ardent little convert to Koebler didn't look at me again.

Back in New York, I remembered his enthusiasm. Maybe Koebler *had* something, to inspire such ardor! But the Public Library stocked none of his works, and the Head Librarian didn't know a store in the city that carried him.

Two weeks later my good friend Odd Medboe, Press Chief of the Norwegian Air Line, flew here from Scandinavia. The first thing I asked him was where I could locate a book—any book—by a man named Koebler.

"Koebler?" said Odd. "That crazy Russian philosopher?" His eyes twinkled merrily. "I'll ask the little runt when I get back to Oslo. His office is the lounge of the Grand Hotel!"

Prices in postwar Europe are weird things. Some currencies are inflated, others are deflated, and a fantastic scale of values confronts the traveller. In Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal, U.S. dollars are about as welcome as a case of measles; in England, Italy, Greece, and Holland, any shopkeeper will fight for them. One point is clear: anywhere in Europe, Uncle Sam's money takes second place to the Swiss franc and the Swedish krona.

In London we paid \$1.00 apiece for carnations and \$125.00 for a mild evening's entertainment at a leading night club. In Ethiopia, eggs were a penny apiece, filet mignon was 7¢ a pound, and a dressed whole sheep was \$2.00—but a dime tube of toothpaste cost \$1.75. American cigarettes were \$25.00 a carton in Holland—if you could find them!—and cheap hand soap was \$3.00 per cake. At the Port Wine Institute in Lisbon, magnificent vintages went begging at 80¢ a bottle, yet nylons were \$20.00 a pair.

The Swedes have a way of burying their charges. My hotel room in Stockholm was quoted at \$2.66 per day—reasonable enough. But when I checked out, they'd tacked on enough extras to make even a seasoned traveller blink. Service (a flat 20%) was 53¢ additional; the hall porter took

a second bite of 64¢; my two daily showers came to 84¢; they even billed me 25¢ (it was August) for nonexistent heat in the radiators!

Spain was the most fantastic of all. Franco has pegged the peseta at a level where the U.S. dollar is nothing but paper; taxes are staggering. In American currency, a modest lunch for one in Madrid is \$15.00; a dinner might be \$28.00; coffee, the national drink, is \$3.35 a pound. At the Corpus Christi celebration in Toledo, our check for the noon meal was \$22.93. To this was added a 12% service charge, a 20% "subsidio" tax (for widows, civil war veterans, and old age assistance), a 20% "high cost of living" tax, and a 50% "holiday" tax (authorized by the government during national celebrations). Our \$22.93 lunch cost us \$43.38!

Hardest to bear was the price of a single round of drinks. On my first afternoon in Madrid, I casually invited five fellow correspondents to join me for a highball in the hotel bar. The waiter brought us six miniature jiggers; then he handed me a bill that lifted the freckles off my nose. It's the first and last time I'll ever buy whiskey like Shalimar. That plain, unglamorized Scotch cost me exactly ten dollars per ounce!

The hours in Spain are cockeyed, too. Businessmen go to their offices at eleven in the morning; lunch is at three, and dinner is often at midnight.

Margie, Gene and I were invited to tea at the home of a prominent government official. Aware of this national time lag, we presented ourselves at 7 P.M. instead of the usual 4:30. The hostess was flustered. Her husband, she told us, had only that minute telephoned his regrets: he was unavoidably detained by matters of state. The tea and sandwiches seemed to take a long time in coming.

Later, as we walked through our hotel lobby, we bumped squarely into the missing host. He beamed, threw his arms around us, and broke into voluble English.

"How perfect!" he said. "Now we can ride to my villa together! We'll be on time for our 9:30 tea party!"

This happened while I was in Scandinavia. It had a great city in stitches. To avoid a fat libel suit, both the setting and the principals must be nameless.

Nudist clubs flourish in these three coldest countries. The northern peoples see so little sun that when it comes out they worship it. Their attitude toward the human body is wholesome, honest, and clean; they resent the smutty curiosity so often displayed by their foreign visitors.

A British industrialist, a man famous for boorishness and crudity, took his vacation in this beautiful city. In twenty-four hours he was cordially hated. He cursed every servant he saw, drank like a hog, made slanderous remarks about prominent local women, and finally stunned his host by demanding that he procure a respectable young girl for his pleasures.

The following day he chanced upon a display of nudist magazines at a booth on the street.

"God Almighty!" he gasped. "'Ow can I get cozy with some of these—?"

A beautiful, brilliant idea clicked in the mind of the host.

"Oh, I'll give you a guest card to my own Sun Club," he said sweetly. "We meet on my lawn at 2:30 P.M. every Sunday. Want a good eyeful?"

The Englishman showed up exactly on time. My friend met him at the door stark-naked; completely unconscious of his nudity, he escorted the visitor into the dining room. Neat piles of male and female apparel lay on the chairs. From the next room came the casual sound of voices.

"We started the meeting early today," said the host. "The chairman is outlining our plans for a summer sun-camp. . . . Now, when we get inside, please do not openly stare. Please do not touch anyone. Be natural, be normal, conduct yourself as you do anywhere, and you'll soon get over the strangeness. Here's a chair for your clothes."

"*Me* undress?" asked the Englishman aghast.

"It's a rule for *all* visitors, my friend."

With a lascivious smirk, the fifty-five-year-old Lothario disrobed. Squat, wrinkled, with potbelly and pipe-stem legs, he looked like a revolting little animal.

"Okay?" asked the host.

"Smashing!" said the Englishman.

"Good," said the host, leading him as far as the sliding door. "Now remember to be completely unconscious of your surroundings. We'll find a quiet place somewhere in the back."

Hidden by the panel, he quickly ran the door back into the wall, leaving the Englishman framed in the entrance. He took one step forward; the leer of anticipation froze on his face.

Twenty-five men and women stared curiously at him—and all twenty-five were fully dressed.

Transportation in Europe is still a major adventure. Swiss and Scandinavian trains seem to keep their schedules, but service in other countries makes our Long Island Railroad a traveller's paradise.

We were stuck in Portugal. The Dutch airline to Paris had been booked for months in advance; the French-Spanish border was closed to nationals, and ground transportation was correspondingly crowded. Even Gene was helpless. He wangled one seat to Shannon, Ireland, on TWA; from there the connections to Paris were good. We drew straws for it, and Margie won.

What to do now. The manager of the hotel stepped in with the solution. Two tickets to Paris? A simple matter, my friends. A fast, clean, luxury train once a day—the finest "*rapide*" in Europe! Tuesday morning? But of course!

"You might take along a light snack to eat," he said gaily. "A sandwich, an orange or two—something to nibble on, if the diner is too crowded. . . ."

"Light snack, hell," I thought. "Why not load up for our hungry friends in Paris?" Over Gene's mild protests, I bought two dozen cans of sardines, three loaves of bread, and six bottles of wine.

The tickets arrived, two seats first class, and the manager apologized that there was no room in the sleeping cars.

"But you won't mind sitting up for just one night," he

beamed. "The cars are so beautiful—the train so fast—oh, so fast!"

We boarded the train early in the morning. With perfect timing, the diner was dropped off at 11 A.M., right in front of our hungry eyes. Munching on sardines, we watched the countryside flash by at fifteen miles per hour. The locomotive burned wood; by 5 P.M., at the Spanish frontier, we were blacker than end men in a minstrel show.

"Want to wash?" I asked Gene.

"Don't kid me," he said. "Didn't you know there's no water on this rattler?"

The customs officials took one hard look at Gene's passport, jabbered among themselves, and kicked him off the train. Mysteriously, his visa was unsatisfactory; he must return to Lisbon at once.

This left me with four crates of Margie's flash bulbs, Gene's two suitcases, my two valpaks, and the basket of food. At the next junction the "*rapide*" missed its vital connection; I was stuck on locals for the rest of the journey. At four porterless whistle-stops I had to change cars, wrestling every piece of that load by hand; I sat on jammed wooden benches with sweaty peasants standing on my feet; I stuffed myself with my oily delicacy, brushed my teeth in wine, and played games with the butterflies that would drift through the windows of the moving train, make up their minds they didn't like it, and fly back out.

Last week my wife made me a sardine sandwich. The sight of it nearly turned my stomach. On that ride I had exactly fifteen straight meals of this noble fish, because that luxury express—"so fast, so clean, the finest *rapide* in Europe"—pulled into Paris four days afterward, three days late.

Chicago or Athens, Hollywood or Tunis, the world is full of pests. There's not a correspondent on the globe who can travel either fast enough or far enough to avoid them.

My DNL plane for Copenhagen was scheduled to leave at an unholy hour in the morning. The airport is fifty miles from Oslo—the remotest commercial landing field in Europe—and I was feeling like death when I climbed on the bus.

The sun was just coming up; I settled back with my *Time* magazine and tried to forget the hundreds of aquavits with beer chasers at the huge banquet a few hours before.

At that precise moment, a middle-aged woman fluttered down the aisle, beamed brightly, and plumped herself in the seat beside me. She was straight from Helen Hokinson and *The New Yorker*: fortyish, stout, suburban, with Queen Mary hat, yards of trailing chiffon, and birdlike manner. Obviously she was President of the Oslo S.P.C.A., Chairman of the Parent-Teachers Association, Flag Secretary of the Daughters of the Norwegian Revolution, and Committee-woman for the Girl Guides, Nature Study Club, and W.C.T.U.

Her radiant, ten-thousand-watt good cheer was revolting. She sat on the edge of the seat, squirmed like a buffalo to make herself comfortable, then turned her devastating personality full on me.

"British?" she boomed in a voice that awoke the man six seats ahead.

"American," I said shortly.

"Ahhh!" she trilled. "America! The land of the brave, the home of the free, the cradle of destiny! My husband Olaf—he's a real-estate man and a *power* in the Elks—went to New York in 1926. . . ."

Time seemed to halt as she talked and talked, talked and talked, talked and talked, steady as a metronome, hardly stopping for breath. For ten minutes I listened politely; for the next fifteen minutes I showed faint boredom; finally, when I simply could stand it no longer, I made up my mind to be rude. Burying my nose in the magazine, I ignored her.

She refused to be rebuffed. She *had* to chatter until her springs ran down. At long last her saccharine voice trailed off into uneasy silence—and a mass sigh arose from forty-one passengers.

Girding her loins, she tried again.

"I sing!" she announced. "See? Here are the words for my songs!"

She pushed a large notebook into my hands and forced my reluctant fingers to turn over the pages.

"See? 'Ay-Ay-Ay-Ay'—that's Spanish! 'O Sole Mio'—that's

Italian! 'Frère Jacques'—that's French! 'Ach Du Lieber Augustin'—that's German! Just the words! I know the songs, but I must learn the words!"

I was silent. My head was pounding; my eyes were blurring; I thought, "Oh, God! If *only* I could find a piece of lead pipe. . . ."

"American songs, tool" she continued relentlessly. "'Old Black Joe!' 'Old Folks at Home!' I sing them all! I give a concert tomorrow to my friends in Copenhagen!"

I shut my eyes and prayed that a thunderbolt would crash through the roof.

"Ah! Here is one which puzzles!" Every ear in the bus swayed back in the breeze. "Tell me—how is this word pronounced—that region in the south of your country? Is it 'Carry Me Back to Old *Virginny*'—or 'Carry Me Back to Old *Vagina*'?"

I looked her in the eye. She deserved it, and her friends deserved it. Coldly and deliberately, I told her wrong.

In Ethiopia I had the privilege of a special interview with His Imperial Majesty, Haile Selassie I. The Emperor, every inch a king, is a kindly, generous man. Two hours later he sent me a talisman of pure Ethiopian gold, to commemorate our meeting. I turned my baggage inside out for an appropriate gift in return. All I could find was a new fountain pen. Hesitantly I wrapped it up and dispatched it with apologies for its smallness and lack of pretentiousness.

Four months later, on Madison Avenue in New York, I bumped into Al Pierce, distribution chief for the company which had manufactured my pen. He was amused and excited.

"What's the matter, Al?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said. "It tickles me, that's all. . . . Ever heard of a man named Haile Selassie? Gosh almighty—he just sent us an order for one thousand pens!"

JOE RAVOTTO

JOSEPH D. RAVOTTO was born in Union City, N.J., and spent his early years there, but like so many of his generation in the late twenties, he felt an irresistible urge to go to Paris, so he went. He found employment with the business office of the *Chicago Tribune's* European Edition, but at the first opportunity he transferred to the editorial department where he did general reporting and later became sports editor. When the *Tribune's* European Edition was merged with the *Paris Herald* at the end of 1934, Joe joined the United Press and for the next six years covered the preparation for and the early events of World War II in France, Italy and Spain, returning to this country when Italy went into the war on the side of the Axis. After a brief period with the Foreign Broadcast Service of the Federal Communications Commission, Joe joined the Office of War Information, where he helped build up the Italian radio section. He went overseas again in March, 1943, and was assigned to the Psychological Warfare Branch of Allied Force Headquarters, working first on Italian radio broadcasts out of Algiers. He was then put in charge of radio activities in Tunis, and after the Sicily invasion was named chief of radio for P.W.B. in Italy, where he built up an Allied radio network using captured or rebuilt Fascist radio stations. After the capture of Rome and Florence and the integration of all the radio stations in Allied hands in Italy in a smoothly functioning chain, Joe transferred to the European Theater of Operations and served in executive capacities at Radio Luxembourg and later at Radio Munich. Early in 1946, he returned to Italy at the request of the United States Information Service, an international information and cultural branch of the State Department, and he is now serving in Rome as mass media officer for the service. Mrs. Ravotto, a native of southern France but an American citizen by naturalization, left New York in October, 1946, to rejoin Joe in Rome.

ACCIDENTAL SCOOP

By JOE RAVOTTO

THE ATMOSPHERE had been tense that whole day. Something big was up and we knew it was likely to break any minute.

That morning, I had been unceremoniously yanked out of bed and handed a cryptic, coded message from Algiers.

"BE ON ALERT MONITOR RADIO ALGIERS RADIO ROME AFTER-NOONLONG STOP REPEAT NEWS IMMEDIATELY ON RADIO TUNIS IN FRENCH AND ITALIAN DROP OTHER LANGUAGES STOP STANDBY FOR FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS," it read.

The previous day, following my request to go to Algiers to visit headquarters, I had received an urgent call from Bill Tyler, Chief of Radio for Psychological Warfare Branch in the Mediterranean Theater, asking me to postpone my trip for at least ten days. When pressed for an explanation, Bill replied:

"Something's in the air for tomorrow night. Sorry I can't say more!"

And so we let it go at that.

Later that afternoon, a British courier had arrived from Algiers with a sealed brief case. He was immediately closeted with Oliver Garrett, a character right out of the Hollywood studios, who was Commanding Officer for PWB in Tunis. He picked up a phone, called me in and explained that we had another Italian leaflet to prepare.

This sort of thing had been going on for weeks now. Each time there had been a new landing—Pantelleria, Lampedusa, Linosa, Sicily and the Eighth Army invasion of southern Italy of only a few days before—PWB had been called into the AFHQ conference room "on the hill" in Algiers and briefed on the highly secret military operations. In some of these conferences, our men came face to face with General Eisenhower himself.

It was PWB's role to coordinate radio and leaflet warfare with each military advance. Our specialists would prepare the leaflets, translate them into Italian and make arrangements to have them dropped over specific targets in Italy. Meanwhile our announcers would broadcast the texts of the leaflets together with specially prepared scripts from our numerous radio transmitters all through North Africa.

Apparently this operation was to follow the same pattern. Its importance was impressed on me by the fact that neither Garrett nor the courier gave the slightest hint as to the contents of the leaflet.

We called Sergio Funaro, a young intellectual in his early twenties, who had left Italy less than half a dozen years before because of Fascism's then recently adopted racial policy. He was now a Sergeant in the American Army, and chief of the Italian Section at Radio Tunis.

"Sergio," I said, "there's another leaflet job to do."

He knew what that meant. With his perfect knowledge of Italian, he had been drafted to do several such jobs in these recent weeks.

Algiers would send us the original English text and we would do the rest. We would have the leaflet translated, printed and taken out in small bundles to one of the near-by airfields. At this time we worked closely with the RAF because the British controlled all the fields in northern Tunisia. We would carefully pack the bundles into sturdy Wellingtons, the pet bombers of the Desert Air Force. The same night they would fly over Italy, dropping them on targets we had previously selected.

Those RAF pilots groaned each time we gave them a leaflet job to do. Their name, and later ours, for leaflets was "nickels." Every trip they made with "nickels" was a trip they didn't make with bombs. These tough lads, many of them already absent from England for two or more years, did not think very highly of mixing paper with shells and bombs. They were for more traditional methods.

They even had a cartoon stuck up in one of their briefing rooms in which a British plane is pictured resting on enemy territory. The crew is shown distributing leaflets by hand,

and the caption reads: "Somebody'd likely get hurt if we were to drop 'em."

The operations were so secret that anyone who had anything at all to do with the preparation of leaflets was put under guard in the printing plant until they had been dropped.

After packing his musette bag with a change of clothing, a towel, the usual toilet articles and a blanket, Sergeant Funaro slouched into my office with that hangdog look of his.

"I'm ready," he said laconically.

I knew his short, matter-of-fact statement would cost me a couple of packages of cigarettes. When he had to concentrate deeply, Sergio was a chain smoker. I didn't smoke at all but he knew that I drew my rations for him and his fellow smokers.

With the cigarettes safely packed away, off he went with a score of linotype operators and pressmen, most of them local Tunisian Italians. They would be put under lock and key for 24 to 48 hours.

Reviewing the events of the past weeks, I began to try to figure out what was on tap. I sat in my office at Radio Tunis, pondering over the military and political occurrences before and since my arrival from Algiers some six weeks before.

Each of these events had meant many hours of work, preparing leaflets and special scripts to be read over the air. Radio Tunis, with its 100-kilowatt transmitter located almost due south of Rome, was the most powerful station in the Mediterranean. Because of its power and location, it could be heard all over Italy.

Our announcer would go before the mike with the usual formula:

"We are going to read you the text of a leaflet, which is being dropped over your cities at this very moment."

This would be followed with an appeal to the Italians to sabotage the German war effort.

We never broadcast such a message until it had been cleared. A signal would be sent from the airfield notifying us that the planes were dropping the leaflets. Then we would receive the green light to go ahead on the air.

One of the first jobs of this nature in which I had participated was in Algiers on the night of July 18, 1943. AFHQ had previously decided to okay the bombing of Rome. Despite Italian denials, information received at headquarters revealed that the Germans were making effective use of the railway yards there for transshipping men and war matériel from the north to the south.

AFHQ decided to use a slightly different technique from previous operations. It was going to inform the enemy ahead of time exactly when and what target it intended bombing.

The leaflets PWB prepared notified the enemy that our planes would raid the railway yards at St. Lorenzo, Ostiense and other districts in the Eternal City. It was explained that we had no desire to bomb the city proper or to destroy any of its age-old civic and religious monuments. Warning was given to the Romans to stay away from the areas marked out for destruction.

The leaflets were dropped the following morning and within the hour other bombers went over the city again and did what later was judged to be one of the finest bits of precision bombing of the entire war.

The Rome raid was indeed a rash thing to do and I recall the heated discussions which took place during the preparation of the leaflet. Some called it a stunt and foolhardy. Others felt that this was psychological warfare at its best. Those who championed the latter line of reasoning pointed out that by our cockiness and confidence in ourselves we had made the enemy aware of our complete lack of fear and our utter scorn for him.

One American captain likened this contempt for the enemy to the time he had seen Babe Ruth point to the left-field bleachers at the Yankee Stadium and tell the visiting pitcher that he intended hitting the next one there. The records show that he did exactly that on the first pitched ball.

The next big development, which caught PWB unprepared, occurred exactly a week later, on the night of my arrival in Tunis, where I had been sent to take over the radio station. I had arrived late that night after a gruelling two-day ride through the sun-baked barren lands of northern

Algeria and Tunisia. I was exhausted and had gone to bed upon my arrival.

I had not been asleep two hours before I was awakened. John Peyser, our enterprising utility man at the transmitter, who always had the bubbling energy of an entire company of men, leaped into my room, yelling:

"They've bounced the Duce. What are we gonna do?"

It was shortly after midnight. I had not yet met my staff. I didn't know who they were or where they lived. I went into the next room and awakened Tyler, who had made the trip from Algiers with me.

We decided that the only thing we could do was to relay the *Voice of America* programs from New York in English, German, French and Italian. We jumped into a jeep and rode out about 30 kilometers to Djedeida, the site of our transmitter.

The receiving equipment was located in a small shack, about two kilometers from the main transmitter itself, right smack in the middle of a formerly mined field. Here the Americans and Germans had fought not long after the original North African landings. If the Yanks had pressed forward and taken Tunis in that initial push, the war might have been shortened by many months.

In this lonely setting, we monitored the *Voice of America* programs, containing the very latest details on the sudden downfall of Mussolini.

Tyler, Peyser and I broke in every 15 minutes with a local station identification. First in English, then in German, French and Italian, we droned on.

"This is Radio Tunis, bringing you a program of news from the *Voice of America*, one of the United Nations."

Then we would switch back to New York, relay the news, and then cut out to make the next cue at the end of each newscast.

It was exciting but we were exhausted. We kept awake by drinking coffee prepared in an old C-ration can on an old electric heater. Grounds and all were taken in stride.

Outside, in the shadows, lurked numerous nondescript Tunisian Arabs, garbed in dirty, tattered burnouses. Occa-

sionally they'd pop in, trying to make out what these three strange Americans were up to. At that hour, the visitors looked rather villainous, but all they wanted were cigarettes and a friendly smile.

We finally went back to Tunis at six in the morning and staggered to bed.

Once Mussolini had been sacked, events occurred with greater and greater rapidity. Each military operation required special leaflet jobs and the poor Sergeant had been shut up several times for 48 hours.

And here he was under lock and key again. It was September 8th. Less than a week before, the British Eighth Army had crossed the Straits and landed on the Italian mainland.

Before and since the latest invasion, there had been all sorts of rumors about armistice negotiations between Marshal Badoglio and the Allies.

PWB in Tunis did not have any news, but the welter of stories coming over the air from Lisbon, Ankara and even Rome and Berlin could only serve to strengthen everyone's suspicions that an armistice would be the next story to break. Earlier we had monitored a strange and unexpected commentary from Radio Rome. It praised the manner in which the British had effected their landings at Reggio Calabria. It went on fishing for peace terms and asking only that the 1919 frontiers be assured to Italy.

Our instructions to monitor Rome not only piqued my curiosity but also convinced me that the broadcast had something to do with an armistice.

About seven o'clock that night, PFC Cohen, chief monitor, came to my office and disgustingly admitted that he had had no luck getting Algiers or Rome.

"Atmospheric conditions are bad," Cohen said. "Enemy jamming is just about killing any chance of trying to pick up Algiers. We can just make out BBC. What would you like me to do?"

I tried getting headquarters by phone, but the through line to Algiers had been reopened that week only and it was already out of commission. We were almost completely isolated from any news sources. I instructed Cohen to have his

staff monitor BBC, New York and any other station that it could get.

Our luck finally changed. Cohen came rushing in full of excitement a little after 2000 hours (8 P.M.).

"It's an armistice all right! Italy's folded," he shouted. "BBC says that Italy's unconditional surrender has been announced. Here's the first take."

He handed me a sheet with the first details of the armistice. Within the next half hour we succeeded in getting enough material from BBC, the *Voice of America* and Radio Rome to go on the air with our own programs in Italian and French.

In the meantime, our attractive multi-lingual White Russian telephone operator had succeeded in getting through to Algiers.

The Algiers news desk filled us in with a few details to round out our bulletins, which had been rather skimpy up to then. Radio Tunis gave the news in French and Italian, dropping English and German for the remainder of the night.

News now started to come in fast. Between the material fished out of the air from the various stations, the press service news supplied by the local French news agency, *France-Afrique*, and the official flashes by phone from AFHQ in Algiers, we began to do quite well. We felt satisfied that we were more than holding our own.

To help a shorthanded staff keep on top of the story, I sat near the phone taking calls from Algiers and reading the incoming *France-Afrique* file, which was being sent via Morse from Algiers. It was about 2100 hours (9 P.M.) when, after glancing at a *France-Afrique* flimsy in French, I sat upright in my chair. Freely translated, the despatch read:

"ALGIERS: Here are the instructions delivered by leaflet to the Italian people following the announcement by Italian radio and by Allied leaflet, on the surrender of its government and the Italian Armed Forces and the signing of the armistice."

The agency then gave what was purported to be the full text of the AFHQ leaflet. The text called upon the Italians

"backed by the might of the Allies . . . to take vengeance on the German oppressor and to aid in the expulsion of the eternal enemy from Italian soil."

This was followed by the "battle orders for this phase of the war for the liberation of Europe."

Those given were two in number.

"First: In all areas occupied by the Allied armies, give them all your assistance and obey precisely the orders of the commander in the field.

"Second: In all areas where the German armies operate, do nothing whatsoever to assist the Germans. Show your national unity and your will to resistance by disciplined, unanimous refusal to become the accomplices of the German tyrant."

Appeals were then directed to specific groups—soldiers, workers, railway workers, dock workers, road workers—and ended with the following statement:

"Italians: make one supreme effort now in the next crucial week. By your disciplined resistance to the Germans, you can paralyze the communication lines of the German invaders and so help win the Italian war of liberation."

The despatch sent my blood pressure up 50 per cent. Here, undoubtedly, was the leaflet on which Funaro and his staff were working. He was still locked up in a print shop in the city to insure secrecy, and here was the text for all the world to see. Judging by the *France-Afrique* text there was certainly nothing in it of a secret nature.

I rushed to the switchboard and put in an urgent call to Algiers. After a 15-minute delay, I finally got through.

"Why the hell don't you keep us informed about what's going on?" I asked. "*France-Afrique* has just released the text of a leaflet. What I want to know is whether it's the one Funaro's working on. If it is, there's certainly nothing very secret about it. Can we use it?"

I then read extracts of the *France-Afrique* despatch and Algiers confirmed that this was the very same text. The confirmation exasperated me all the more but I managed to accomplish the purpose of my call. This was to obtain permission to broadcast the text of the leaflet.

The next thing was to get a copy of it, for, as far as I knew, none had yet left the print shop. I called up Garrett and acquainted him with all the details of the past hour and added that Algiers had given us clearance to broadcast the leaflet. I then asked him to get me a copy as soon as possible.

There were a few seconds of silence before Garrett asked me whether I was sure that Algiers had released it. I impatiently assured him that I had received the okay only a few minutes previously.

He didn't seem to be convinced—and that's putting it mildly. It was with great reluctance that he promised to dig up a copy for me.

Sergeant Henry Salemsen, a former Hollywood writer who was in charge of leaflet production and distribution for PWB in Tunis, came over to the radio station within 20 minutes and handed me the leaflet.

Without even bothering to read it, I gave it to one of the Italian writers, and went back to handling the file. It was increasing in volume with every passing minute. My staff, which had handled many other leaflets, needed no instructions.

When the 2145 (9:45 P.M.) Italian program went on the air, I sat back to listen. My office was hooked in on the house system. Up came the station identification. This was followed by the usual two or three seconds of silence which preceded the main part of the program.

Then another voice broke in, saying:

"We have here the text of a leaflet which is being dropped over your cities tonight."

I almost fainted at the next words:

"*Potenti eserciti americani, britannici e canadesi sono sbarcati nei pressi di Napoli. Gli Alleati hanno occupato Taranto. L'arrivo di questi eserciti, poderosamente armati, protetti dall' invincibile Forza Aerea Alleata e da tutta la potenza degli Alleati. . .*"

("Great American, British and Canadian armies have landed near Naples. The Allies have occupied Taranto. The arrival of these heavily equipped armies, supported by the

invincible Allied Air Force and by the full strength of the Allies. . . .")

"My God," I said. "What've we done now? That isn't the same leaflet at all. There must be some mistake!"

I ran out of my office, and broke into the studio, in violation of instructions never to enter the studio while a program was on the air, and rushed up to the announcer.

He continued calmly to read the leaflet. I glanced over his shoulder to study the Italian text. I compared it with the French version I held in my hand. It was the identical text but there were some additions. The *France-Afrique* text did not contain the opening paragraph read on the air from the leaflet itself, nor an all-important sentence near the end:

"We, the Anglo-American Armies of Liberation, have landed in the heart of Italy!"

What had happened, apparently, was that PWB in Algiers had released an incomplete version of the leaflet to the press. At any rate, the *France-Afrique* text had not contained this significant announcement.

I quickly struck out that line near the end and, except for that delete, the announcer read the leaflet through. No sooner had he finished it than I grabbed it out of his hand, returned to my office and locked it up.

Although the world had probably heard the broadcast, no one around the office was going to see that leaflet again for some time, if I had my way. Subconsciously, I suppose, I hoped that by getting it out of sight, I'd banish some of the panic which had gripped me.

Why the hell, I kept repeating to myself, hadn't I read the leaflet before handing it over to my announcer. That opening line, which had caught me unprepared in my office, burned right into me.

"Great American, British and Canadian armies have landed near Naples."

Those words could never be unsaid. They had been broadcast from the most powerful radio transmitter in the Mediterranean. The Germans with their methodical and thorough monitors, certainly could not have missed it.

As a newspaperman with years of experience, I knew that everything should be checked and double-checked before being released. Even though clearance for the broadcast had been given—though perhaps too hastily—I still felt fully responsible.

It was a miserable person who went home after midnight. That one sentence prevented any sleep. It rolled over and over in my mind so many times that I began to hate the sound of every word in it.

Had I inadvertently tipped off the enemy? Would the information cost the lives of thousands of American, British and Canadian soldiers? If the Germans were forewarned and prepared, might not the landings fail and our men be driven back to their ships?

With early morning and the time for the invasion approaching, I began to look for ways to lighten my mind.

It was possible, of course, that no one had heard the broadcast. With the jamming, I rationalized away the possibility that anyone in Italy had heard it. Or again, that the Germans might very well have heard it but had dismissed it as "black radio," a type of broadcast designed to mislead the enemy. Or the landing of Allied troops near Naples might be interpreted by the Germans as a feint, with the main body of troops attacking elsewhere.

No reasoning in the world, however, could make me feel any better. About seven in the morning, I fell into a troubled sleep. But I had been asleep only a few minutes when I was awakened. It was one of the boys from the office shaking me.

"Get up! Garrett wants to see you right away," he said. "There's a car waiting for you downstairs. You'd better hurry up. He seems to be pretty sore about something."

In my drowsy state I imagined the worst. The invasion had failed. That probably would mean an investigation—maybe a court-martial and disgrace. Well, there wasn't anything I could do about it now.

I threw on my clothing as hurriedly as possible and went to Garrett's apartment in another part of Tunis.

He greeted me coolly. He handed me a typewritten sheet of paper and I recognized it at once as one of our monitoring reports.

I read it and winced.

It was a BBC broadcast of that morning, beamed to the Middle East, reporting on the latest events in Italy.

"Radio Tunis gave the world last night," I read, "the first news of the landings of the British, Canadian and American troops near Naples. Tunis went on to say that. . . ."

"How the hell did that ever happen?" Garrett asked.

I did my best to explain the involved series of events which led up to the broadcast. I knew that my explanation must have sounded labored and not very convincing. But not unfamiliar with the way a radio newsman is concerned with split-second timing, Garrett began to mellow. He seemed to sympathize with my predicament.

"Damn the BBC," he said suddenly.

This was right down my alley and I agreed with him from the depths of my being. As a matter of fact, I began to feel that his expletive hardly expressed my feelings for BBC at that moment.

"Why the devil did BBC have to go and monitor that program," he continued. "They would get just that one and re-broadcast it."

Simply because we had located a scapegoat, my morale began to perk up a bit. But in time, it dawned on me that if BBC had heard it, surely the Germans and Italians must have heard it too. From a bull market, my morale went zooming down. It was no use. I began to feel low again.

After discussing the predicament for some minutes, Garrett patted me on the back, offered me a cup of coffee and ended the confab with:

"Well, let's hope that no one in Algiers hears about this or there'll be hell to pay. Better keep your fingers crossed."

Throughout the day I lived in dread of a telephone message from Algiers, requesting an explanation. Nightfall arrived with headquarters giving no sign that it was perturbed by the broadcast. I had spoken to several persons in Algiers but none had made the slightest reference to it.

Later, I was to learn that headquarters had known about our "beat" all along, but for some inexplicable reason did not ask us to make any report. Undoubtedly the events of the day occurred with such rapidity that there was little time for post-mortems.

BBC went on imperturbably telling the world that we had scooped everyone on the Salerno landings. Other stations joined in the paean for Radio Tunis. Each time I picked up one of our monitoring reports, I read about some station or other crediting us with a big world beat.

It was then that I began to regret that this scoop had not been a legitimate one in which I might have gloried.

The best antidote for my frayed nerves was the news. The stories coming from Italy were not discouraging. Fighting was savage and progress was very slow, but I did not read anything which seemed to indicate that the Germans had profited from Radio Tunis' broadcast of the night before.

Nothing that was taking place recalled the previous night's apprehensions. Throughout the afternoon the despatches indicated that the Fifth Army was digging in. Because war is that way, there was nothing much on my mind but an interest in events to come.

But the calm was short-lived. I went to mess with some of the boys. We were almost at our destination on the Boulevard Jules Ferry when we met Felix Cole, American Consul in Tunis. He approached me with outspread hands and with a big grin spread all over his face.

"Congratulations, old boy! You've gone and done it," he said. He beamed on me as a proud father would upon a bright offspring of his who had taken top honors at school. "You've scooped the world on one of the biggest stories of the year."

What finally clinched it was his next statement.

"One can easily tell you're an experienced newspaperman. Oh boy, Washington is going to hear about this!"

My response was certainly anything but enthusiastic. I looked at him with the blankest of expressions, weakly thanked him, and went on down the street.

RICHARD TREGASKIS

RICHARD TREGASKIS went to the Pacific in 1942, in time to go out with the Doolittle task force on the first Tokyo raid. He then witnessed the Battle of Midway aboard the aircraft carrier *Hornet*. Transferring to the Marines, he landed on Guadalcanal in the original assault. After that he flew with the Air Corps on various bombing missions and made the landing in the Russell Islands, the next step beyond Guadalcanal. Before going to the Mediterranean, he had time to write his best-selling book, *Guadalcanal Diary*. Landing at Gela in Sicily, he went through the Sicilian campaign with the Americans and the British, then to Salerno beachhead, Italy, with the 82nd Airborne Division. He was with the American forces up as far as Venafro, near Cassino. There he was hit in the head by a mortar shell, and spent five months in the hospital, during which time he wrote *Invasion Diary*. With a tantalum plate covering the hole in his head, Mr. Tregaskis went to Normandy, where he joined the First Army on their break-through and stayed with them as far as Aachen. Returning to the U.S.A., he wrote his first novel, a story of the Western front called *Stronger Than Fear*. He then went out to the Pacific again with a B-29 crew, and flew on five of their missions, transferred to the Navy and flew with a torpedo squadron from the aircraft carrier *Ticonderoga*. He was with this torpedo squadron when the war ended, then went to Manila to join General MacArthur's military government and flew with them into Japan.

Mr. Tregaskis returned to the U.S.A. in November, 1945, wrote a series of articles for *The Saturday Evening Post* about veterans, and spent three months with Twentieth Century-Fox Studios writing the screen play for *The Black Rose*. He graduated from Harvard in 1938, with an A.B. degree, *cum laude*, and swam on the Harvard swimming team. He is married to the former Marian Holmes.

THE PARACHUTE JUMP

By RICHARD TREGASKIS

A PARACHUTE JUMP? It's easy. Let me tell you: you just remember to keep your legs fairly close together. Bend your knees. Then you roll when you hit. Simple.

Colonel Bob Williams, the commanding officer of the Marine paratroop regiment, made it sound comfortable, like putting on your slippers in front of a fireplace.

But this cool night of spring, 1943, in New Caledonia, at a mosquito-infested place called Tontouta, the prospect of jumping out of an airplane the following morning remained a harrowing prospect.

Gordon Walker, a war correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, and I had decided that we were curious about paratroops and would like to know how it felt to jump with them. I think we were both a little punchy at the time as we had been up at Guadalcanal for a while, and we were exhausted, dirty and miserable. We had come back to Noumea, New Caledonia, the Paris of the South Pacific, as it is ironically called, to have a rest and a few baths. But the mosquitoes were so ferocious there at night, and the days were so hot, and bathing was such a lost art in Noumea, a city with the most elemental plumbing, and we were so disgusted, that we had thought we would welcome any kind of violent change, even a parachute jump. Gordon and I thought a jump would be a novelty, and besides, I was tired of covering the war and I thought if anything went wrong, like, for instance, landing incorrectly and breaking a leg, I would have a good excuse for going back to the U.S. I'd been out in the Pacific wastes, covering various campaigns for International News Service, for more than a year.

So Gordon and I had made our way out to Tontouta, to the tent camp where the Marine paratroopers were training,

and asked Bob Williams for permission to bail out in one of the routine drops.

Bail out was just what we did, and neither Gordon nor I was hurt in any way. I never did write a story about the jump until now, and in fact I was punchy enough then so that I didn't seem to have any perspective about what was or wasn't a good story. But since the end of the war I have told this yarn to many of my friends, and in retrospect, like so many of our war experiences, it seems to have a narrative shape, although at the time it seemed just another of the *non sequiturs* that make up much of a war correspondent's personal history.

The Marine paratrooper camp was a collection of tents spread out amongst the white naoli trees of Tontouta. But the C.O. lived in a square prefabricated house, a gadget then being introduced to the armed services, called a Dallas hut.

Since we were going to jump the next morning, Colonel Williams invited a few of his staff officers into the Dallas hut, and in the splendor of a fine steady wood floor, a real board roof, and some foldable screens to keep away the mosquitoes, we had a party.

There were powerful refreshments, and after a few hours of drinking, most of the assembly were feeling no pain whatever. Especially one lieutenant colonel, a short, sharply moustached man, who grew belligerent in his cups.

This colonel was formally polite, but he made it known that jumping out of a plane with a parachute was, despite Bob Williams' nonchalance on the subject, a really dangerous affair unless you knew just how to do it. People could get badly hurt—but badly hurt—in the process of parachuting; and he mentioned a few gory incidents where chutes had failed to open properly, and got tangled in the descent, and furthermore, he said, to me: "Tregaskis, I'll bet you two dollars you break your ass."

Since the occasion was jovial, I laughed and said okay, that was all right with me. But there might have been something just a little personal about the way he made the challenge to me. I was used to being challenged by the smallest man

in a bar because I was always the tallest man in the bar, and for practical reasons—namely, that I wouldn't want to spend most of my time fist fighting, and probably getting beaten up—I tried to be tolerant of such smaller characters. But this little lieutenant colonel was just that noisy, Napoleonic type who grows irritatingly assertive, and more and more aggressive, in proportion to the liquor consumed.

But the occasion was one where Walker and I were guests, and we were both having a good time, anyhow. So the lieutenant colonel went on telling what a rough game this business of paratrooping was, and we politely agreed. That agreement, however, seemed to make him more assertive, as if we had admitted our weakness.

Anyhow, after a while, Bob Williams reassuringly told us that there was really nothing to it, and he motioned us over to the door of the little Dallas hut. At the door, there were four front steps, and Bob, standing at the top of these, said, "Here's how it's done." Thereupon he jumped from the top step to the ground, where he rolled himself up into a ball immediately upon contact.

"Can you do that?" he asked. And I said I could. Twice I jumped down the four steps, somersaulted at the bottom, and the second time the performance was said to be satisfactory. I don't remember whether Walker tried it too, or not, but we were adjudged qualified to make the jump. And so we went back to the serious business of drinking. When whiskey was available in New Caledonia in those days, one made the most of it. I had seen servicemen pay as much as \$125 for a quart of American rye.

And so the evening passed, until somewhere in the neighborhood of midnight, which was equivalent to at least three or four in the morning in a civilized community, we retired. Despite all the evening's merriment, my last thoughts before sleep were full of dread; dread rising mostly from the Napoleonic little lieutenant colonel's account of paratrooping: the way you hit the ground as hard as if you'd jumped from the top of a freight train moving fifteen miles an hour, the way you can snap an ankle or leg if you hit with the weight on one foot instead of two, the way you can break

your back if you come in backwards and hit a rock or any other substantial object. I went through all these experiences in imagination, and others which the Napoleonic little colonel said he had endured earlier in his training, like getting entangled with his static line after he had jumped, so that the chute didn't open and he dangled from the plane like a tassel, until he finally succeeded in hauling himself back into the ship, hand over hand, fighting that hundred-mile-an-hour slipstream. This, also, could happen to me next morning. And in these thoughts, I decided I would break at least my backside, as the colonel predicted, and I imagined myself trussed up in an assortment of plaster casts, paying him the two dollars from a hospital bed.

The next morning we were up with the sun, and pleased with one thing, anyhow, the gentleness of the wind. For we had been told that in a high wind the casualty rate of even a practice jump rose sharply. In a high wind, chutes oscillated violently, and running into a tree or other object, one hit with a bone-crushing impact. But this day was bright, sunny and calm.

At the airfield, we lined up with the paratroopers, and some helpful souls fitted our parachutes to us. Our friend, the little lieutenant colonel, was there too, bright and chipper and showing no signs of a hang-over, and reminding me that he hadn't forgotten—he was going to collect that two bucks when I broke my posterior this morning.

He was less threatening than he had been the night before, and he remarked that we were going to jump under practically ideal conditions, in almost still air. However, he said with a mean glint in his eye, that if I saw that I was going to run into a tree, as I neared the ground, I should slip my chute away from the obstacle, and this was done by "pulling on the opposite lift-web." Since I had no idea what a lift-web was, how one pulled a lift-web, or what he meant by opposite, I just swallowed nervously and let that one go. I would have to take my chances with the trees.

Also, said my friend, the small parachute on my chest was an emergency pack. In case the one on my back didn't work, I could use the emergency. That was the theory, but usually

a guy didn't have time for his emergency, anyhow; it didn't have any pilot chute, like the one on your back, to pull it out of the sack; you had to sort of pay it out by hand. I knew we were supposed to jump from about 750 feet, and I could see there wouldn't be much time between there and the ground. And my friend was saying that the main thing about the emergency was to hang onto it tightly as you walked out the door of the plane; otherwise the jolt of the opening of the other chute might jam the emergency pack against your face and you would get a bloody nose. Another hazard.

And so we climbed into the planes. I was assigned to the same ship as my friend, the bullying lieutenant colonel, and Walker to another plane. The little lieutenant colonel was to be the first man out of the plane; I was to be the second. So we sat near the door as the ship gained altitude, and cruised over the dropping zone. The door was open, in fact it had been taken off, and there was only a big hole in the side of the plane where the door had been, and the free air outside. The roar of the slipstream, the sounds of the big propellers and engines, and the rush of wind over the metal wings, were huge and frightening.

I knew we were approaching the time when we were to step out into the slipstream, 750 or 800 feet above the ground; because the jumpmaster, the guy who says go, was crouching on the floor squinting at the ground, and he rushed forward a couple of times to talk to the pilot. Then he told us to stand up and hook up, and I had a sinking feeling. The command meant that we had to get away from those hard steel seats which had suddenly become the height of comfort, and stand up and snap our static lines to a cable which ran the length of the cabin. On the command, we'd shuffle to the door, and as each man jumped out into the whipping slipstream, his static line would unfold its full length, something like fifteen or twenty feet, and pull the chute from the pack.

The little lieutenant colonel jumped. I saw his compact body go out into the wind and downwards and to the rear, like a sack of cement evaporating. Then it was my turn, and I was standing in the doorway, with only two or three inches

of floorboards separating me from the howling, hundred-mile gale and the expanse of air.

One of the boys behind me later said they had to kick me out, but I certainly didn't feel any kicks. I probably was incapable of feeling anything except shock at that point. Anyhow, I was out of the plane and into the roaring air in a second, and in a couple of seconds more I felt a good hard jerk on the webbing straps around my shoulders. I didn't know exactly what had happened, but I knew my chute was opening, and I had held onto my emergency pack so that it didn't hit me in the nose.

In a second or two I reached up and grabbed the risers and felt that they were taut. I looked up and saw that my chute had blossomed, a gracious and benign bloom that seemed to be suspending me dead-still in mid-air. I looked down and saw that the ground was miraculously keeping its distance. And I saw puffs of white down there where other parachutists had just landed.

I was just congratulating myself on the fact that I was peacefully suspended, that there was no sensation of falling, and that none of the objects on the ground were growing larger, when suddenly I was 200 or 100 feet from the ground and I felt as if I were falling with no chute at all. The grass of the field below was coming towards me with express-train speed. I kept my feet apart, bent my knees, and WHAM!—something socked into my feet, and something else conked me on the back of the head so that I saw a star or two; I did a backward somersault and was lying somewhat beaten up but *on the ground*. And I couldn't feel anything hurting, except perhaps my head. I had come in backwards and rolled over my least vulnerable part.

An obliging paratrooper helped me to get out of my harness, to avoid being dragged by even the slight breeze that filtered through the grass. I stood up and made sure nothing was broken; then I saw Gordon Walker across the field. Being lighter than I, he had come in slowly and hadn't even lost his footing when he hit.

But not so my friend the lieutenant colonel of the little moustache and the Napoleonic complexes. He was limping

as I saw him walking towards me, and as he came closer, I could see that his nose was red and swollen, a real honker, as we used to say when we were kids. As he had jumped out of the plane, his emergency chute had biffed him in the nose; landing, he had smashed into a naoli tree.

But in his misery, he was able to laugh about it, proving that after all he was a good guy; so I didn't have the heart to ask him to pay the two dollars.

AL NEWMAN

AFTER BEING graduated from the University of Michigan in 1934, Al Newman went into magazine writing. This nearly got him disowned by his family of scientists, mathematicians and teachers (his father is Dean of Engineering at City College of New York), but Al had discovered at an early age, he says, that he "couldn't add two and two and come up with any sensible answer."

Assigned to the United Kingdom in January, 1943 as a war correspondent for *Newsweek*, Newman broke away to the Mediterranean in July for the Sicilian campaign. He covered Salerno as a naval correspondent but spent some time ashore with the 36th Division. When people ask him whether he liked Italy, he says, "Not the part I saw."

In 1944-45 Newman covered the U.S. First Army from Normandy to the Elbe, making many side trips to other fighting formations when things were dull with the First. The Walcheren assignment, which produced the following story, came about quite by accident when he was back in London after the fall of Aachen for a brief rest. Walcheren, he says, was one hell of a rest. After V-E Day, at the end of more than two years overseas, Newman was ordered back to the States, where he learned that he would cover the final assault on Japan. Saved by the gong, he nevertheless spent the early part of 1946 reporting the occupation in Tokyo.

At thirty-four, Newman lists his proudest possessions as (1) a red-haired son; (2) a pink mustache grown in Sicily (what remains of his own hair is black); (3) a British wife, whom he calls his "war souvenir."

SOMEONE HAD BLUNDERED

By AL NEWMAN

I DO NOT suppose that across the long, memory-clogged months anyone remembers the name Westkapelle. Indeed, few ever heard it in the first place. Yet around many British hearthsides there remain the vacant places of the valiant men who died there. They are not entirely forgotten, but the whole truth of how they died has never yet been told. The German 88's blasting and kicking savagely atop the high Walcheren Island dykes, yes. The smoke-filled chill of H-Hour on the morning of November 1, 1944, the grounding of the air support, and the blinding showers that washed the blood into the beach later in the morning. . . .

The truth as I saw it, and as I know it from the indignant stories of survivors, long remained a secret with Their Lordships of the British Admiralty. Censorship, of course, hid it while the war went on, for radar was involved. Even after V-E Day, representatives of the Royal Navy in Washington asked me to continue my silence. Well they might, for it is a saga of blundering and bravery which makes that classic tale of another day—the Charge of the Light Brigade in the Crimea—seem almost trivial. If indeed Their Lordships have admitted what really happened between that time and this they have concealed it well in dull official reports.

The story begins in the earliest days of September, 1944, when the huge port of Antwerp fell intact to spearheads of the British Second Army. In the city, Belgium's aggressive underground organizations rose up and made things so hot for the Germans defending the strong perimeter pillboxes that they held on only long enough to surrender thankfully to the British. They knew too well what fate awaited them if they surrendered to the Belgians. Thus in their anxiety to fight off the aroused civil populace they had no time to demolish the port. After a short fire-fight the British Eleventh

Armoured Division parked its jeeps and tanks and waited for supplies of petrol to come up. They had rolled from near Caen in Normandy all the way to Antwerp in an almost continuous advance. The weary men dived into restaurants where one still could buy fried eggs and cognac. They heeded not at all the occasional mortar shells falling into the city, or the exchange of small-arms fire between scattered but determined German forces north of the canal in the outskirts and the tired British holding the south bank. Gaily, the Belgians began rounding up *collaborateurs* and stuffing them into the local zoo.

Everybody was jubilant about the badly needed port. No one suspected that the Allies were stymied right there, that this was the northern end point of the Normandy breakout, that the running was all over and the fighting about to begin. Actually, it was to take weary weeks of misery and heavy casualties to clear the approaches to Antwerp and make it a usable port.

The difficulty was the Scheldt Estuary which, on its winding west-northwesterly course, connected Antwerp with the sea. Walcheren Island at its mouth swarmed with Germans and coastal batteries which interdicted the stream. As a first move, late in September, the RAF bombed the Walcheren dykes at Westkapelle and let the sea into the polders of the below-sea-level isle. This was a blunder. It was sheer optimism in the first place to assume that the Wehrmacht was demoralized enough to let some shallow water drive it out of a vital defensive position—one which would govern the course of the war on the entire Western Front that winter, an island every man had sworn to defend to the last.

Instead of the hoped-for drowning out of the Germans the bombing achieved only the conversion of most of Walcheren into a sea of brine and mud, with about four dry spots on it. But the perimeter defenses, perched on the high dyke surrounding the island, remained. And what German artillery wasn't already atop this barrier swiftly took up positions there, thus making it more formidable than it had been before. The British press hailed the RAF raid as a triumph of precision bombing (which it undoubtedly was), a feat of

courage (which it was) and a great victory. Actually, it was a mistake and a strategic defeat which had to be paid for in lives when the assault came.

Then Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery of 21st Army Group was ordered by SHAEF to clear the whole Scheldt Estuary—both banks—of Germans with the least possible delay. The armies in the Siegfried Line were starving for supplies and Antwerp had to be cleared. Montgomery delegated the task to the Canadian First Army and in bitter fighting the Canadians cleared the south bank, pushed north from Antwerp, took South Beveland Island, and approached fortress Walcheren along a narrow causeway to the east.

Late in October, after the fall of Aachen, I was back in London taking a rest from my assignment covering First U.S. Army. The breather was of short duration.

One morning the office phone rang. It was a Commander Soandso at the Admiralty. "Are you ready to go?" asked the Commander.

"Sure, where?" I said, baffled.

"Never mind where. You are now alerted. Be ready to leave in six hours after further notice."

This was a fairly fast one but you get used to these mysteries in wartime. Thinking it over I came to the conclusion, later discovered to be correct, that it must be some operation for which my bureau chief had volunteered before leaving for Paris. Two days later Commander Soandso phoned me to come down to see him at the Admiralty.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We've had to cut you off the landing force. You'll go on one of the bombardment vessels."

"I'm sorry, too, not to be in on the landing," I answered, lying in my teeth.

"Report at Victoria Station at 1400 hours tomorrow. At the Dover train you will meet Lieutenant Suchandsuch. He will give you further instructions. You will doubtless arrive back in London within three days," he added, lying in *his* teeth.

The press snafus began earlier than usual. At Dover we learned we weren't supposed to be there till the following

day, but found quarters in a Navy shore establishment. After an uncomfortable night we were taken out to our ship the following noon. It was HMS *Roberts*, a monitor. Naturally, with such a start, it had to be the wrong ship.

A monitor is a singularly difficult vessel for a landlubber, or anyone else for that matter, to board. A smallish, 7,000-ton craft, she carries two battleship-sized guns in her forward turret. These are her only reason for existence. She's ugly as sin, slow (10 or 12 knots when pushed), shallow-draft so she can get in close to shore targets. She looks like a battleship forward and tapers away to destroyer size aft. To lend this floating gun platform stability and help her take the recoil of her outsize guns without turning turtle, she has wide blisters, or sponsons, along both sides at the waterline.

Clambering over one of these blisters and, on reaching the quarter-deck, delivering the regulation salute while encumbered with musette, camera, and typewriter is an athletic feat of the first water which may get you a dunking in said water. We had barely accomplished it and downed our first pink gin in the wardroom when word came that three of us were on the wrong monitor. So we went through the whole rigmorole again.

Our second ship ranked as no bargain. *Roberts* was comparatively new and shiny but HMS *Erebus*, another monitor, was one of the oldest ships of the British Navy. Laid down in 1916, she had been retired years ago, turned over to South Africa for use in big-gun training, then recommissioned for World War II. As we came aboard, a dejected officer was fishing off her stern in the grey waters of Dover Harbor and catching nothing. Somehow this seemed to set the tone of *Erebus*. She was so old that all the cockroaches on her wore long white beards.

However, *Erebus* had a nice skipper. He invited us down to his cabin immediately for a light ale. (*Erebus* was the only Royal Navy vessel I ever boarded whose liquor supply had gone dry. Though she had been in Dover Harbor for days asking for supplies the shore authorities had failed to give her any. I suppose the Admiralty was afraid she might

just up and sink any time, taking with her some of Britain's all-too-scarce supply of the only stuff that made war seem even faintly bearable.)

The captain was a cheerful little man, almost a dead ringer for Leon Errol. I never was able to look at him during the action which followed without half-expecting him suddenly to go weak in the knees and do a wobbling slump to the deck. He outlined for us the plan of attack. On the following morning Walcheren Island was to be assaulted in two places. Flushing (Vlissingen), directly across the mouth of the estuary from Breskens, was to be taken in a landing originating from the latter point by Royal Marine Commandos and British infantry. Marine Commandos from Ostend were to land in small boats at Westkapelle, the westernmost point on the nearly round island. *Erebus*, *Roberts* and the battleship *Warspite* would support the Westkapelle landing with heavy gunfire.

The skipper was frank about his command. "She's rather old, and she's built like a tea tray," he confided.

A Cockney sailor up on deck was even franker. Spitting moodily down onto one of *Erebus'* enormous waterline blisters, he grumbled: "Only ship in the 'ole nyvy wot yer can bloody well fall overboard off of and bryke yer bleedin' neck."

The afternoon passed quietly in turret tests and drills. But that night in the wardroom you could feel the heightening tension. The ship's doctor went from officer to officer, passing out tubes of morphine and repeating monotonously: "Break the glass at the tip. Shove needle into wounded chap. Squeeze the tube and that's all." In the galley the cooks were baking huge pots of beans, which with bread and tea would be our battle rations. At eleven o'clock the wardroom radio brought the BBC's sign-off, and halfway through *God Save the King* the steel bulkheads began to vibrate. *Erebus'* engines were turning over and we were under way in the darkness.

The other two correspondents were a middle-aged Britisher and a youthful Australian. The captain turned his shore

cabin over to a pair of us and the third was to sleep in the passageway just outside the wardroom. My colleagues obviously wanted the captain's cabin and I let them have it. It was far aft right over the screws, and having ridden aboard ancient warships before I knew that when we got going the vibration back there would be terrible. I was right; on *Erebus* it was enough to make your teeth chatter. Of course the ship's cat found me outside the wardroom and fell insanely in love with me—or with my blankets, which amounted to the same thing. Still, a cat was a better sleeping companion than a case of mechanical St. Vitus's dance.

My bedfellow and I awoke at 4:30 A.M. to the bugle and gong of general quarters and the tramp of running feet on iron decks. Sailors rushed along dimly lit corridors to their battle stations. We were within range of the big guns of Dunkerque, last point on the Channel Coast held by the Germans, and must have been painfully visible on enemy radar screens. We were not to fire unless fired upon, so it was a business of manning the main turret and waiting tensely for the first shot. This is difficult on an empty stomach in the small hours of the morning, but you don't feel much like eating under the circumstances either.

Nothing happened. Probably the Germans were all asleep. Within half an hour we had run the gantlet unscathed.

Peering through the false dawn you could glimpse for the first time our grim little convoy—*Warspite* proudly in the lead, followed by the wallowing *Roberts*, then *Erebus*. Six destroyers, a corvette or two, and a brace of motor torpedo boats surrounded the slow-moving, heavy-gun ships as insurance against E-Boat attacks, for the waters off Holland and Belgium reputedly swarmed with the deadly mosquito boats. Men at the secondary armament of three-inchers were on constant alert.

As eight-thirty approached, the water seemed to shallow and flatten perceptibly. Then you could make out the low outline of land—Walcheren! To our south appeared lines of landing craft bearing Marine Commandos of the assault wave. The seascape was a strange one—the water oily green, here a patch of sunshine, to the north a storm, several rain-

bows wandering about the horizon. In some spots visibility was prism-clear. In others, squalls obscured the view. And so it remained nearly all day. One moment the shore line would loom sharply. The next, even our sister bombardment vessels close at hand vanished in blinding black rain, and the crews of the light armament, sprawled asleep on the decks by their guns, woke wet and cursing.

We were to open unobserved fire at nine o'clock on German batteries along the tops of the dykes near Westkapelle, pounding them as hard as possible with our one-ton shells for forty minutes. Five minutes thereafter the first Com-mando waves would touch down on the narrow sandy beaches at the base of those deadly dykes. Then all fire would have to be observed and corrected for the safety of our men ashore. For this purpose all-day relays of Spitfires from England—one to each ship at all times—would appear just after 9:45 and give us radio reports on our fire.

As nine o'clock neared we were in position. The engines slackened to a slow throb, and our small-ship screen drew away to the north. The battle ensign rose on its halyard. Down to the main turret from the gunplot room halfway up the conning tower went the order: "Assume lineup positions. Get ready for a firing run." The Marines inside the turret, looking like white-wigged British judges in their asbestos anti-flash hoods, sprang to their valves and levers. The big main batteries on *Warspite* swung to the starboard beam. At a command, *Erebus'* turret ground from its midships position. It rumbled five degrees to starboard—and then jammed tight!

One does not think of the British as particularly profane, but the white-hot oaths aboard that vessel in the next two minutes should have melted her steel hull. Meanwhile the second hand moved up to nine o'clock. *Warspite* and *Roberts* flashed orange, then spouted saffron smoke. Seconds later the deep blasts of their guns shook *Erebus*. But *Erebus* herself remained helplessly mute. In this critical moment one third of the heavy-bombardment force was out of action.

Working like madmen, thinking of their comrades nearing shore, swearing profoundly, the Marine gunners freed the

turret after twenty-five precious minutes had been wasted. It swung slowly to starboard. Inside, the massive safe-door breechblock of the right gun opened with a hydraulic hiss. Up from the turret bottom rattled an elevator bearing the shell and cordite charge. A fistlike power rammer shoved them home. Again the hydraulic hiss as the massive breechblock swung forward and twisted to locked position. Down sank the huge barrel inside the turret as the muzzle outside elevated to proper range. "Right gun ready," snapped the Captain of Marines inside the turret into the gunplot telephone. "Shoot," said the gunnery officer on the other end. "Shoot!" roared the Marine Captain to a sergeant between the guns. "Ting-ting" went the warning bell inside the turret as the hooded gunners stood clear. There was an automatic wait of seconds till the ship hit dead level and then with a thunderous boom *Erebus* found her roaring voice.

Eight hasty shots was *Erebus*' quota in the short remaining minutes before the cease-fire. Then, from the spotting top a dizzying distance above the deck, you could get one last view of what was happening. At the island's southern tip—Flushing—black plumes were coming up. Obviously the landing party from Breskens was ashore and fighting (its H-Hour was earlier than Westkapelle's). At the point opposite us the high tawny dykes showed plainly the breach made by the RAF. Through it you could see the modernistic lighthouse tower at Westkapelle, a structure that looked for all the world like the top of the Empire State Building. A near-by windmill turned idly.

But mostly what you could see through the dyke breach was water. It looked like the hardest going in the world for the Marines, and so it later proved to be. The strategy of bombing the dyke had backfired badly. High on its crest German guns winked wickedly through the fading smoke of our heavy-gun barrage. You knew the approaching landing craft and the smaller support craft in close were catching hell. At 9:45, H-Hour, the smoke haze grew thicker and it was impossible to see much of what was going on. But a few moments later terrible fiery loops showed through the battle smog as three broadside rocket-firing LCT's let go with

everything at once. Thereafter for a long time smoke obscured the shore. We on *Erebus* could not know that it masked the results of the most tragic single blunder of the war.

The bad luck of the preliminary bombardment continued to dog *Erebus*. Just after the landing we received radio word that the spotting Spitfires were weathered in on the ground in England, though flying weather in our vicinity was good, so all three heavy-bombardment vessels perforce stayed silent and hoped for the moment when their Forward Observers—"Fobs"—got ashore and opened up with their portable radios. Meanwhile the control ship called us: Hello Plate Rack (our code name for the operation). Will try to get you a Butterfly." "Butterfly" was code for the tiny Auster spotting plane used by ground artillery. There were bound to be several on clear fields south of the Scheldt.

About an hour later three planes actually showed up and everybody cheered. There had been no news from shore, but somehow everyone sensed that things were going badly and wanted to help. As swiftly as their planes could scramble into position above the dyke, *Warspite* and *Roberts* resumed firing. But *Erebus'* poor Butterfly only kept hovering aimlessly around her masts. On our radio we could hear the Butterfly's pilot clearly, but his small receiving set didn't have the right frequencies for him to pick up signals from *Erebus'* ancient transmitters. Our radio men tinkered and helloed and swore for another full hour while the Butterfly hovered round us almost close enough to hand out notes to the bridge. Then, short of petrol, he had to leave.

By this time all hands aboard were snarling at each other. I recall vividly an exchange in gunplot. The turret phone rang. Irritatedly, "Guns"—the Gunnery Officer—snatched it up. "Yes," he growled. "Request permission for one of my men to leave the turret for five minutes," came the voice of the Marine Captain from down below.

"What in bloody hell for?" screamed Guns.

"He has to go to the lavat'ry, of course, you bloody idiot!"

Thus our sorely needed 15-inch rifles were mute all morning but we were not. The skipper came down from the

bridge and chewed away at the radio men. "Guns" snapped at everyone within range, while I waited nervously for somebody in command of the force—perhaps the Admiralty in London itself—to give the logical order.

To my way of thinking this was: "Move in and engage the enemy batteries by visual sighting at closest possible range." Faced with a bloody landing, the outcome of which was in doubt due to batteries on the dyke, we who possessed the power to demolish pillboxes and gun emplacements with one well-directed shot, stayed miles offshore, silent because we were blind. *Erebus* was an old ship and theoretically highly expendable. She was designed for just that type of work, with her shallow draft and huge guns. Yet the order never came. To this day I cannot imagine what the higher-ups were saving *Erebus* for. As far as I know she never fought again.

It wasn't till two in the afternoon that the first faint Morse from our shore observer filtered through. He had had a rough time of it. Three of his five men were casualties. "Blo," the Bombardment Liaison Officer, gave Fob no sympathy. There wasn't time, for the command ship was frantically calling for fire on an enemy troop concentration south of Westkapelle. Blo asked Fob whether he could see it. "Not now," said Fob, "but wait."

Twenty minutes later a spotting Spitfire called us from over Walcheren. The weather in England finally had cleared enough for take-off. Blo gave him the target as the turret gunners rushed to their lineup positions. Then the ground observer came in again with the news he was within sight of the target. So after a day of complete blindness we suddenly had the incomparable wealth of observation from both air and ground. Guns completed his mathematical calculations and at 2:40 the order "shoot!" broke *Erebus'* long, disastrous silence. The small gunplot room shook with the force of the blast, and paint flaked from the venerable bulkheads and snowed down onto the small table where Blo and Guns worked. With the explosion, Blo repeated the "shoot" into the radio to the Spit, and the radio man squealed the Morse key of the set transmitting to Fob. Forty-seven seconds later,

the calculated time of the shell's flight, Blo gave both observers the message "splash."

"One hundred over at eleven o'clock," came the Spit pilot's voice. Almost simultaneously the Morse instrument began to squeak. "Two hundred yards over at ten," translated the wireless operator from Fob. "Guns" averaged the two and phoned his correction to the turret. Two more sighting shots and both observers gave us "On target. Fire for effect." Fast as *Erebus* could shoot, one gun, then the other sent its huge projectiles away. You heard them first as a rumbling fast train, then a clatter, then a diminishing hiss. Miles away they were killing men.

We got one more target that afternoon. On our maps it was code-named William Eleven—a four-gun shore battery still working execution on our landing craft and men on the beaches. After the same bracketing process—more careful because this was a tiny precision target—*Erebus* again fired for effect, finally being interrupted by a polite British voice from the control ship. "You may cease fiah, Plate Rack. Enemy battery is out of action."

It was 5:27 and the November night swooped down fast off Walcheren. This location after dark was no place for such fat ducks as we. Led by *Warspite*, the convoy assembled and headed west. In the wardroom after supper the ship's officers gathered to discuss the day. They were disgruntled because our score for the day was less than 40 rounds—a wretched shoot. In addition, blast from the guns had ripped five rivets out of the antique foredeck and somewhere near the ammunition storage forward the old hooker had sprung a mysterious leak.

Then came radio word that we were not headed back to port after all—the men on Walcheren would need us next day. *Warspite*, which had depleted her ammunition down to the 40 per cent deadline considered safe, would go into harbor alone, taking with her more than half our combined small-ship screen. We were ordered to wander around the Channel all night—avoiding Dunkerque—with *Roberts* and three destroyers. Bitter things were said about the skipper of *Warspite* for robbing us of so much protection.

I began wondering about getting back to London with my story, but fell asleep early with my head still ringing from the day's noise. The cat slept soundly, too, despite the fact that nobody had bothered to stuff *her* ears with cotton before the gunnery.

Early next morning we came on the range again. This time the English weather smiled on Britain's embattled sons and we had Spitfires spotting all the time. The morning was an endless procession of William Fives and Fourteens and Eights, for surprisingly few enemy batteries had been knocked out the previous day. We fired furiously, almost without respite.

The blast of the big guns grew to be a physical pain despite the earplugs. You couldn't help tightening up at the faint warning "ting-tings" from the turret before the awful roar. On the bridge, even if you turned away from the muzzle, the whole world exploded in a yellow flash you could see with your eyes closed. The blast flapped your trouserlegs and rumbled your hair. It burned your skin, not so much with the heat of the acrid cordite fumes as with the sheer speed of the tortured air past your body.

So it was with little regret that the three correspondents got radio word from the control ship slightly after noon to board a motor torpedo boat which would shortly heave alongside. It took unbelievable gymnastics to board the heaving, bucking small craft, but we did so with relief. Now, we thought, we'll get back to London with our stories. Little did we reckon with the ways of the Navy!

First the MTB roared us over to the control ship, which we very nearly boarded at risk of life and limb before someone on the bridge came to and roared, "Take the correspondents to Landing Craft No. 189 bound for Ostend." To this day not one of us has the faintest idea why we were ordered to Ostend.

With another leap-for-life we boarded our assigned craft as she wallowed at anchor in the chop off still-exploding south Walcheren. It was there that we finally learned the terrible truth, for she carried wounded as well as a young officer who had lost his landing craft and was cursing the

Navy, and a jittery chaplain of Marines with the sand of the beach still on his battle clothing. Their stories coincided in every detail.

It was the British themselves who had inflicted the larger number of the heavy British casualties. "Someone had blundered" with a vengeance, *for the rocket-firing LCT's fired broadside into a line of British landing craft deploying parallel to shore for the final run in to the beach!* The rocket craft themselves were under heavy enemy fire, said these men. In his excitement whoever did the aiming by radar aboard the control rocket craft chose the wrong pips on the radar screen. It wasn't the shore line he sighted on but the long line of craft spreading out in front of it. The fatal firing data was transmitted to the other rocket vessels, the order to fire given by a commander whose subsequent horror must have matched any known to man.

Under the terrible simultaneous broadside of hundreds of rockets, each the size of a medium-heavy shell, the landing craft went down in a shambles of smoke, flame, flying steel and dying men. Young officers, weeping with impotent rage because they knew they had been hit on the wrong beam to have been sunk by the enemy, helped what wounded they could into the cold, shell-riddled waters. Some survivors made shore, to be pinned down by the German guns, then fight their way up the dyke. Others were picked up by craft whose skippers braved thick plunging fire from the German guns to rescue their countrymen. But the slaughter was frightful, these survivors declared.

(Days later, Admiralty spokesmen admitted greater losses in the operation than at Dieppe, losses as heavy as those at Tarawa. Dieppe produced 2,700 casualties; Tarawa about 3,000. The landing forces at Westkapelle were considerably smaller than either of the others. Even more significantly, the Admiralty admitted 80 per cent losses or heavy damage in landing craft. All these were explained by heavy enemy fire. "Hoped-for elimination of 90 per cent of enemy batteries by bombing failed to materialize. . . .")

Sick at heart and discouraged, we groped our way into the tiny, battered port of Ostend at nightfall. There we dis-

covered to our no great surprise that the "Noic" (Naval Officer in Charge) never had heard of us. There also was a strong implication that he wished he hadn't, as of the present. Still, he promised us transportation back to England next day. We found a billet near the sea front and slept.

Next day no transport left for England. I sought a Canadian headquarters and sent a short message to New York via Brussels outlining the delay. I suppose some day that message will show up in Bombay; New York hasn't received it as yet. But the Noic was helpful and cheerful. He assigned us to an LCT—one of the few in the port without shellholes in it—leaving at ten the following morning.

At the appointed hour that LCT was higher and drier in the mud of the berth where the Noic had told us she was lying than the Ark on Mount Ararat. It would be ten hours and high tide before she could move, her skipper said. Then she would take another eighteen or so to reach a small English port where there was practically no train service to London. This would have put me well past publication deadline in New York, so, cursing the Noic for a Joic, I made up my own verbal orders and weaseled my way aboard a fast MTB which served as a despatch boat. After two wet, cold, bouncing hours it reached Dover Harbor with a load of thoroughly drenched survivors.

It was here that British officialdom put what I considered the finishing touch on the whole affair. Much as these men, who had lived through one of the most frightful actions of the whole war, deserved to get up to London and into dry clothes without delay, the customs insisted on holding them while they examined each one for things they might have brought in from Ostend!

However, I had my small revenge. I took off my infantry boots and emptied about two quarts of dirty salt water over the customs officials' nice clean floor.

Such is the truth of Westkapelle. An interesting footnote to the story is the ease with which such truths can be suppressed in wartime. Certainly the officer survivors made

long, indignant reports on the matter to the Admiralty, and there were plenty of witnesses.

But observe the time lag in truth when it embarrasses a high command. The shooting down of our own paratroop planes in Sicily took months to come out because it made the U.S. Navy look pretty bad. News of our bombing of our own infantry in Normandy took weeks, and probably would have taken longer had not Lieut. Gen. Leslie J. McNair fallen victim along with the ordinary Joe Doakses of the infantry.

There is every indication that the Royal Navy—traditionally “the silent service”—was silenter than ever in its reports to Supreme Headquarters. How else could General Eisenhower have been quoted as saying three weeks later in a press conference that “the Royal Navy, in support of the attack on the western edges of the island [Westkapelle] put on one of the finest shows of the war. With many unarmored vessels and light guns, they challenged heavier guns in reinforced concrete, and slammed it out until they got our soldiers ashore. Very large losses were sustained . . . it will be one of the great episodes in [the Navy’s] history”?

Great, perhaps, in bravery, but far more memorable in stupidity and bad luck!

General Eisenhower’s written report of the war, published recently, reveals the same complete ignorance of what actually happened. And there is no security reason now to conceal the facts.

So much, then, for the gallant Marines and sailors of the Battle of Westkapelle. They rest in silence, unsung.

Perhaps one day another Tennyson will immortalize their courage, and the errors of others which cut them down in their youth: “Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, *rockets behind them* volleyed and thundered. . . .”

IRENE KUHN

WORLD TRAVELER, war correspondent, and Assistant Director of Information for the National Broadcasting Company since 1943, Irene Corbally Kuhn was the first American to broadcast from China after the cessation of hostilities. She spoke from Admiral Kinkaid's flagship anchored in the Whangpoo River off Shanghai, where back in the exotic 1920's Mrs. Kuhn had lived and worked as a staff member of the *China Press*.

When the Allied War Crimes Commission uncovered in Shanghai the shocking facts of the executions of the three captured Doolittle flyers who were wantonly murdered on Tojo's orders, Mrs. Kuhn was one of the few American correspondents in town. Profoundly moved as she covered the memorable story that followed, Mrs. Kuhn has now written "Tea and Ashes" to make known the poignant, human details, not before fully told, of the sacrifice made by three young Americans who will live on in memory among the nation's heroes.

Starting her newspaper career on the Syracuse, N.Y., *Daily Herald*, Mrs. Kuhn later joined the *New York Daily News* and covered assignments in Europe for the *Chicago Tribune's* European edition. This adventurous young woman then went, by Japanese freighter, out to Shanghai, and there she married Bert L. Kuhn, Chicago newspaperman. Their daughter Rene was born in Hawaii. After the death of her husband in 1926, Mrs. Kuhn did newspaper and radio work in Chicago, New York and Honolulu, and screen-writing assignments in Hollywood. She went to Britain for the *New York World-Telegram*, then made an extensive visit to South America. Joining NBC in 1940, she originated the idea of the Good Neighbor broadcasts. Her best-selling autobiography, *Assigned to Adventure*, appeared in 1938. She is a founding member and National Vice-President of the American Writers' Association. Mrs. Kuhn was among the small group of foreign correspondents who in 1939 founded the Overseas Press Club of America, of which she has twice been elected Vice-President.

TEA AND ASHES

By IRENE KUHN

THE CUSTOMS CLOCK bonged out seven long full strokes. I came awake with desperate reluctance because I had been out in the middle of the Whangpoo River on the U.S.S. *Rocky Mount* until nearly three, trying to get a message the National Broadcasting Company in San Francisco was relaying to me via Guam, after my broadcast to the States. The late September sun was hot and I was glad of that, for I knew the water in the shower would be cold. It was always cold, except for a brief half hour two mornings a week. On those days all the hot-water-starved military personnel in Shanghai's Metropole Hotel laved and shaved in warm luxury, provided they got up at 6 A.M. It was useless to expect even a trickle of lukewarm after 6:30 once everybody caught on—and everybody *had* caught on an hour or so after the engineers patched the boiler and connected up some pipes and parts.

Room 712 and its bathroom, like all the other rooms in this one-time luxurious hotel and, indeed, like all the other rooms in all the other big buildings in Shanghai in September, 1945, were without radiators. I was glad it was only autumn and not yet the damp penetrating Shanghai winter. The recently evicted Japanese tenants had not suffered, however. It was not until after the winter of 1944–45, the coldest in years in Shanghai, was over, and the B-29's were knocking out more and more Jap mainland industries, that the orders to strip Shanghai of all such parts had been carried out. By then the Japanese need for scrap iron was desperate. And by then it was too late.

There had been little warmth for British and American internees in Shanghai through the war winters, and less for the captured Doolittle flyers who had been huddled in cold concrete cells in Kiangwan Military prison a few miles away until they had been tied to wooden crosses and shot in the

wild overgrown ruins of the Chinese cemetery nearby.

This was the news that had been given out on Wednesday, September 26th, to the few correspondents in Shanghai—American, Chinese, Russian—by Captain Jason Bailey, a former FBI man from San Francisco who was in the China Theatre as an Army investigator for the War Crimes Commission.

Now, today, on this golden autumn Saturday, the Army had invited the correspondents to the prison to inspect the cells where the flyers had been held, to photograph for the record the indisputable proof of identity and date they had scratched with broken buttons or fingernails in the soft boards of the floors. A plane load of correspondents had flown north to Peiping earlier in the week, the first such group to enter the old northern capital since Pearl Harbor four years before. I had not gone because the U.S. Navy, which had just come upriver and was anchored off the Bund, had turned over the facilities of the communications ship of the Seventh Fleet to the radio correspondents. Radio communication from Peiping to the States was impossible and while the men from the other networks had taken a chance and gone north to meet the two American Marine divisions due there September 30th, I reasoned that a microphone in the hand on the Admiral's flagship was better than two in the Tientsin bush, especially if the facilities were no better there than the worn-out and short-ranged Station XGOO in Shanghai.

The two naval officers who set up the circuit for my broadcasts to the States were crazy to come ashore with their wire recorder and help me do an on-the-spot broadcast from the cells and the execution grounds. I stood on the slippery, rain-misted deck waiting for the launch that would take me ashore. Lieutenant Bob Brooke, the radio man—he had been an NBC engineer in the Hollywood studios before the war—and Ensign Johnny Meagher—fore and aft-ed me down the long wooden companionway over the side. While the launch swung around the dark hulk of the *Rocky Mount* and headed for the Bund's dimly seen outlines, we plotted that I'd try to stall the Army PRO long enough in the morning for the

Navy to get its heavy, bulking recording apparatus ashore and piled into a jeep that was still to be scrounged. It was nearly 3 A.M. when the Navy left me at the Metropole and turned their rickshas back to the Jetty. The Army orders were to be at its headquarters in the Wheelock Building at 8 A.M. sharp, and it was not unreasonable to suppose that the Army would dislike being kept waiting, especially as an accommodation to the Navy.

The Customs clock was striking the half hour after 7 now. The Navy had not shown up yet. To gain a little time I phoned and asked the Army PRO if he'd mind picking me up, for the route lay past the Metropole.

At 8:15 I said I'd be right down. And still no Navy. At 8:30 I did a reconnaissance from my window. There was no sign of the Navy in the street below. I gave up, went downstairs and climbed into the jeep with Captain Bailey, Julian Hartt of the International News Service, an OWI photographer and a Chinese Army Colonel who was our escort. A couple of string men for the wire services were in another jeep.

Kiangwan is a pleasant outlying section of Shanghai, an expanse of green fields, always under cultivation, and small Chinese houses. Before the war there was a fine golf course there. It used to be the favorite course for Shanghai's best golfers—British, Americans, Scots. During the occupation it was used for various purposes by the Japanese who filled up the Kiangwan area, for their big artfully and efficiently camouflaged airfield lay just beyond.

As we sped along in the jeep I saw the Chinese farmers, with typical industry, busy in the fields, oblivious to the comings and goings of the foreigners all around them, victor and vanquished alike. The American soldiers and their jeeps had long since ceased to be objects of curiosity, although it was a scant 26 days since the first C-54 had dropped down on the Ta Chang Field to the enormous surprise of the Japs who were still holding it and doing a land-office business selling air tickets on the local run to Nanking.

Nor did the Chinese farmers and villagers pay any heed to the squads of Japanese soldiers, heavy-footed and stolid,

who drilled past us at frequent intervals. The Chinese had seen enough Japs to last them a lifetime. The Nips, for the most part, were one thing or the other—toothy expanses of smiling servility or sullen and dark-visaged.

Our Chinese Colonel directed Captain Bailey through neat gates and into a compound housing several equally neat brick buildings.

“HEADQUARTERS JAPANESE 13TH ARMY, SHANGHAI AREA” the sign read. We were seeing for the first time the building where the Doolittle flyers had been court-martialled and sentenced to death; and where they had been locked up after a trial and a conviction in a language of which they knew not a word, a trial that lasted only 30 minutes, and in which they had not been permitted to say a word in their behalf. On several occasions, Tokyo had denied that they had ever issued orders for “different” treatment of airplane crews taken prisoner. But the captured records of the farcical trial of the eight Doolittle flyers proved there were special orders. We had seen the original of the document, and the translation at the press conference in the Cathay Hotel when we had first learned the startling news.

Captain Bailey had visited Kiangwan prison previously, and he was greeted with that special kind of Japanese deference which the military reserves for the military, especially when it knows it's been licked. It gave me particular satisfaction that this American officer was a tall, straight, slim man, whose six-foot height made it necessary for the Japanese officers almost to rear back as they saluted. They did just that—then came to balance and to some doubtful compromise with their *amour-propre*, their Oriental *face*, by bowing low from the waist, as if to hide the sight of American military majesty momentarily from their eyes.

Captain Bailey went off with the Chinese officer and the Japanese Commandant, and Julian Hartt and I strolled around outside the room where the court-martial had been held. A C-54 was coming in, its silvery sides gleaming in the clear blue China sky; the hum of its engines drawing Japanese eyes skyward. The compound was full of Japanese soldiers. Vegetables were growing in the compound, and there were

even some fall flowers in bloom, and a little pond in the center of which was a Japanese stone lantern. Hartt and I went inside again. The C-54 was overhead now, the tumult of its engines a requiem for the men who had stood here in this square room, facing the three judges and the prosecutor on a hot August day in 1942, three years before.

Hartt and I sat down on the stone steps just outside the door. The Jap soldiers were making excuses to come out and stare. They were particularly curious about me. I was in uniform and I had the CBI Theatre patch on my sleeve like the men soldiers. They had not seen any woman rigged out like this. No WAC's had arrived yet in Shanghai.

"Here are the notes I took the other day when Captain Bailey broke this story," I said. "I want to read them so I don't have to look at any more tooth-scrubbing and gargling."

"Go ahead," said Hartt. "I'll spell you."

"Check," I said and got out the notebook.

"There were eight of them, crews of two B-25's that had taken off on that April day from the carrier *Hornet* to bomb Tokyo," I read. "They completed their mission and turned home, but they were forced down for lack of gas and subsequently captured by the Japanese in China. They were flown to Tokyo on April 22, 1942, and held for 56 days. This was a period of intense interrogation by their captors. About June 20, 1942, the Japanese returned the flyers to Shanghai. There they were held in the notorious Bridge House until August 28th. On that day they were taken to Kiangwan Military Prison and brought before a Japanese court-martial. This lasted a half hour. All the proceedings were in Japanese. They had no idea of what was going on. Each was asked to give a brief statement of his life. This document is the translation of the official court-martial."

"That was when Bailey identified the flyers. Remember?"

"Yes. Dean Edward Hallmark, Robert J. Meder, Charles J. Neilsen, William Glover Farrow, Robert L. Hite, George Barr, Harold A. Spatz, Jacob de Shazer." Hartt read over my shoulder.

"Army prosecutor, Major Hata Itsuro, participating," I finished.

"Read the rest," asked Hartt. "The Japs are still cleaning their teeth. I can't stand the gargling, either."

Across the garden the undershirted soldiers were hanging their brushes up on hooks set in a board on the outside wall of the building which was their common washroom. All the brushes were numbered, twenty to a row: three rows, sixty brushes. Some more men had joined those already washed and were splashing and gurgling in the tin basins set on benches outside.

"Cleanliness is next to god-damnliness," I opined, and turned a page.

"There's a bit about the document proving that Tokyo *did* issue special punitive orders against the Doolittle flyers," I said. "Here it is. When Captain Bailey read the report to us, he went on to say that 'after the farcical trial all except Dean Hallmark were carted off here. Spatz, Farrow and Hallmark were asked to sign blank pieces of paper. The Japs told them these would constitute receipts for their property. They were also told to write letters to their families. On the 15th of October, 1942, Lt. Hallmark, Lt. Farrow and Sgt. Spatz were taken to Kiangwan Chinese Cemetery, near the golf course and used regularly by the Japs as an execution ground, and there shot.'"

I stopped reading. Hartt and I looked past the Jap soldiers, past the pond with the iron lantern, past the trim brick buildings to the distant green. Out there was the tangled, weed-grown cemetery close by the fairways of the golf course. I remembered how old China hands used to smack the white golf balls for distance, and how I used always to wonder what the Kiangwan caddies' ancestors would think if they came wandering back to see the foreigners at play. The juxtaposition of this modern golf course to the old Chinese cemetery always seemed to me to be symbolic of the Chinese passion for compromise, for living and letting live, for being able to take on new ways without forsaking all the good old ones. The Japs used to play golf in Shanghai, too, and some of them were good at it. But they always played golf as if mastering the game put them, somehow, farther ahead in the feverish race with time in which they were

forever engaged. They seemed always to be in a hurry to catch up with Western skills, Western ways; indeed, to catch up and pass the proud arrogant nations of the West. We who lived with Chinese and Japanese in the twenties and thirties, before the Manchurian "incident," sensed that they were girding themselves for war—but it seemed a long way off, for time has a way of spinning itself out endlessly, of being a circle without beginning or end, in the Far East.

"Here come Captain Bailey and his Japanese friend," said Hartt. "Guess they're ready for us now."

We rose and went inside the building, crossing over from the courtroom to the cells. The Japanese officer in charge led us down the narrow corridor. He paused.

"Lt. Barr occupied this cell," said Captain Bailey. "Look," he added, pointing down.

We followed his finger. There, four boards in from the door, Lt. Barr had laboriously scratched a message with some thin, sharp object—a fishbone, a broken button, perhaps even the sharp edge of his lieutenant's bar:

"Lt. G. Barr, USAAC—34th Bomb Sqdn.—Columbia, S.C., USA
—Took off from AC Hornet 4/17/42—Bombed Nagoya Japan—
Flew 17 hours to China—No gas. Jumped—Captured 4/18/42—"

There were some other barely legible words. He had made a two months' calendar for October and November. The October days from the 1st to the 23rd inclusive were all crossed out. There were no numbers after the 23rd. And there were not even any squares in the calendar he had set up for November. Barr and the other four flyers who were spared were transferred to northern prisons in Nanking and Peiping two months after their companions were executed. Thus did Army Intelligence check these mute scratches against Japanese information for verification.

These cells were all eleven feet high, ten feet deep and four and a half feet wide. Each had a small window cut way up—eight feet from the floor. And each cell had its own sunken latrine—a one-holer arrangement, with a wooden cover flush with the floor. A single naked electric bulb was

suspended from the ceiling and the door was a step down, low and narrow. The smell of fresh unpainted lumber and damp concrete overrode all other odors. The Japanese had cleaned up the place, scrubbed it and made it spotless against the coming of the American and Chinese officers.

Cell number three had been the Shanghai home of 2nd Lt. Robert J. Meder. As we knelt down to examine the floor boards for the now familiar pattern of faint scratches, we found the story which young Meder had etched in wood. First there was the date: "9/15/42." Then his name, his rank and his serial number: "Lt. R. J. Meder-0-42123." Then: "U.S. Army." On another line was: "Air Corps." Below that: "B 25-Detach." Next came: "Plane No. 0398." The last two lines cried out to anyone who might come after him to "Notify U.S. Army-Life Imprisonment."

The Chinese Colonel who had come down from Shanghai with us watched us copy down the words. The OWI photographer had backed into a corner and, on his knees, was focussing his camera with flash bulb attached, on the sad, defiant message so bravely cut into the wood.

I stumbled out of that cell and let the photographer have all the room he needed for his picture taking. I was remembering how Captain Bailey had riffled the pages of his report in the press conference in the Cathay three days before.

"On October 14, 1942," he had said, "the five men who were not executed were informed by the Japanese that the Emperor had commuted their sentence from death to life imprisonment 'under special conditions.' Apparently the 'special conditions' meant solitary confinement—each by himself. They were so kept thereafter. Robert Meder died in Nanking December 1, 1943. He had been suffering from dysentery and beri beri for 90 days. He had had no medical attendance until 10 days preceding his death, and then only a few pills and injections." Captain Bailey paused briefly.

Someone asked a question. Someone else said, "Will you repeat that please, sir?"

"The five who were spared were kept in Kiangwan until April 7, 1943," the Captain said. "Meder died in December, 1943, with no more medical attention than I stated earlier.

The others were held in Nanking until June, 1945. Then the Japs took them to Fengti prison near Peiping. The recovery teams got them out in August—that was last month.”

It was strange how here at Kiangwan, where so much of the tragic drama had been played out, I kept remembering the straight, factual way Captain Bailey had reported this in the earlier press conference. He had stated facts, with no overtones, no dramatic shadings or flourishings. He was a good investigator reporting a workmanlike job, with every single fact anchored fast.

As he came down the corridor now, having concluded his private business with the Japanese, he waited until the small group had reassembled and announced that we had secured a guide to the cemetery, a Japanese who was now willing to point out the exact spot where the execution had taken place. We would go there, he said, if that suited everybody, as soon as he had checked over some of the personal effects of the flyers that the Japs had uncovered. We walked to the administration building then, and sat down on a straight-backed wooden bench to wait. A Japanese officer suggested tea. Although I had had no breakfast, not even a cup of coffee, and neither, I discovered, had Julian Hartt, we wondered whether we could swallow even a mouthful of tea in the mood of sadness and spiritual desolation which had settled over us. The Captain said yes, indeed, he'd like some tea. I believe he enjoyed having the Japs wait on him and bow to him, more than he wanted the tea. We said all right, we'd have some too, then.

Julian lighted a cigarette. The Chinese Colonel pressed his pack on me. Momentarily I regretted having given up smoking the year before. My hands were restlessly busy with my pen. I was using up precious hard-to-get ink, making aimless doodles on hard-to-get paper.

Just then the tea began to arrive. The guards brought in small tables and set them before us, dusting them carefully. The tea cups—a concession to Western usage—were set down and the tea, a good, green China tea, was poured. There was even sugar. The Captain, Hartt and myself gulped it down. The Colonel didn't drink any. We were on the second cup

when another Japanese non-com arrived. I was fascinated by the appalling ugliness of the man. He wore the same ridiculous cap which all Japanese soldiers wear, a cap which rides high on their heads and has neither shape nor useful purpose. The cap so accentuated his ugliness that I was hypnotized by it, and for an instant only, I didn't see the box. Then I looked again and noted that it was a large square box wrapped in unbleached muslin. The four corners of the muslin square were gathered together and tied in a knot at the top. The Jap took off his ugly cap, revealing a closely-shaved bullet-shaped head. He bowed low as he uncovered, then backed away. In a minute he returned with another box, a smaller one, of lighter wood, wrapped in fine white silk. This one he placed atop the larger box. Again he uncovered, bowed and returned his cap to his head and backed off again.

My tea cup almost fell from my hand. I set it down hard in the saucer and it made a sharp little sound. Another Japanese had untied the knot in the white silk wrapping around the smaller box and I read the black stencilled English words:

"U S A Commissioned Officer's Ashes."

Julian Hartt's hand doubled into a tight fist and he straightened up on the bench. Captain Bailey grew taut and looked up sharply. With perfect timing Captain Maszumi Shimada arrived, bowing and saluting.

"These are Captain Meder's ashes. They have just arrived from Nanking. You will take them back to Shanghai with you, perhaps?"

None of us, not Captain Bailey, nor Julian Hartt nor myself, was prepared for this. It was a sadistic little gesture, timed to perfection, this arrival of the dead flyer's ashes in their urn inside the wooden, silk-wrapped box set down there now on top of the other box amid the tea cups.

Captain Bailey gestured to Shimada, who we knew, was in charge of the prison.

"Give the box to me," he ordered.

Shimada handed him the box. The American officer looked at it silently a moment, resting there on his knees. I put out my hands. Perhaps because I was a woman responding to

some inner urging that, miraculously, this young man understood, he handed me the box without a word. I cradled it in my arms on my lap and bent my head to hide my face from the inquisitive Japanese around us. Not for worlds would I have let them see the tears that were in my eyes and that I was fighting desperately to hold back.

"Open the other box," Captain Bailey ordered.

Captain Shimada spoke to his aide. His aide untied the knot in the muslin and slid back the cover of the other box. He handed it across the table to Captain Bailey who then reached in and took out one small object after another.

My eye read the stencilling on this larger box, lettering done by a Japanese unfamiliar with English words, who wrote "n" when he meant "u."

"U S A Commissioned Officer's Lnggages."

Underneath this were Japanese characters.

Captain Bailey was looking at the first object he had taken out of the box. Julian was making notes.

"I'll give you the list later," he said to me, for my hands were clasped tightly around the silk-wrapped box in my lap.

"A book of traveller's checks, \$10 denomination each, Bank of America, San Francisco," read Captain Bailey calling off the numbers.

"A personal check book, National Bank of Fort Sam Houston. Last check, according to the stub, made out to U.S.S. *Hornet* Mess—for \$17," Captain Bailey said.

"The stub just ahead of that shows he drew a check to the Midland Mutual Life Insurance Co. for \$21.25—premium on his life insurance policy. That was on February 2, 1942," Captain Bailey said grimly.

Just 24 years of age, I thought, and he paid his debts like a gentleman, and was responsible, and kept up his life insurance payments.

There were more things, the small, unimportant, inanimate things that, remaining after their owner has gone, acquire importance because they are the keepsakes, the souvenirs, the little things he kept closest to him. There was the card that told he had been young and gay and fun-loving—his membership card in the Round Up Room of the Temple

Hotel, in Pendleton, Oregon. There was a picture of a very pretty girl, smiling out at us from the discolored paper in the mildewed leather case the young Lieutenant had carried with him until the last. There was his Phi Kappa Tau fraternity card issued by the central office in Oxford, Ohio. There were a compass, a comb and file, a key case, a Social Security card, a wallet, the leather almost destroyed by damp and mildew.

And that was about all.

Captain Bailey replaced the objects, gave orders for the box and the dead flyer's clothes to be placed in the jeep outside. Then we all stood up. I just naturally clung to the little silk-wrapped box.

"Do you mind?" Captain Bailey asked me.

I shook my head.

Outside we got into the jeeps and headed for the cemetery.

At the gates the Chinese Colonel touched my arm and Captain Bailey's.

"Would you give me the privilege of sitting here with Lt. Meder?" he asked, inclining his head ever so slightly toward the box.

Without a word I handed it to him. Never, I think, have I heard a more gracious sentence, nor one more deeply poignant.

We went past the naked Chinese children huddled around the cemetery gates. Several beggar families were living in sheds made of old boards and matting in the shelter of the ruined archway. They watched us come through with wide-eyed curiosity.

The sun was warm and riding high. We tramped single file through the high, thick grass, past broken stones, desecrated mounds. With us was a Japanese who had been detailed to show us the spot in the cemetery where the execution had taken place. Our interpreter followed behind him.

We cut sharply to the left and walked perhaps ten minutes. Suddenly the Japanese paused and looked down at the ground. He was like a dog picking up a scent. He straight-

ened up and spoke to the interpreter. The interpreter turned to us. "This is the place," he said.

This was the place, indeed. Here, on October 15, 1942, 2nd Lt. Dean Edward Hallmark, age 27, from Dallas, Texas, pilot; 2nd Lt. William Glover Farrow, age 23, of Darlington, South Carolina, pilot; and Sgt. Harold A. Spatz, 20, machine gunner, were taken from their cells to Kiangwan Chinese Cemetery, and there shot.

"He say that persons who see execution say men were tied to crosses—little crosses—they had to kneel down. Then guard tie hands to crosses behind them—and then Japanese soldiers shoot from the side," the interpreter said.

He turned back to the Japanese who spoke again. The interpreter listened, then nodded his head and held up his hand to stop the flow.

"He say that flyers then placed in coffins. That Japanese soldiers break up wooden crosses and put them in coffins with flyers. Then coffins taken to Japanese crematorium. Ashes go to Woosung POW officer. He maybe give International Red Cross."

Actually, there was no record of the receipt of bodies or ashes in Shanghai. The official record of the execution was picked up in the Kiangwan Military Prison by a Japanese Major, attached to the Eastern Army as a judicial officer with headquarters at Aoyama, Japan. He came to Shanghai in January, 1945, picked up the official execution records and took them back to Aoyama. The Japanese said all records were destroyed but the Americans, when they came into Shanghai, found a 30-year-old Eurasian, half-Japanese, half-Portuguese, a Shanghai civilian resident, who was employed as an interpreter at the prison and was an actual witness to the signing of names.

Armed with this the American War Crimes Commission went to work and did a proper job of sleuthing, turning up with the official records, and more than that, the incriminating records of the court-martial of the flyers by the Japanese at Kiangwan.

We turned away from the sad little place, hallowed with American blood. At the gates the naked Chinese children

were eating their rice. They jumped up and down with childish glee and waved their chopsticks at us. The Chinese Colonel handed me the little box as I sat down in the jeep. I cradled it in my hands on my lap again, holding it close to me against the bumps and jogs in the uneven road.

We drove back to Shanghai.

GLORIA MUNDI

By W. W. CHAPLIN

I WASN'T yet a reporter then, and so I never told this story in print. There were no reporters present and so no one ever printed it. It is a story of Woodrow Wilson.

The dirty work of war has always been done by youths scarcely emerged from childhood. And like so many others I was young when I volunteered for what we have come to know as the first World War. I was young in years, and young for my years.

Until I went to France as an enlisted man in a combat unit, I had never seen a dead person. I had never even been to a funeral. I was aware naturally of the fact of death, but I had never faced the fact. When someone I knew died, it was merely as if that person had moved to Oshkosh or Hong Kong. I just didn't see him any more. So there was a special impact on my mind when I was confronted with the spectacle of mass death, the ugly death of violence and human wastage.

My staff and my strength at that time—and I suppose what saved some millions of other callow minds—was a beautiful ideal garbed in a lovely phrase. President Wilson told humanity that we were fighting not for territorial gain, not for political power, not for any of the aims of avarice, but simply and entirely to make the world safe for democracy. He also said it was a war to end all war.

In cynical hindsight we can call those words catch phrases now. We can question their sincerity. We can call them propaganda. I still believe that Woodrow Wilson voiced them in all sincerity. And I know that they were what carried very many of us simple soldiers through the bloody trenches of that war.

Wilson did light a fire of rare purity in many hearts. Not merely the hearts of Allied soldiers, but also the hearts of

men and women of good will everywhere. At war's end he was unquestionably the most revered and best-loved living man in history. The world was at his feet.

To make good his promises and his predictions, Wilson went to Paris for the peace conference. His ideals were still intact. He wanted nothing for America but the assurance that the war really had made the world safe for democracy, that it had been the war to end all war. Men from other countries had other ideas. And they were better politicians than he. Nor was all the opposition from abroad. Wilson conceived the League of Nations, and overnight the forces of selfishness, of nationalism, of special interest, and of isolation banded together here at home to defeat him.

I forget how many times Wilson went to Paris—twice, three times or four. It doesn't matter, but between the first and last time a great change had come over the world. A thing called realism had replaced ideals. Horse trading had taken the place of cooperation. The things that Wilson wanted were no longer wanted by other powerful men and they ganged up to defeat him. Disillusioned, the masses turned against him rather than his enemies.

In that period I was walking down Fifth Avenue at that pre-five time of day when the sidewalks of New York are drained of their full complement of pedestrians. The shoppers had hurried home, the office workers were not quite free. A police siren wailed like a lovesick tomcat, and a big open car slid up the avenue under motorcycle escort.

In the rear of the car one of its four occupants was standing. Dressed in formal afternoon clothes, this tall man with thin gray hair was bowing first to one side, then the other. Silk hat in hand, he bowed and smiled from a flushed face of somewhat equine proportions.

There was no possible question as to what he was doing. He was acknowledging the plaudits of cheering thousands; thousands that he alone could see, cheers that only he could hear. It was Woodrow Wilson returning for the last time from Paris, where he had left a dream shattered into as many pieces as must have been his heart.

I looked about me at the hurrying hundreds of this back-

water moment on Fifth Avenue and I saw not one person stop to watch, not one hand raised in greeting or in pity. I heard one woman laugh.

The car disappeared up the avenue, the tall figure bowing and smiling, first right, then left. There was a long lingering period of misery and misunderstanding for the great man to endure before his final release. But I have always felt that all that was perhaps a mere postlude to his life which he scarcely realized. I have always felt that Wilson really died that day on Fifth Avenue, acknowledging applause which stupid folk withheld, but which he so richly deserved.

JOHN A. PARRIS, JR.

JOHN A. PARRIS, JR., of the Associated Press, has followed the United Nations through from that day in London in 1941 when fourteen nations banded together to fight the war against Germany, to the birth of the present world organization, and now into its operating phase. Sent to London by the United Press in 1941, Mr. Parris covered the diplomatic run there until 1944—taking time out for the invasion of North Africa, when he landed with the G.I.'s at Arzew. He made the governments in exile a specialty while in London, and through contacts was able to maintain news channels from the most strictly policed areas of Europe. In 1944 he began a new assignment in London as diplomatic correspondent for AP, holding that post until May, 1946, when he was transferred to New York to cover the United Nations. He reported the San Francisco Conference and the United Nations preparatory commission and first assembly in London, as well as the meetings of the Big Four Foreign Ministers in London and New York. He is now assigned to the United Nations in New York.

During five and a half years Mr. Parris has worked closely with many of the present United Nations figures, such as Trygve Lie, Paul Henri Spaak, Eelco van Kleffens and Jan Masaryk. He has known intimately King Haakon of Norway, King Peter of Yugoslavia, King George of Greece and King Zog of Albania, and watched two of them lose their thrones.

Born in 1914 in Sylvan, N.C., a mountain town, he attended school there. He began writing, he says, when he was "big enough to tote a pencil." At thirteen he began working on the local weekly, the *Jackson County Journal*. In 1934 he joined the United Press as the youngest capitol correspondent in Raleigh, N.C., then worked in the UP bureau in New York and as roving correspondent of the Winston-Salem (N.C.) *Journal-Sentinel*. Rejoining the UP as night bureau manager in Memphis, he returned to New York as assistant night cable editor before going to London. His North African experiences led to his co-authorship of the book *Springboard to Berlin*. Mr. and Mrs. Parris live in New York City.

ARCHITECTS OF A BETTER WORLD?

By JOHN A. PARRIS, JR.

A CHILL JUNE rain blew in from the Thames Estuary. It swept across London's bombed East End, up The Mall and past the gray, sandbag-protected walls of St. James's Palace, tapping gently in passing at the windows of the second floor where a handful of men with faith but precious little hope had a date with history.

A stone's throw from the palace entrance, a muffin-faced little Cockney in tattered coat, a spotless white muffler knotted about his throat, an old tweed cap perched defiantly on his head, shouted the headlines of the day.

"Germans Mass on Russian Border . . . Will Hitler Attack Reds? . . . Hostages Taken In France . . . Patriots Killed In Yugoslavia."

There was nothing in the newspapers to make a man feel good. It was a dismal day. Only the rain was good. Goering kept his bombers home on such days. But the barrage balloons, nevertheless, rode at anchor in the wet skies.

Peace was but a memory and a hope. It was June 12, 1941. Britain stood all alone, but one man had spoken and said that man's soul should not die as long as England lived. That man was Winston Churchill. And he gave hope to those tight within Hitler's grasp and to those the heaven-mocking, gesticulating Fuehrer had sent fleeing into exile.

From a taxi cab, Jan Masaryk stepped to the pavement before St. James's. He remembered a similar day when a man with a furled umbrella had stepped from a Munich-launched plane, tapped a piece of paper in his pocket and declared to the world: "Peace in our time." The words rankled in Masaryk's mind like a cancer that gnaws forever. His beautiful, beloved Prague had been surrendered to a crooked cross and was now at the mercy of the bloody lash.

He hurried across the space of pavement and rain and

through the tiny guarded entrance into the ancient building, up the red carpet-muted marble stairs which had felt the feet of Joachim von Ribbentrop and into a chamber hung with priceless tapestries, splashed with gold and crimson, its furniture carved by the hands of men long dead, covered with silk from the Orient.

Here the Council of the League of Nations had met in extraordinary session on a cold, windy March day five years before when Hitler had walked into the Rhineland, the initial step he had outlined in *Mein Kampf* for Germany's return to power. The Council failed to act, thus setting the stage for future German aggression.

Perhaps if the League had taken a firm stand, called Hitler's hand, all the "blood, toil, sweat and tears" that was to flood the world would have been unnecessary. Perhaps Jan Masaryk would have been in Prague, not an exile in London this rainy June day.

There were other exiles there in the Audience Chamber of St. James's Palace, too. Men who had been forced to flee before the green-gray hordes that had swallowed up Europe, country by country.

Jan Masaryk knew them all. Knew the story of each. Knew that it had taken a war to draw them into a union that peace had been unable to achieve.

As he took his place at the long mahogany table, Masaryk nodded in recognition to each—Trygve Lie, the stout-hearted Norwegian; Eelco van Kleffens, symbol of Dutch courage; Paul Henri Spaak, the Belgian whose king stayed behind; Joseph Bech, the white-haired little prime minister of Luxembourg who had seen the Germans engulf his country twice in twenty-five years.

Around the table were representatives of six nations of the British Commonwealth and nine nations of Europe. They had been brought together by a common aim: to overcome the greatest threat in history to their individual freedom as nations and to the freedom of all mankind.

They were fourteen—Great Britain, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, France,

Greece, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland and Yugoslavia.

Here they were, standing firm as one united team, although the rest of the world believed their cause was forlorn.

Already this union was tightly knit. France had contributed the strategic and material resources of the free parts of its empire. Norway had given its merchant marine, the fourth largest in the world. Belgium had brought copper from the Congo. The Netherlands had contributed oil and rubber from the East Indies, and its merchant marine. Yugoslavia and Greece each had brought ships. Poland and Czechoslovakia had brought from their longer ordeals battle-seasoned troops and pilots.

There were few speeches that day in St. James's. These men knew their task, and they went at it quickly but firmly.

They drafted a simple declaration, affixed their signatures to it, and by nightfall the world, including Hitler, knew there were still men who had faith that freedom would come again.

The world was told by press and radio that fourteen nations, banded together in the threatened British Isles, had formally vowed to fight on until victory and to work thereafter in unison with other free peoples for an enduring peace.

This was really the forerunner of the United Nations.

It marked another milestone, the first of many new ones to come, in man's melancholy search for peace.

And in this historic moment, a man whose country was not at war was conceiving a union of nations such as the world had never known, a union which he believed would end man's search for peace.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt felt so keenly about this idea that in August of 1941 he met Winston Churchill off Newfoundland. Out of this meeting came the Atlantic Charter, which contained the first official reference to the need for a new permanent system of general security.

Another American president, Woodrow Wilson, had conceived the League of Nations but had been unable to persuade his own country to participate in it.

The Atlantic Charter became the instrument that linked

the United Nations. It bound them as allies in the war. It pledged them to continue their unity after victory had been won.

Formal adherence to this document by the nations at war with the Axis came five months later and less than a month after the United States had been plunged into the conflict by Japan's unprovoked attack on Pearl Harbor.

On January 1, 1942, the representatives of twenty-six governments met in Washington, D.C., where they adopted the "Declaration by United Nations," pledging themselves to employ their full military and economic resources against all common enemies, in cooperation with the other United Nations, and not to conclude separate peace or armistice agreements.

They subscribed to a common program of purposes and principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter which called for a permanent system of general security once the war was over.

With the war still raging, Franklin Delano Roosevelt mapped his plan for a peace organization that would succeed where the League of Nations had failed.

Passing from principles to organization, a Big Four declaration was issued November 1, 1943, at Moscow, on behalf of the governments of the United States, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and China. It was written by the foreign ministers of these countries.

The declaration recognized "the necessity of establishing at the earliest practicable date a general international organization . . . for the maintenance of peace and security."

The Senate of the United States, which had blocked Wilson's plea for American participation in the League of Nations, just four days later passed a resolution, embodying this clause of the Moscow Declaration and calling for a post-war international organization backed by force to ensure peace.

Then at Teheran on December 6, President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin re-affirmed their determination to establish "international peace, secu-

ity and prosperity after the war, in accordance with the principles of the Atlantic Charter."

In the meantime work on practical plans had been going forward in the different countries. The prime ministers of the British Commonwealth of Nations examined the subject together early in May, 1944, at their meeting in London, where the presence of the governments of a number of the European Allies had long facilitated exchanges of views.

During this same period exploratory Anglo-American talks were held in the British capital.

On May 29, 1944, U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull announced that he had discussed with the postwar subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee "the general principles, questions and plans relating to the establishment of an international peace and security organization."

Hull further declared his intention of proceeding, "with the approval of the President, with informal discussion on this subject with Great Britain, Russia, China and then with governments of other United Nations."

This was followed in August by a meeting of Big Four representatives in Washington where the Dumbarton Oaks proposals were drawn up. Here the representatives of the United States, Britain, Russia and China agreed on preliminary proposals for a world security organization for submission first to their own governments and then to a general United Nations conference.

The one gap in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals was the voting procedure in the organization's Security Council, which was to be charged with keeping the peace—by force, if necessary. This gap was filled in at Yalta, in February, 1945.

There, on Russian soil, President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin agreed that the right of veto should be given the Big Four Powers in the Security Council.

And it was there that the decision was taken to assemble a conference of all the United Nations in San Francisco to write a charter for a new world organization.

Franklin Roosevelt headed home from Yalta, knowing at last that his dream was taking on the shape of reality. The exiles of Europe who had established their capital in London took hope. Their radios bridging the gap between freedom and slavery told their peoples in enslaved Europe that America was not only with them in the war but was taking the lead to give them peace and security once there was victory.

In the ghettos of Warsaw, in the mountains of Greece, in the icy wastes of Norway, men and women had pinned their hopes and the futures of their children on the promises held forth in the Atlantic Charter, the "Four Freedoms" that Franklin Roosevelt had said were necessary if man was to survive in decency and live in good fellowship and be a neighbor to all regardless of race, color or creed.

And then just thirteen days before the conference of San Francisco opened, word flashed around the world that the champion of freedom-loving peoples was dead.

For the third time in America's long search for peace, a great leader had been stricken in the very crisis time of all his efforts, had been stricken just when he was about to witness the birth of his greatest dream. For on his desk at Warm Springs, Ga., were notes that he had jotted down in preparation for the speech that he was to have delivered in welcoming the representatives of the new community of nations at San Francisco.

To Harry Truman, a little-known man from Missouri who stepped into the President's shoes, came the task of delivering the speech that had been the desire of Roosevelt.

More than 2,500 delegates, advisers, consultants, newsmen, cameramen and others, representatives of forty-six nations, packed San Francisco's vaulted Opera House auditorium that sunny April 25, 1945.

Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius spoke the first words that launched one of history's greatest international meetings.

"The conference of the United Nations on international organization is now convened," Stettinius said. "We shall

open the conference with one minute of silent, solemn meditation."

When the sixtieth second had passed, the American secretary said:

"Delegates, the President of the United States."

Into the impressive stone building whose flag flew at half-staff in honor of the late President Roosevelt, the voice of his successor was brought from Washington.

"We still have a choice between the continuation of international chaos—or the establishment of a world organization for the enforcement of peace," the new president said.

He told the delegates they were "the architects of a better world."

"We represent the overwhelming majority of all mankind. We speak for people who have endured the most savage and devastating war ever inflicted upon innocent men, women, and children. We hold a powerful mandate from our people. They believe we will fulfill this obligation. We must prevent, if human mind, heart and hope can prevent it, the repetition of the disaster from which the entire world will suffer for years to come."

By June 26, the nations—then numbering fifty—had fashioned their charter and blocked out the blueprint for the machinery of their organization. This time, President Truman was there in person to close the conference.

On that day, delegates of fifty nations united by war signed the charter upon which they pinned their hopes to remain united in peace.

Dr. Wellington Koo of China brushed his name down the page of history, and the first of the United Nations to be invaded by the Axis became the first to affix a signature.

It was noon, Pacific war time.

Thus began an hours-long ceremony in which 153 delegates moved in alphabetical order—after China, Russia, Britain and France had signed—to the great blue table, surrounded by the flags of all the United Nations, centering the klieg-lighted auditorium of San Francisco's Veterans Building.

The United States preferred to wait until last, partly be-

cause it was host country but largely because it wanted to sign in the afternoon so that President Truman might witness the ceremony more conveniently.

The delegates, as they gathered in the auditorium, found a common appreciation in the words of an old Negro spiritual which proclaims:

"I ain't gwine study war no more, no more."

One by one the delegates were called to the table upon which lay the blue leather-bound charter that their top spokesmen said represented the hopes of the living and a promise of "never again" to the fallen dead.

Russia . . .

A union of republics whose army banners are covered with unfading glory . . . Stalingrad . . . the barricades of Moscow . . . the siege of Sebastopol . . . millions sacrificed in the war against the Germans . . . Stalin, the man Hitler misjudged, the man who broke the might of the German Army . . . a country formally dedicated now to peace.

The United Kingdom . . .

July 10, 1940 . . . Britain standing all alone . . . "We shall fight," said Winston Churchill, "on the seas and oceans . . . in the air . . . on the beaches . . . in the fields and in the streets . . . we shall never surrender . . . we will carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World . . . steps forth to the rescue and liberation of the Old" . . . bombs and robots and rockets . . . a nation which never faltered . . . a nation which taught others of the Allies to never say die.

France . . .

A date and shame . . . June 22, 1940 . . . defeated, betrayed, stripped, delivered to the Nazis . . . out of the wreckage, an unknown . . . Charles de Gaulle . . . the Cross of Lorraine . . . the will to continue the fight from abroad . . . Lafayette and Pershing and Versailles . . . Bir Hacheim . . . a general named Leclerc . . . freedom on the barricades of Paris . . . row on row of white crosses and poppies in Flanders . . . freedom at last.

Argentina . . .

Last of the United Nations to enter the war against the Axis.

Australia . . .

Foreign Minister Herbert Evatt, gray and solemn, scratches his name upon the document . . . a nation still at war on this June 26 . . . her sons dying on Borneo to recapture soil for another member nation . . . a country which once lay wide to invasion while her armed forces fought brilliantly against Rommel in the African desert.

Belgium . . .

Small and proud and plucky . . . her face scarred by the wounds of two world wars . . . sad and hungry . . . a nation which refused to be conquered . . . *La Libre Belgique*, symbol of a free press.

Bolivia . . . Brazil . . . Byelo-Russia . . . Canada . . .

The names parade across the pages of the historic document . . . conjure up half-forgotten memories of democracy's darkest hours . . . Canadians streaming out across the Atlantic to defend a Britain threatened with invasion . . . dying in the hell of Dieppe . . . winning laurels across France, Belgium, Holland . . . in the skies over burning Germany.

Chile . . . Colombia . . . Costa Rica . . . Cuba . . .

Czechoslovakia . . .

Remember Lidice . . . the death of a village . . . Munich . . . the rape of a nation . . . Hitler's quest for world domination . . . a man named Masaryk who helped give Czechoslovakia independence in 1918 . . . gave the world a son to carry on the battle for freedom.

Denmark . . .

A nation occupied but never conquered . . . a country which boasted it was without a traitor . . . its people united against Nazism.

Dominican Republic . . . Ecuador . . . Egypt . . . El Salvador . . .

Ethiopia . . .

First victim of Fascist aggression . . . Roman legions following a would-be Caesar . . . spears against guns . . . Italian poison gas sweeping over plains and through villages . . . an emperor fleeing into exile for five years . . . first of the United Nations to be liberated.

Greece . . .

Cradle of democracy . . . first nation to shatter the myth of Axis invincibility . . . she upset Axis plans to conquer the Near East and invade Russia at a time when the Soviets were not prepared to resist.

Guatemala . . . Haiti . . . Honduras . . . India . . . Iran . . . Iraq . . . Lebanon . . . Liberia . . . Luxembourg . . . Mexico . . . The Netherlands . . .

The ruins of Rotterdam . . . Hitler's example to the world of how a city can be killed by bombs . . . a queen fleeing in the night before German paratroopers . . . a people tortured and tormented . . . Nazi concentration camps and firing squads . . . liquidation of 280,000 Jews.

New Zealand . . . Nicaragua . . .

Norway . . .

A country dedicated to peace . . . sold out to the Germans by a man named Quisling, whose name became a synonym for traitor . . . carried on the war at home from underground . . . gave her merchant marine to the Allies and 3,500 of her seamen to the seas in the cause of freedom.

Panama . . . Paraguay . . . Peru . . .

The Philippines . . .

Remember Bataan . . . Corregidor . . . and a man named MacArthur.

Saudi Arabia . . . Syria . . . Turkey . . . Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic . . .

Union of South Africa . . .

Produced Jan Christian Smuts, the elder statesman . . . the man of Versailles and Geneva and San Francisco . . . sent her sons into Ethiopia and across Italian Somaliland to receive the surrender of the Duke of Aosta . . . Tobruk and Italy.

Uruguay . . . Venezuela . . . Yugoslavia . . .

The United States of America . . .

The arsenal of democracy . . . she gave her youth so that others as well might be free . . . Pearl Harbor . . . a nation at war . . . Franklin Delano Roosevelt . . . Eisenhower and MacArthur and Marshall and Patton . . . millions of guys named Joe . . . the Declaration of Independence . . . a man named Abraham Lincoln . . . the Four Freedoms . . . the

Golden Gate and men on Okinawa . . . a nation determined on peace for all mankind.

When the last name had been appended to the charter, the delegates crowded into the Opera House auditorium where President Truman, addressing the final plenary session of the conference, exclaimed:

"Oh, what a great day this can be in history!"

"With this charter," he said, "the world can begin to look forward to a time when all worthy human beings may be permitted to live decently as free people. If we should falter in the future in our will to use it, millions now living will surely die. Let us not fail to grasp this supreme chance to establish a world-wide rule of reason—to create an enduring peace under the guidance of God."

During the two-month conference serious arguments developed. They sprang mainly from a conflict between the small nations and the Big Powers. At the core was bitter disagreement over the provisions demanded by the Big Powers, the right of "veto."

Under the charter, the Big Powers—the United States, Russia, Britain, China and France—were given the right not only to vote on all major issues but the right to stall any attempt to change the charter. Under the voting formula, any Big Power, by simply casting a negative vote, could stop action by the United Nations, except in the case where that power was a party to a dispute and then it must abstain from voting.

This was the issue that was to crop up again in the months ahead, in London and New York, when the delegates re-assembled; a fight that appeared sure of lasting as long as the Big Powers refused to relinquish voluntarily that power of veto.

But there were achievements in the first conference of the United Nations in San Francisco. Achievements that promised to rectify the ineffective machinery of the futile League of Nations.

Jan Christian Smuts, Prime Minister of South Africa, only living link between the chief drafters of the League of Nations covenant and the leaders of the San Francisco con-

ference, described the charter as "a great milestone along the path of human progress."

The 77-year-old statesman, therefore, was in an excellent position to compare the new world charter with the weaknesses of the League covenant.

"The covenant," Smuts recalled, "was drafted on this thesis:

"If nations could only be brought together at a round table to consult with each other, and to plan for a pacific settlement of disputes, the world might be in the end rid of the scourges of war. Public opinion and economic sanctions might suffice, and organized force might not be necessary to prevent aggression. All states were equal and sovereign, and none could be compelled to take forceful action without its free consent.

"A universal veto and absence of force were thus far main features of the covenant.

"An all-in universal League was arrived at, and smaller leagues or groups for peace were looked upon with disfavor, as an encroachment on the universal reign of the League."

This was an idealistic approach. But the statesmen at San Francisco, with the experience of twenty-five years, realized that idealism was not enough. They agreed that a much more realistic view had to be taken of world war and its prevention.

Thus, in contrast to the League covenant, the authors of the charter at San Francisco—Smuts wrote its preamble—adopted a plan based on these main points:

1. That force is necessary to maintain peace.
2. That only the combined force of the Great Powers can guarantee the world against total war.
3. That Great Power unity is a necessary condition for world peace.
4. That regional alliances among the smaller nations should be encouraged so long as they were made within the framework of the larger organization.
5. That the veto should not be universal, but should be in the hands of the Big Five, in the hands of those who won the war and who in the end would be primarily responsible for keeping the peace.

6. The obligation of all states to join with force against aggression.

Six months later, the world charter had been ratified by fifty-one nations, World War II was over, Hitler was dead, Japan was beaten, and the atomic bomb had been added to man's arsenal of destruction.

Realization of what the price of another world war would be had never been so great as that 10th of January, 1946, when the United Nations as an international organization to maintain peace and security was formally born in London on the anniversary of the founding of the League of Nations.

War-weary Britons stood in the rain outside Central Hall in Westminster, where under a marble slab in the historic Abbey lay the moldering bones of Neville Chamberlain, and looked on apathetically as the world's diplomats began a new era in man's search for peace.

That day, Britain's Prime Minister, Clement R. Attlee, who had only shortly before succeeded Winston Churchill, stood against a backdrop of flags representing ninety per cent of the world's population and declared:

"The United Nations Organization must become the overriding factor in foreign policy."

There were other speeches that day and in the days to come. Many of the speakers with experience of the old League emphasized that the United Nations was by no means a perfect organization. They made it clear that it would work only so long as its members wished to keep it working.

All were agreed, had been agreed since the charter was forged at San Francisco, that it would work only so long as the Big Five—the United States, Britain, Russia, France and China—got along together and did not go plunging off into war.

Under the charter, there is no authority in the United Nations—except moral force and world opinion—to keep one of the Big Five from starting a war. It has no authority to use the United Nations armies against a rampaging member of the Big Five.

Edward R. Stettinius, then U.S. Secretary of State, ex-

plained this weakness at San Francisco by saying in effect that, if one of the Big Five wanted to start a war, we would have another war anyway, no matter whether the United Nations tried to stop it through formal action or not.

As Jan Christian Smuts pointed out, the United Nations really depends on the unity of the Big Five.

Nevertheless, the world charter gave the United Nations as a whole enormous power—since the members agreed to contribute their armed might for the common good—to stop any of the smaller nations which might try to get out of hand.

This may seem unfair, that the United Nations was weighted from the beginning in favor of the Big Five. It certainly is to the extent that the small nations and the big nations can act together to hush up a little troublemaker, but all functions of the United Nations fall apart when one of the Big Five gets tough enough to start a war.

But the Big Five have pointed out all along that they have the world's greatest storehouse of manpower and resources with which to make world war or keep world peace. Strength is on their side, just as it was in the years of World War II. They made it clear at San Francisco that they were going to hold on to it.

In London, and in accordance with the charter, the fifty-one nations put into motion the machinery by means of which the United Nations was to function—four main bodies: the Security Council, the General Assembly, the Economic and Social Council, and the International Court of Justice.

The Security Council is the powerhouse, the big stick of the United Nations. It is the real and final power when it comes time to keep the peace by stopping aggression. Only eleven nations sit on the council. They are the Big Five, which have permanent seats, and six other nations elected to two-year terms. The council was given the right to take both economic and military action against a nation threatening or disturbing the peace of the world.

The General Assembly is what many diplomats believe will become the parliament of man in a truly operating world government.

It is the sounding board of world opinion. It is the one

place where every nation, big or small, has an equal voice.

It is composed of every nation of the organization. Each member is limited to five representatives. Each member has one vote. Here the Big Powers' veto cannot be used. Decisions on important matters require a two-thirds majority vote. On purely procedural matters only a simple majority vote is required.

Members can discuss anything coming within the scope of the United Nations charter. This means that the assembly can discuss any question relating to the maintenance of international peace and security. It can, however, only make recommendations on these questions. It has no power to take action. That power was given to the eleven-member Security Council where the veto can be applied.

But the assembly can call the attention of the Security Council to situations which are likely to endanger international peace and security.

For instance, if there should be a recurrence of such an act of aggression as Hitler's march into Austria, the General Assembly could bring this to the attention of the Security Council.

Thus, someone like Hitler, starting to push his neighbors around, probably would think twice before going too far if he knew that a debate in the assembly would tend to organize world opinion and action against him.

But if the council is exercising, in respect of any dispute or situation, the functions assigned to it in the charter, the General Assembly cannot make any recommendation with regard to that dispute or situation unless the Security Council so requests.

On the other hand, the General Assembly can suspend a member against whom force has been used, but only on recommendation of the Security Council. Also, it needs a recommendation from the Security Council to expel a member for persistently violating the principles of the United Nations charter.

If any nation not now in the United Nations wants to join, it will have to get the approval of the Security Council before it sits in the assembly.

While the assembly is powerless to act on questions that are directly the concern of the Security Council, it does have some powers.

It elects the six non-permanent members of the Security Council. It draws up the budget for the entire United Nations and collects fees from its members. It elects the members of the Economic and Social Council.

The assembly also is empowered to initiate studies and make recommendations for the purpose of promoting international cooperation in the political, economic, social, cultural, educational and health fields.

It is authorized to assist in the realization of human rights and fundamental freedoms for all, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion.

The assembly also passes on trusteeship agreements and is empowered to maintain a check on their administration.

The Economic and Social Council is composed of eighteen members. There is general confidence that if it carries out its assignments the Security Council may never have to take action against an aggressor. For its main duty is to ferret out and cure the economic and social ills of the world—the ills that breed war.

The International Court of Justice, which sits in The Hague, is a fifteen-man tribunal chosen by the United Nations. It will always be in session to decide legal disputes among nations. Every nation which is a signatory of the charter becomes, automatically, a member of this court. But no nation is bound by the court's decisions unless it agrees separately to accept jurisdiction.

With these instruments fashioned at San Francisco, they began their tasks in London immediately after the organization was born.

But sitting at the top of this new world organization is one man, elected by the assembly in London.

There the fifty-one members elected Trygve Lie of Norway as Secretary General of the United Nations, a post that eventually, if not already, may become the most powerful in the world. For his powers are practically unlimited, and behind him he has the armed might of fifty-one nations, the

right to bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which he thinks is endangering or threatening world peace and security.

The six-foot-one-inch, 250-pound Norwegian is responsible to no government. He is a diplomat without a country. He speaks for all the peoples of all lands.

In London, after a bitter fight, the fifty-one nations voted to establish the new international capital in the New World.

And so in March the diplomats closed their first assembly meeting, and began moving to New York where they set up temporary headquarters while a site committee started looking for a permanent location.

In Geneva, the wind blew through the broken windows and down the long, empty corridors of the old League building, the symbol of a past era, a bleak milestone in the eternal search for peace.

The world capital had moved from the Old World to the New, and the disillusioned peoples of Europe believed that in the new setting they might find the answer to the curse that Cain had placed on man.

By the time the first assembly convened in the New World, in New York's Flushing Meadow, the Security Council had a record of six months' work. During that period it had handled five major political problems which had been considered threats to international peace and security.

Important political matters before the council involved the presence of Soviet troops in Iran; British troops in Greece; British troops in Indonesia; British and French troops in Lebanon and Syria; and action against the Franco Government of Spain.

In the Iranian case, the council kept the problem pending so that discussion could be reopened at any time. In the Greek question, the council agreed to a statement by the president of the council, noting the views of council members, while in the Indonesian question no definite action was taken. No formal resolution was approved in the Syrian and Lebanese case, but the British and French Governments agreed to withdraw their troops. In the Spanish case, the

council decided to keep Franco Spain under continuous observation so that action could be taken any time.

During these sessions, Soviet Russia used the power of veto six times.

The assembly in New York opened in an atmosphere of caution. For a conflict had grown out of the Peace Conference of Paris between the East and West over the kind of worlds the various nations wanted. The conflict was between Russia on the one hand and the United States and Britain on the other.

Thus, although the United Nations had been in existence almost a year, the world which it was supposed to supervise was not yet in its custody.

The peace that the United Nations was pledged to keep was not yet made. Treaties for Italy, Germany, Japan, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland still were to be concluded and signed.

Yet there were men who did not take a too-pessimistic view. There were men in qualified positions who saw the United Nations succeeding where the League of Nations failed.

One of these was Philip Noel-Baker, Britain's chief delegate to the United Nations, a man who was present at the birth of the League, who followed it through to its absolute failure, and who saw the League stand by when Japan attacked China.

There was talk in the corridors of the assembly building that day of the failure of the Big Powers to attain the unity necessary to smooth sailing in the United Nations as Noel-Baker and I got off in a corner and talked of the organization that failed and the one that man was pinning his hopes upon for peace and security.

"The United Nations' chances for success," Noel-Baker said, "are greater than were those of the old League of Nations at any time. You see, none of the Big Powers, such as Britain and France, were really behind the League. They didn't think it would work from the very beginning."

"With the exception of Lord Cecil, none of the delegates

came to the League Assembly with anything but skepticism. The Big Powers were hostile. The neutral powers entered the League suspicious of the Allied powers, and the Allied powers were likewise suspicious.

"Another thing," he continued, "the United States was not in the League, although it had been proposed by President Wilson. Russia was absent, too.

"Now, the first United Nations Assembly in London, in all technical ways, not only started where the League of Nations left off, but it was better.

"And remember this, President Truman, Prime Minister Attlee, Secretary Byrnes and Foreign Minister Molotov speak with far more authority than anyone could in the early days of the League.

"The Russians have shown that they are loyal to the United Nations. They have declared time and again that they are behind the United Nations. Vice Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky made it clear in a declaration at the London session that Russia does not want to see the United Nations break down.

"Here in New York, the United Nations has reached the point where it is just as good and better than the League ever was. We have heard practical speeches here. They have been constructive. We have seen in all speeches a unanimous desire for cooperation and understanding."

The British diplomat warned, however, against jumping to the conclusion that differences and arguments would not arise in the United Nations. Because of the democratic structure of the organization such differences and arguments are bound to occur, he pointed out. But the task, he said, was to minimize them and not exaggerate them.

"Only through unselfishness, the willingness to try to understand the other's point of view," Noel-Baker added, "can man succeed in his task."

A few days later, this was pointedly emphasized on the assembly floor by the free grandson of an American slave—who proved, too, that man, whether black or white, so long as he is a member of the new community of nations, can speak for all the world to hear, and be heard.

"Both the living and the dead are crying out loudly for peace, peace, peace!"

The words were spoken by C. Abayomi Cassell, 41-year-old Attorney General of Liberia whose grandparents had been set free by Abraham Lincoln and given a chance to go to Liberia.

"And shall we fail them on account of selfishness, on account of national self-interests, unwillingness to understand each other, to give and take?"

"I, sirs and mesdames," he declared, saying things that few of the men listening to him would have dared to say, "have never heard that the word 'right' had two meanings, and similarly 'wrong.' It is my opinion—in fact, my strong conviction—that wrong, no matter where found or in whom, is wrong; equally so, right is right.

"The United Nations should, therefore, have one yardstick by which to determine the actions of all nations. Whoever is wrong is wrong, and whoever is right is right."

There was applause for this man who might have been born a slave. His words offered food for thought to the Big Powers, just as in this hour they might have re-read the words that Victor Hugo spoke at the first international peace congress in 1849:

"A day will come when war will appear as absurd, and be just as impossible, between Paris and London, between St. Petersburg and Berlin, as it would be now between Rouen and Amiens, between Boston and Philadelphia. A day will come when you, France—you, Russia—you, England—you, Germany—all of you * * * will be blended into a superior unity, just as Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, Alsace have been blended into France."

Perhaps the Big Powers did, in the days that followed, remember the words of Victor Hugo. Or perhaps it was the voice of man's conscience, finding audience after so much wasted heroism and bloodshed, that finally channeled his long efforts for peace into the first concrete hope for outlawing war.

When the world's diplomats gathered at Flushing Meadow for their last plenary session of the 1946 General Assembly

they took their seats in the vaulted blue-and-gold chamber knowing that in eight weeks they had accomplished something that had seemed impossible when they began.

Here they had wrangled and fought bitterly over the issues of peace. Here they had added, in the earlier days, fears to man's darkest fears, but in the end they had given man new hope—some called it “the dawn of a new era in human history.”

For the representatives of fifty-four nations—Afghanistan, Sweden and Iceland became members during the session—gave a solemn pledge that their countries would support immediate steps to reduce their armed forces and destroy the mass destructive weapons of war, including the atomic bomb.

This was regarded as the most significant achievement of the assembly which selected for its permanent home a Manhattan skyscraper site along New York's East River where one of freedom's patriots, Nathan Hale, was hanged as a spy by the British.

Of nearly equal significance was the attainment of almost unanimous agreement among the delegates—a unanimity that had been conspicuously lacking since the United Nations was born.

For the first time since hostilities ended, delegates agreed that there was an increase in cooperative spirit between Soviet Russia and the Western powers. There was evidence, in some respects, of a softening of Russian policy and the diminishing of Soviet suspicions. Delegates agreed generally that U.S. ex-Secretary of State James F. Byrnes contributed greatly to this by disclosing voluntarily before the world assembly the number and position of American troops on foreign soil—information that Russia fought unsuccessfully to have every nation give to the United Nations.

This advancement in United Nations relations was key-noted by Senator Warren R. Austin, chief of the U.S. delegation, in the closing hours of the session. “Starting with the ink and paper charter,” Austin told fellow delegates, “we progressed from positive disagreement and skepticism as to the solution of the great problems confronting us, to a newly

discovered harmony—an almost unanimous agreement. I think that we have established the essential reality of the United Nations.”

And in tribute to the small nations, Austin declared that “the assembly has proved its power to promote unanimous agreement among the great nations on these things that are so important for the future of mankind.”

“The accomplishments of this session give promise,” he told me later, “of the attainment of security without war—a peace that will prevail through the effective processes of the United Nations.”

Similar sentiments were expressed from the klieg-lighted rostrum by Secretary General Trygve Lie and Assembly President Paul Henri Spaak of Belgium.

“Many have dreamed about an international parliament of man,” Lie said. “I think we are at the beginning of that parliament.”

In the corridors outside the assembly hall, when the curtain had gone down on the final scene of this act, delegates talked optimistically of the future. There was none of the skepticism that had dogged the old League of Nations from its birth to its death.

Maurice Dejean, acting chief of the French delegation, touched on one phase. “Two months ago,” he recalled, “the world was full of wild rumors about a new and rapidly approaching war. Today, December 15th, these rumors and fears are largely dissipated. If the peoples and the governments of the United Nations go on working in the spirit which prevailed here, the first New York session of the assembly may be looked upon in a few years as a starting point in the history of mankind.”

Jan Masaryk, the Czech patriot-statesman, who describes himself as “a guarded optimist and a realistic idealist,” declared that if “the next two sessions accomplish as much, we shall be fairly near to a lengthy period of peace; from a lengthy period to a long period, and from a long period to permanent peace will be an uphill battle.”

The session proved, too, that the General Assembly had not only achieved the purpose for which it was created—to

serve as a sounding board of world opinion—but also had found that its powers could in the long run set the gauge on international peace and security.

Most delegates agreed that the importance of the assembly was emphasized by the fact that Russia sent her top-flight diplomats to the session—Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov, Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei Y. Vishinsky, and Andrei A. Gromyko. Molotov and Vishinsky were always there when the big problems came up, fighting for their viewpoint. Their presence drew sharp attention to the absence of Byrnes and British Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin.

The fact that Russia suddenly realized that the General Assembly was just as important as the Security Council, perhaps more so from the Soviet viewpoint, led members of the U.S. and British delegations to express the opinion that they, too, would have their top-ranking diplomats on the floor when the General Assembly convened for its next session.

And here at Flushing, really for the first time, secret diplomacy was tossed overboard, and delegates—big and small—spoke more bluntly, more frankly than they had either at San Francisco or London. Only in the confines of the Security Council—at London and then at Lake Success, N. Y.—had this gloves-off diplomacy been practiced, and then only by the Big Five.

This phase of the work was sharply spot-lighted at the end of the session by Attorney General Cassell of Liberia. A spokesman for one of the small nations, he found that in the United Nations Assembly there was no color bar, that a black man's vote was as powerful as those of Russia, Britain, the United States, France or China, and that he could speak just as long and just as loud as any of the other delegates.

"What has interested me most," Cassell said, "is the free, full and untrammelled expression of opinion which has taken place in all debates."

At the end of the strenuous fifty-four-day session, these were the major decisions taken by the fifty-four nations in shaping the new world from the chaos which Hitler and Mussolini and Tojo had created:

Disarmament—

Unanimously, the assembly approved a resolution calling for a far-reaching arms-limitation program, including the reduction of armed forces and the prohibition of the atomic bomb and other weapons of mass destruction.

To the Security Council was given the task of working out machinery for putting the program into operation. Although the council is not bound by the assembly's action, it was unlikely that any council member would take a position in conflict with the resolution his country had approved. The resolution provided for the calling of a special session of the assembly within six months to consider measures by the Security Council to reduce and regulate armaments; elimination of atomic and other mass destructive weapons; establishment of inspection safeguards, not subject to veto, against evasions of disarmament agreements; speed-up of plans for an international police force under the Security Council, and a balanced reduction of troops in former enemy territories.

Veto—

After a year-long battle, the small powers lost their fight to strip the Big Five of their special voting privilege in the Security Council. The assembly, however, adopted a watered-down resolution urging the Big Five to use their veto more sparingly so that the eleven-member Security Council's work would not be obstructed.

Thus, for the time being, one of the longest and most complicated controversies of the peace-making agency was settled. Cuba had asked the assembly to approve elimination of the veto. Australia had submitted a resolution calling for condemnation of the Big Five in using the veto. Throughout the bitter fight, the Big Five opposed any fundamental revision of the veto. With the exception of Russia, the Great Powers favored a resolution asking for "modification" in its use, but this was to no avail. From the birth of the Security Council until the New York assembly session, a period of eleven months, the veto had been used eight times, seven by Russia alone, and once jointly by Russia and France. The U.S. and Britain twice threatened to use this special power.

The small nations' greatest complaint was that the veto was thwarting the will of the majority.

Spain—

In its first concrete proposal against Generalissimo Francisco Franco, the assembly recommended that all member nations recall their ambassadors and ministers from Spain and that the present Madrid regime be barred from membership in any organizations started by the U.N. or having relationship with it. Poland had asked that all members of the United Nations break all diplomatic relations with Franco Spain, trouble spot for the Allies since the defeat of Germany. White Russia demanded economic sanctions against Spain.

Trusteeships—

The assembly approved the transfer of eight League of Nations mandates to the new United Nations trusteeship system, thus creating a ten-member trusteeship council to safeguard the interests of self-governing peoples and try to see that they eventually achieve full independence. The eight trusteeship agreements were: the Australian mandate in New Guinea; the New Zealand mandate in Western Samoa; the Belgian mandate over Ruanda-Urundi; the French mandate over the Cameroons and Togoland; the British mandates over the Cameroons, Togoland and Tanganyika.

Sweden, Iceland and Afghanistan were admitted to the United Nations. And in the final hours of the session, Siam—the nearest to an ex-enemy country to be admitted to the world organization—won assembly approval, though she could not take her seat until the next session in September. Siam was an enemy of both Britain and France, but not of the United States, which maintained an intelligence channel there against Tokyo.

In another important step, the assembly called upon member states to enact statutes against genocide—the mass extermination of racial groups—and proposed an international convention against the crime, a crime for which Hitler's henchmen were executed at Nuremberg. The resolution de-

clared that genocide is a violation of international law for which even "private individuals" may be punished.

The assembly also approved a draft convention for an international refugee organization to care for Europe's estimated million homeless, setting up a budget of \$160,000,000 for its first year of operation.

Perhaps it was significant that these far-reaching decisions were taken in the assembly hall against a backdrop of a borderless map of the world—symbol of the one world that man is seeking.

They had been made possible by a new spirit of cooperation—evidence of growing unity among the Big Five.

The unity so needed for peace had been sown long ago on that rainy June day in London by a handful of men with faith but precious little hope.

Now, five nations of the world had within their power the means to keep forever that unity that would banish war forever.

On their shoulders had come to rest the responsibility for keeping the world at peace.

Sometime, somewhere in the future, to a recorder of history would fall the task of saying how they had handled the task, how they had met the responsibility.

Until then, for those who might falter in their faith, there were the words of Franklin D. Roosevelt:

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

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